Collier's

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HOW CHENNAULT KILL[illegible]

The Story of the Man Who Designed the [illegible]

July 4-1942

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Sir, I'VE COME TO ASK YOU...

By far the hardest selling job
Yours truly ever had
Was when the One-and-Only girl
Referred me to her dad . . .
My studied speech, so long rehearsed,
Got garbled in my mind;
But he spoke first—and suddenly
I knew that fate was kind.

"This Seagram's 7 Crown," said he,
"Is blended, I should guess
To toast occasions such as this
And wish a man success."
Of course I still had quite a task
To win my earthly heaven,
But She and I agree today—
Our lucky number's "7".

This story-telling poem is one of several Seagram is publishing in the hope that they may recall pleasant memories—moments when fine whiskey, used with moderation, helped to join hearts and minds in a more complete understanding and friendship.

Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

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Seagram's 7 Crown *The full, rich, satisfying flavor of Seagram's "heirloom" whiskies,* yet without a trace of heaviness. Blended with choice, mellow neutral spirits to produce Seagram's American masterpiece.* **LEAST TAXING** *to the Taste—* **MOST PLEASING** *to the Palate.*

*BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskies, 65% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

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JANE: They're out front again. Freddie for me, and Bill for you. Bill's full of life.

JOAN: Count me out. Bill may be full of life, but his kiss is the "kiss of death."

HOW A MAN CAN MAKE A "HEEL" OF HIMSELF

What does a nice girl think of you when you show up at a date with a case of halitosis (bad breath) that spoils her entire evening?

How do you rate with the man you're trying to do business with when your breath all but knocks him down?

If you don't know the answer, you can make a pretty good guess. If you've been careless about your breath, you're an offensive, ill-mannered "heel" and the sooner you do something about it, the better. It's Listerine Antiseptic for you, mister—and on the double-quick.

Any man who takes his breath for granted runs the risk of offending. Anyone may have halitosis at some time or other . . . and not be aware of its presence. Some cases may be due to systemic causes, but the majority of cases, say some noted authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation . . . then overcomes the disagreeable odors fermentation causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

Never, *never* omit Listerine Antiseptic before a social or business engagement at which you would like to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

P.S. YOUR MONEY buys less today, so spend it wisely. You must try the new LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE.

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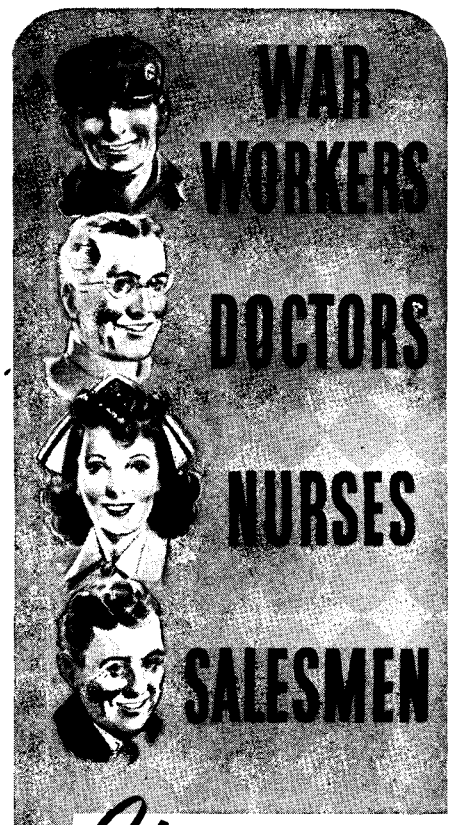

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Motorola

AUTO RADIO

Relieve the pressure of your war-time responsibilities with America's finest radio entertainment. A Motorola will add plenty to the value of your already precious automobile.

YOU NEED A Motorola IN YOUR CAR FOR . . .

1. WAR BULLETINS
2. AIR RAID ALERTS
3. SPORT REPORTS
4. FUN • MUSIC

If you have a Motorola in your car, take good care of it. Have it checked and serviced by an authorized Motorola dealer. If you don't have a Motorola don't delay. Have one installed at once.

There is a Motorola to FIT and MATCH Your Car, Old or New

See a Motorola Dealer Today!

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO

Motorola Radio

AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME

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AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

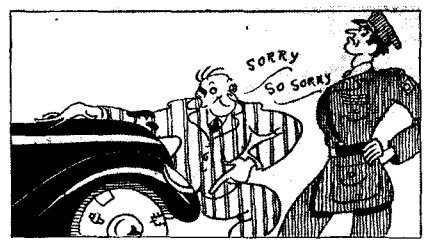
Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edi
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

MR. ARTHUR KILLDAY of Phoenix, Arizona, was stopped "in his tracks" he reports, by a nice riot outside a burlesque theater. Driving along minding his own business, he suddenly turned a corner. On that corner a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen, the former only lightly clad and the latter well sprinked with soldiers and cops, were engaged in a grand melee. Mr. Killday parked his car. "Mind you," says he, "I had no intention of taking part in the fracas, about which I knew nothing. My one thought was that it was an incident in which you would be interested. It was one of the loveliest fights I have ever witnessed. One of the few remaining sidewalk signs that had not yet been demolished read as follows: 'Twenty-two dainty Glamourettes. Lovely Cuties. You'll give these little ladies a hand, boys. Bring in your frivolous fancies and let our little ladies do the rest.' A soldier, somewhat the worse for it all, was lying on the pavement, a glamourette putting the boots to him with her dainty feet. When relative order was restored and the little ladies had been herded inside by main force, I made inquiries. One of the surviving soldiers told me that all he knew was that he and a few fellow warriors obeyed the invitation and took their frivolous fancies in to be sorted over by the dainty ladies. 'Maybe,' said the soldier, 'we took in too many. Also one of the boys gave one of the girls a big hand—in the wrong place.' "

A GREAT many unnecessary cracks have been made about women's hats. We have abstained from this inferior brand of humor but feel that it is only right that we warn you that the worst is in the offing. Unless the American man does something at once we are in for quite a shock this fall. There will not only be a complete revolution in women's hats but a large variety of hitherto unsuspected coats. If it proves to be more than you can stand, take it up with the Department of Agriculture. To impress the sterner aspects of war upon us the department has just issued a booklet called Coat Making at Home. It is a companion document to Make Your Own Hat and is issued by the Bureau of Home Economics. The author—Miss Margaret Smith, Junior Home Economics Specialist—begins her coat-making instructions with a truth: "A well-made, well-fitted coat is a joy to the wearer and a pride to the maker." From there Miss Smith proceeds to tell America how to make homemade coats. The last rule for making a coat that will be a joy to its wearer may give you a few anxious moments. It reads: "Make pockets accurately and locate them at the same height on both sides." Personally, our weakness has always been accurate pockets.



AND from Corey Ford in Sarasota, Florida, we heard that an Army Air Force colonel who lives six miles from the post appealed to the local rationing board for permission to have the tires on his car retreaded. The rationer looked sternly at the colonel, at his uniform, his insignia and ribbons. "We're sorry," said he sternly, "but we can only give permission to defense workers." Mr. Ford reports that there was no other news of first importance in the Sarasota sector except that all the flying cadets who heard that he was working for Collier's took him aside and whispered: "Is it true that Kyle Crichton really meets all those blondes he writes about?" Of course Mr. Ford assured them that Mr. Crichton not only meets all the blondes he writes about but many, many others that don't make the Crichton grade. "And does he get paid for it?" they asked. Mr. Ford said that Mr. Crichton got paid—and handsomely. "Dawgone," sighed one of the cadets. "And there was a guy passing through here last week who told us that this Crichton was crazy."

NATURALLY we'd be the last to seek any comfort from these Nazi submarine raids on our East Coast shipping. But we've just heard from West Palm Beach and Lake Worth, Florida, that on the morning following the sinking of a small freighter, a couple of hundred cases of extremely superior rum and similar intoxicants were discovered bobbing around in the surf. There was, we are assured, considerable excitement during which many cases were rescued by the agitated and patriotic citizenry. Local authorities issued orders that the salvaged liquor should be turned in to the police. Thus far the police have received—one bottle. Attached to it was a card. On the card: "Keep 'em Flying." W. D.

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JULY 4, 1942

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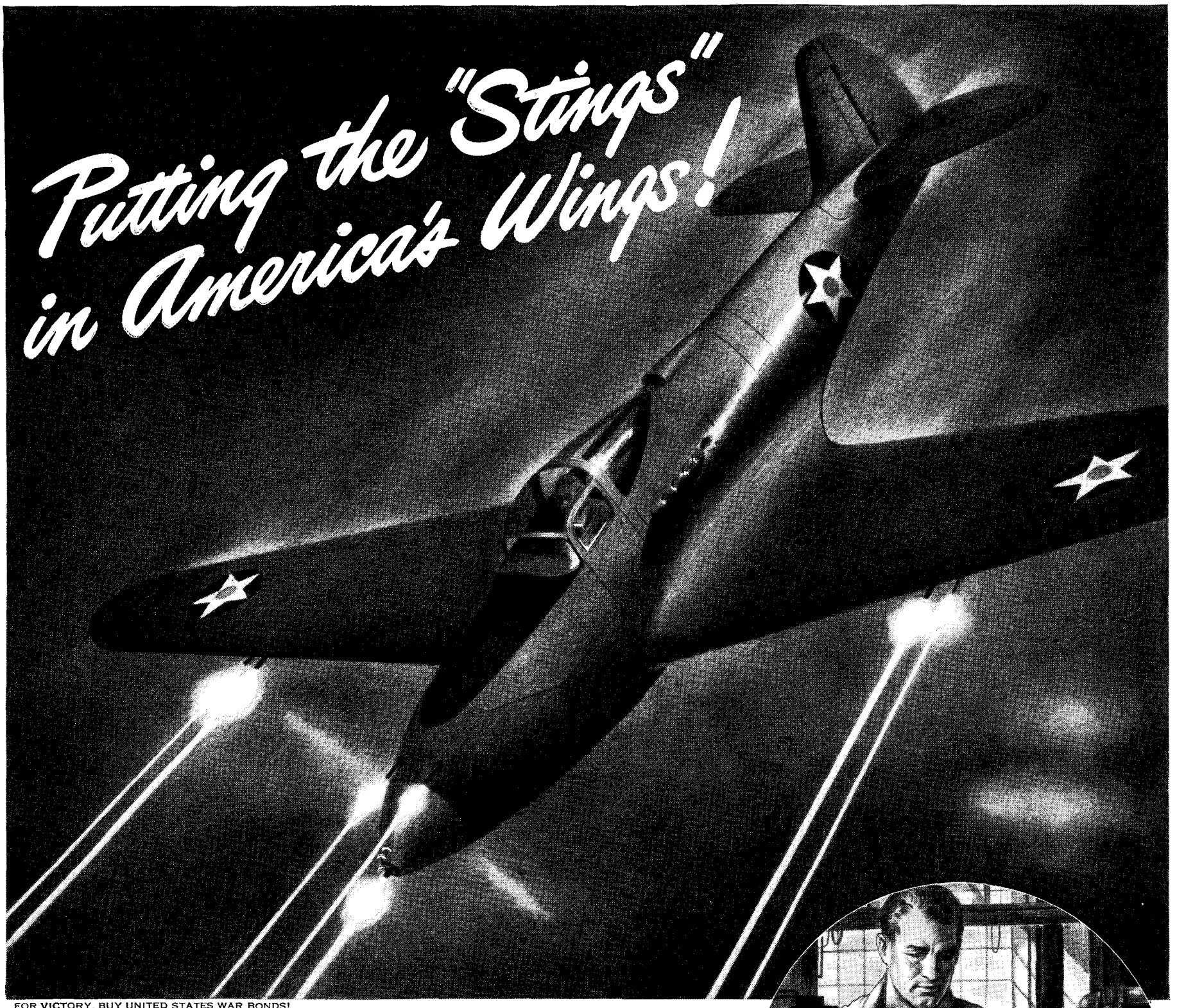

FOR VICTORY, BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS!

ALREADY, FOR MANY MONTHS, WE'VE BEEN TURNING OUT CANNON IN VOLUME FOR THE NATION'S FIGHTING PLANES!

"Planes and more planes!" And every wing has "stings" to fight with! Oldsmobile builds these deadly "stings" in an arsenal that went into volume production way back last October. Oldsmobile "Fire-Power" was ready for the take-off the day fighting started. And with every new turn of the war, Oldsmobile output has been soaring . . . Thousands of automatic airplane cannon are pouring off Oldsmobile's non-stop production lines . . . Millions of high-caliber shell have been delivered. Every force at Oldsmobile is lined up solidly with our fighting forces. Every product is a war product. Every worker is a "soldier of production." We're all determined —both men and management —to back up our army and air corps with an ever-increasing flow of "Fire-Power." Our war-cry—"Keep 'Em Firing!"

KEEP 'EM FIRING!

KEEP 'EM FIRING! Every skilled craftsman in the Oldsmobile cannon arsenal is wholeheartedly in partnership with our fighting fliers. Producing to the limit so they'll have more tools to fight with! Producing with precision to uphold their accuracy! Working to help win this war!

OLDSMOBILE *DIVISION OF* GENERAL MOTORS

★ *VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A.* ★

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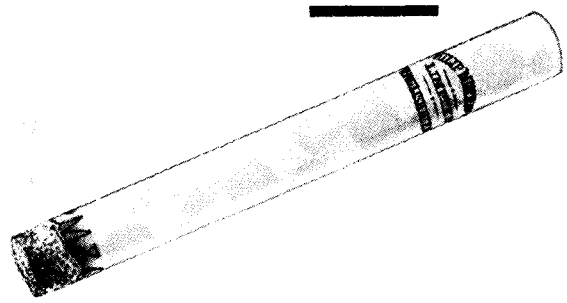
DON'T LET INHALING WORRY YOU—



ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES INHALE—BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T EVEN KNOW IT!

There's a cigarette that not only tastes better—but is *proved* better for you . . . even when you do inhale!

A vital difference has been found by eminent doctors who compared the leading popular brands. They report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

Real *protection*—*added* to your enjoyment of PHILIP MORRIS' finer-quality tobaccos. No worry about throat irritation even when you inhale!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S Finest CIGARETTE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The yell of Tarzan in the movies consists of far more than the actor's voice. In order to produce its weird effect, the call is blended with four other sounds: The growl of a dog, a note sung by a soprano, a note of the violin G-string and the howl of a hyena recorded backward.—*By R. L. Lesher, Lincoln, Nebraska.*

Relatively few species of spiders have jaws powerful enough to pierce the human skin and fewer still possess a venom of sufficient virulence to cause serious effects. Yet the little Australian funnel-web spider, *Atrax robustus*, is so deadly that, in one case, its bite caused the death of a small boy within ninety minutes.

Once electrocution was called electric sleep, elevators were called vertical railways, The White House was called The President's House and Ecuador was called the Republic of the Sacred Heart.

Between 1930 and 1940, Brazil produced so much coffee that it spent about $10,000,000 to destroy some 70,000,000 sacks worth approximately $225,000,000. Every method used—burial in the ground, dumping at sea and burning with imported kerosene—proved to be so costly that it had to be abandoned. Today much of this surplus stock is being made into a plastic.

When the relative humidity in a cigar factory increases or decreases only two per cent, or so little that the fluctuation can be detected only by instruments, an automatic adjustment is made in the air-conditioning equipment because any greater change would so affect the tobacco leaves that they would interfere with the perfect operation of the cigar-making machinery.—*By Maurice L. Norman, South Pasadena, California.*

For a number of years in several foreign countries, large quantities of sugar and yeast have been made from various kinds of wood.—*By James A. Kennedy, Madison, Wisconsin.*

The world's endurance record for swimming in a pool is one hundred hours, which was made by legless Charles ("Zimmy") Zibelman in Honolulu on July 27, 1931.—*By Frank G. Menke, New York, New York.*

In cycles of twelve, the Japanese name their calendar years after animals. For instance, 1938 was the Year of the Tiger, 1939 was the Year of the Rabbit and 1940 was the Year of the Dragon. And these names will again apply respectively in 1951, 1952 and 1953. 1941 was the Year of the Snake.

A bank in Chicago now allows small depositors, after establishing credit responsibility, to borrow as much as $25 by merely writing a check under the agreement that one dollar will be charged for the service and that the sum will be repaid when they get their next pay check, irrespective of the number of intervening days or weeks.

Although gravity and the rotation of the earth differ sufficiently with latitude and altitude to make or break many sports records, no athlete or judge of athletic games has ever been known to take them into consideration. For example, a man can put the shot farther in Bombay than in Helsinki owing to the decrease in gravity, and he can also throw it farther east than west in any city, owing to the earth's rotation.

The aerial freight train, or cargo-carrying gliders pulled by airplane, is predicted as one of the next major developments in aviation. Experiments have shown that a plane which can carry four tons of freight may easily tow three gliders carrying two tons each, or increase the shipment by 150%, with an increase of only fifteen per cent in power.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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It's the patriotic gesture now!

RECOGNIZE THESE FOLKS? They're the people next door, and your friends up the street.

They're here to remind you that riding around with empty seats is a peacetime luxury. And this is war! Sure . . . you've heard "this is war" a thousand times. But do you really *know* what it means? It means *more* than sugar and gas rationing.

Do you know that even our Army is finding ways to do its job with less rubber? Do you know that combat tires are being reduced in rubber content to the very minimum?

Makes you think a little, doesn't it? Makes you ashamed of scuffing away what little we have left, by speeding, swerving corners, slamming brakes, and needless trips. Makes you *want* to fill those extra seats . . . or thumb a ride yourself!

And don't kid yourself into thinking this thing is temporary! Or that synthetic rubber is going to take care of you.

Over two years ago we at B. F. Goodrich were *first* to sell tires made with synthetic rubber to the American public. Because of this leadership, we know as much about synthetic rubber as anyone else in the country. And *we're* walking, or taking buses, or doubling up—right here in Akron.

It's *true* hundreds of people and companies bought our synthetic rubber tires. It's *true* the performance of these tires under all sorts of road and driving conditions all over the country proved them equal to those of natural rubber.

But that doesn't add up to tires for *you*—or for us. Not while our Army and our Navy are short of rubber! Not while our armed forces need every ounce of crude rubber that can be obtained—every pound of synthetic that can be produced.

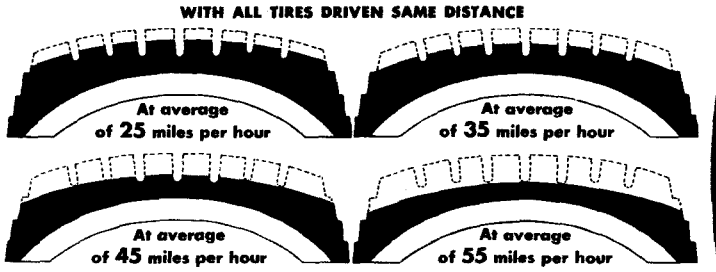
This war is different . . . we're *all* in it. And the sooner we all know it, the better. We expect to be selling you Silvertown Tires again. We intend to keep them the best on the road.

But right now there's a bigger job to do. We're not going to shirk it, and we know you're not!

IMPORTANT! *America right now needs scrap rubber of all kinds . . . your old tires, old rubbers, old boots. Turn them over to the scrap collection agencies.*

HOW SPEED WEARS OUT YOUR TIRES

DOTTED LINES SHOW RELATIVE AMOUNT OF RUBBER WORN OFF WITH ALL TIRES DRIVEN SAME DISTANCE


At average of 25 miles per hour
At average of 35 miles per hour
At average of 45 miles per hour
At average of 55 miles per hour

Write B. F. Goodrich, Dept. C-7, Akron, O., for free 48-page booklet, "Will America Have to Jack Up its 29,000,000 Automobiles?"

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

**And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.*

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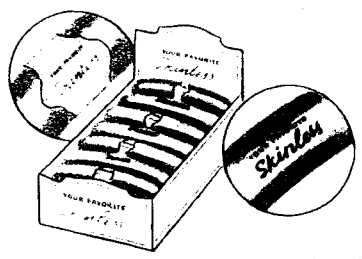
Step Up FOLKS, FOR TENDER NOURISHING WIENERS!
No Peel! No Waste! NO SKINS!
Serve It Tonight!
• SKINLESS wieners with Maryland fried potatoes. Chili sauce.

• Reliable manufacturers are proud of the name and quality of their products and glad to identify them . . . *Be sure* to look for and buy SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners that are **BANDED • BOXED • BRANDED**



HOW TO COOK SKINLESS

Bring water to a boil, then turn off heat. Drop in SKINLESS frankfurters or wieners, cover the pan and allow to stand from five to seven minutes. Because they have no skins, SKINLESS don't split open—they retain their flavory juices and food values.

DEMAND YOUR FAVORITE BRAND

MADE THE Skinless WAY

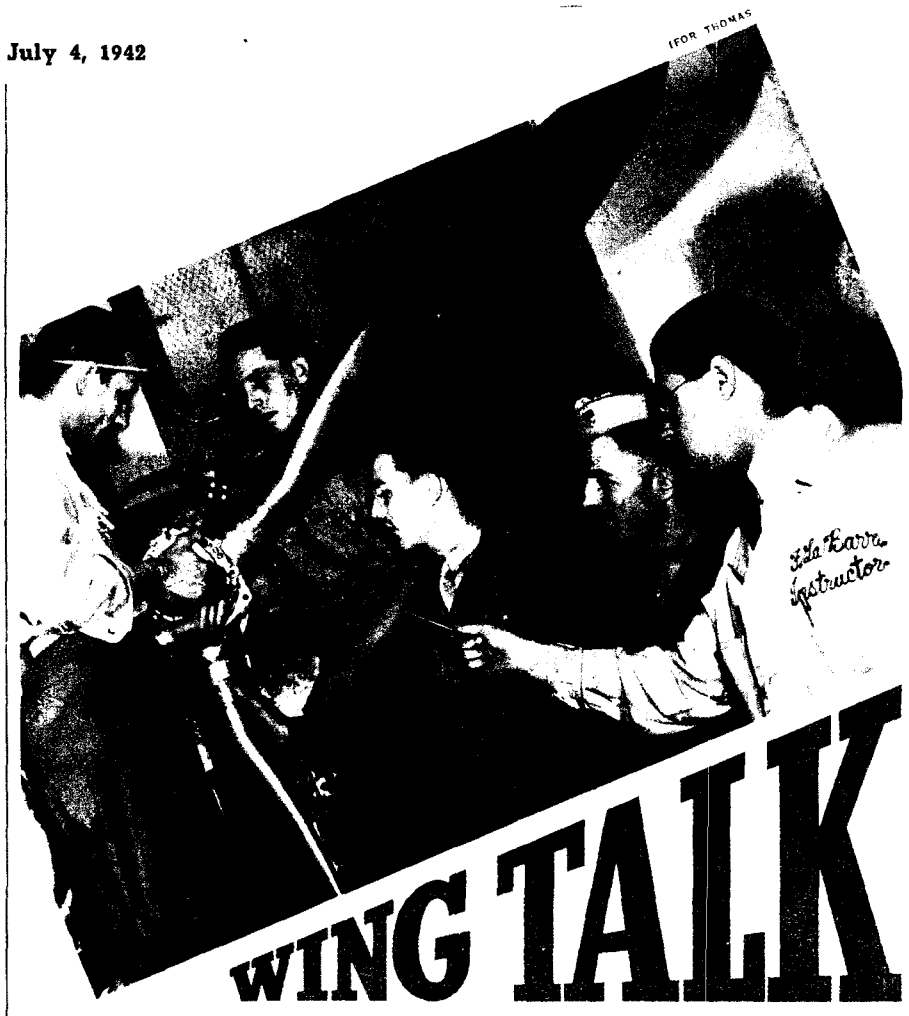
TRADE MARK

"First, I'm given a sparkling 'VISKING' casing for a coat."

"After I'm smoked my 'VISKING' coat is removed, like this."

"Here I am, with a tender, digestible surface I made myself."

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS



WING TALK

Men in the Army Air Force are taught how to install a propeller unit by Floyd La Barre, head instructor of the service school at the tremendous Wright propeller plant at Caldwell, New Jersey

SPECIALIZATION for combat pilots is an established principle of modern air warfare. A fighter pilot sticks to fighter planes and the bombers stay with their big ships. However, these classified pilots can go from one fighter make to another or switch from a B-17 to a B-24 and get along all right. The Army mechanic, who used to be able to fix all types and makes of planes, now has become a superspecialist and he is being trained for one make of plane alone.

The lads pouring into the Army technical schools are given courses in the fundamentals of aircraft mechanics. But that doesn't qualify even the best of them to go to work on the various types of combat planes in this country and at faraway fronts. So groups are selected from these schools and bundled off to the various aircraft plants for thirty-day courses on the model made there. In this period, the student mechanic goes through every step of its construction, learns the location of every rivet, fitting, subassembly, the why of it and how to repair it. Thus, when she shows up in Iceland or Australia, he will be a specialist on that particular model; he can tear it down and put it together in a hurry, and in the dark too. But as well as he knows his model, he must keep abreast of the constant changes and improvements being made, and this he will get from bulletins from back home.

These specialist student mechanics being sent direct to the big factories are housed in near-by hotels, clubs and auditoriums taken over for their exclusive use. They study hard and long under trained airplane servicemen from the plants. Averaging 23 years in age, a more conscientious, eager, thorough group of students could not be found anywhere, and the percentage of graduates is unprecedentedly high.

WE HAVE a weakness for the old-time pilots and we don't want you ever to forget them either. Unknown or forgotten to most followers of aviation, is a timely bit of history dated 1909 and dug from the personal files of Claude W. Cain, executive secretary of the Boston Lions Club, and a veteran of the first A.E.F., who writes:

"The first airplane used in actual, front-line warfare was a Wright biplane with dual, chain-driven propellers. This plane was owned by a Captain Osborn of Dayton, Ohio, who shipped it to Nicaragua where he flew it for a salary, spotting rebel bands for the federal government. Because the plane flew slow and low, a rebel was able to shoot Capt. Osborn in the elbow, resulting in the subsequent loss of his arm. However, the captain was able to get back to his landing field, but the war was over for him. So he shipped the plane to Dayton where I secured it, minus its engine. I fitted it with a Ghnome nine-cylinder motor and used it for exhibition flights. It finally cracked up at Luna Park, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1909."

ONLY a very small percentage of the American air traveling public has suffered the experience of flying cross-country in multimotored airplanes without soundproofing. In the days of the trimotored Fords and Fokkers, we chucked cotton in our ears and yelled at one another across the aisle. Ear-stopping went out of existence with the modern soundproofed planes but in Army and Navy bombers the noise was allowed to go on unabated.

Now soundproofing is going into our long-range, four-engined bombers. The pilots and crews of these planes who fly for hours on end over great distances would break down eventually under the fatigue produced by the noise of the engines and propellers which is amplified into a terrific din inside the metal cabins. Overlooking the fact that radio communication and interphone communication is now necessary and would have to be carried on with this boiler-house competition, the main point is that no matter how indifferent an airman may be to the noise, his nervous system is affected and fatigue sets in much quicker.

F. R. N.

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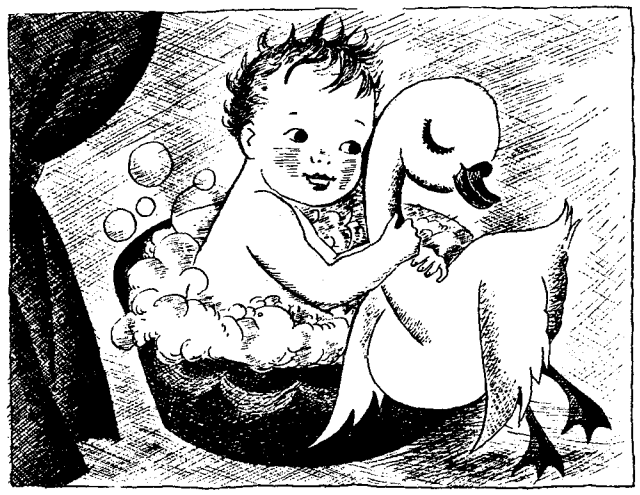
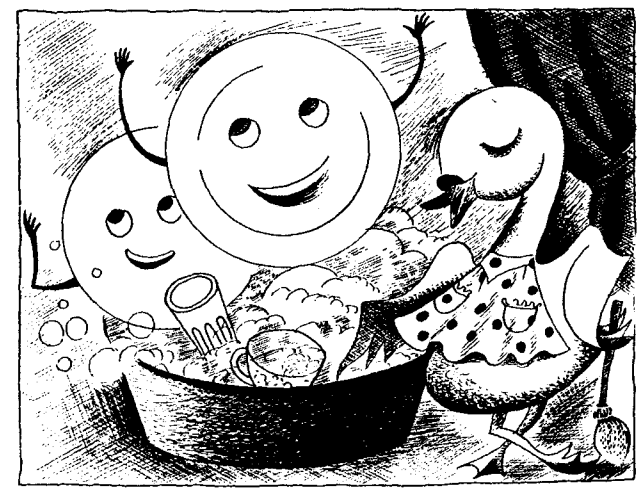


See the lucky baby—
Crowing, "Swan for me!"
Swan is baby-gentle!
And suds in *1-2-3*!

»→ **DID YOU KNOW?**—Swan's as pure as finest imported castiles. You can't buy a purer soap! No wonder mothers and babies both love it!

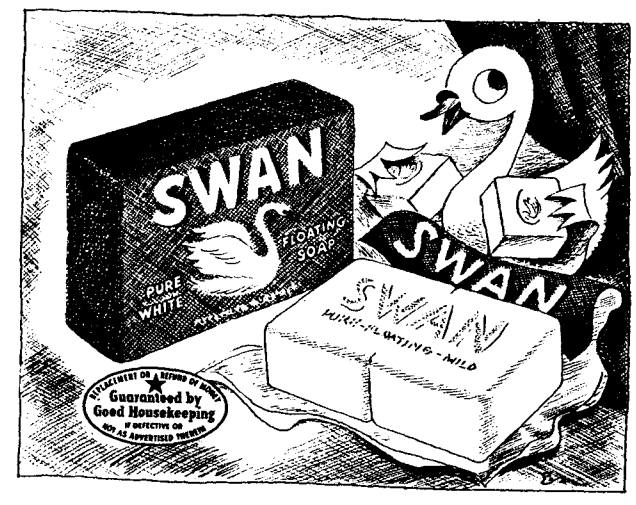


See the happy dishes—
Swan's a sudsin' whiz!
Kind to hands? You betcha!
That's what Swan sure is!

»→ **DID YOU KNOW?**—Swan's a sudsin' whiz—even in hard water. Its baby-gentle ways keep hands nice. No need for strong, easy-to-waste package soaps now!

See the sudsy lady—
Nice complexion, too—
'Cause she Swans all over
So, of course, should you!

»→ **DID YOU KNOW?**—Swan's more real soap for your pennies than any leading toilet soap. Swan everything and *save*. Get Swan today!



See the lucky break—
A double, thrifty cake!

SWAN

The baby-gentle floating soap that's a sudsin' whiz!

Comes in two convenient sizes—Large and Regular MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. **TUNE IN:** *"BRIGHT HORIZON". See your local paper for time and station*

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Keep 'Em Frying!

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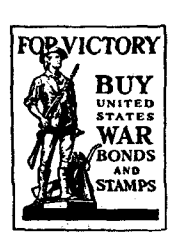

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 4, 1942

Always Remember

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

These are the days when women must wait, but with the waiting comes a faith that makes them strong

He stood like that, so that her fairness and her grace were mirrored in his eyes. Then he kissed her

SHE bought her ticket and walked out to the ramp where the long silver-hulled stage waited, much like an ocean liner ready to cast off its lines. A small crowd stood before her and she held back a moment, her shoulder touching the concrete wall of the building.

The usual farewells were being said around her, the usual bright, quick laughter echoed along the ramp and the same parting words were being said: "Be sure to write as soon as you get there." "Tell Scotty hello for me." Departures, she thought, never changed and she felt a little sad for the two weeks of vacation gone by. An elderly couple came slowly to the stage, the man feeble enough to need the woman's arm; when he reached the stage door he paused to look behind him. Helen Garrison noticed the cool, resigned blackness in his glance and she heard him murmur, "Just want to take a look."

"As if you didn't know what the town looked like after livin' fifty years in it."

"Last look is always a different look."

The woman's voice had been soft; now it grew hurried and breathless: "Don't talk that way, Will. You'll soon be back."

THEY went slowly aboard. A logger came down the ramp at a rushing, rambling walk, the legs of his tin pants scraping against each other and his hat a violent red on the extreme back of his head. A young couple ran arm in arm through the depot to the stage and hurried inside, shedding rice, and suddenly a party of young people reached the ramp and began shouting farewells to the newly wedded ones. Somebody tossed an old shoe through the stage door and the driver called, "All in." Moving forward through the small crowd, Helen Garrison found an Army officer in front of her, at the moment surrendering his ticket to the driver.

He had a flat, broad back and a neck burned by the sun, above which was very black hair. The double silver bars of a captain sat on his shoulders and when he turned—abruptly aware of her presence—she noticed the silver wings of a flier on his chest. He stepped aside and she smiled at him for his courtesy and for a moment she had the full attention of his eyes. They were gray, and sudden interest pulled his lids partly over them. He had a strong chest slightly sloped at the corners; his face was somewhat angular and an accident had left a small dent at the bridge of his nose. Everything about him seemed compact and rather easy.

She went into the coach which was less than half full and took a seat, placing her fitted case on the rack overhead. She removed her hat and her gloves and laid them beside her, and sat back beside the window. The Army captain bent his head as he walked along the coach aisle and took an opposite seat.

Presently the driver came in and rolled the coach down the ramp to the street, into the full side-sweep of a late low sun. They crawled with the street's traffic, the smell of the ocean very distinct in the coach. Helen Garrison thought, "One more summer's done," and again that small, sharp sadness ran through her. There really wasn't any reason for it, except that it was just another departure—another year slipping away.

The coach freed itself of the small town's congestion and moved smoothly to a higher speed, its tires singing on the highway asphalt. A creek flashed brilliant silver beside the road and they skirted green sea meadows and little white houses standing back and pastures dotted with fire-blackened hemlock snags. The old couple sat directly ahead of Helen Garrison; she saw the man study the countryside as it ran by. She heard him murmuring, "Ed Pryor's building a new house. Where's the old place?"

"They tore that down this summer, Will."

"Second time I ever saw you was at a dance there. You remember?"

The woman's voice was muffled: "Lean back and rest."

"I'll get rest enough at the hospital."

Helen Garrison put an elbow on the

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window's small edge and settled her chin in her hand, watching the jaws of black-green coast hills move down upon the road. Color ran fluidly from shade to shade at this sunset hour and the spired tops of the firs were sharp against the sky. The newly married couple were across the aisle, slightly ahead; and now the girl rose in her seat to remove her coat. She had made a bold face out of a pretty one, her mouth enlarged with lipstick, her eyebrows plucked into thin crescents; and she wore a bob that was Hollywood's latest exaggeration. Her glance came back with a designed disinterest from one passenger and another until it touched the Army captain behind her; and then her eyes were cool and thoughtful and they remained on him for the space of a long breath. She sat down again, her head against the seat cushion; her new husband's hand moved out and rested on her knee.

The captain, Helen Garrison saw, had dropped into a quick cat nap, his lips evenly closed and his whole body relaxed. He had a scar across the back of his left hand, and he wore a watch on his left wrist.

TWENTY miles from town the road reached a junction and turned east into the rolling, climbing spurs of the coast range.

Suddenly the driver switched out both the coachlights and the headlamps and called back: "We got a test blackout tonight. No smokin', please. It'll be twenty minutes long."

Helen Garrison sat back, loose all over, her head cushioned and rolling on the headrest. She saw a star fall and she said to herself, "I wish—I wish," and thought of her childhood and of all the things she had wished for.

The sadness of summer's end still remained in her; it was a sensation half between pleasure and pain and there was in her memory the raw coldness of the ocean water and hot sun on her body and the dreaming and the wishing and the wondering as she sat under the starlight, looking into the heart of a campfire. She had met friends and laughed with them, she had met men, and one of them had kissed her and for an instant she had wondered if the kiss was important, and instantly had known it was not. Perhaps that was part of this summer's end sadness; neither that kiss nor any man's kiss so far had meant anything. Where was that one moment when her life changed and the nearness of one man was the whole fire that warmed her life, whose touch unlocked all those strange, buried, hot yearnings for the fullness of life and the goodness of it and the love without end?

The driver said conversationally, "Blackout's over," and switched on the lights. The newly married girl gave out an exclamation of laughing embarrassment and pulled away from her husband, drawing all eyes upon her—as she knew would happen; and her cool glance came around, touching the passengers and falling again on the captain, meeting his glance confidently. The next instant the stage struck a deep rut and something beneath sharply snapped. The driver threw on his brakes and groaned a mild oath as he flung open the door and dropped into the night.

The logger followed out; the rest of the passengers sat still in the sudden silence. The Army captain shifted his long legs and reached for his cigarettes. He was, Helen felt, looking at her and she turned her head to meet his eyes, and saw that he offered her his cigarettes. She shook her head but smiled.

The logger had burrowed himself under the coach and now sent his heavy voice back: "You got a busted frame, Bill. Now if we had a line and a block and a way of yardin' this thing—"

The driver came into the bus and sat down. He lighted a cigarette and he sat thoughtfully over the wheel. It took him some time to settle the problem in his own head, whereupon he tossed the cigarette out of the door and turned to the passengers: "No relief bus in Seaside to come after us, and no other run due to pass us tonight. I'll have to phone Portland and maybe it will be tomorrow before they get here. There's a chance of flagging down the first car that comes along and pickin' a ride. Or, if you want to wait you can go back to that farmhouse we passed. It used to be a stage station and it can furnish rooms."

The Army captain bent over to the old couple. "Be better for you to sleep tonight at the farmhouse. A passenger car would be pretty rough riding."

"How far is it back to the farmhouse?" asked the woman.

The captain looked forward at a headlight suddenly growing on the road and said, "I'll fix that," and left the bus. Helen Garrison put on her hat and gloves and pulled down her suitcase and walked forward. When she got outside the bus she saw that the Army captain had flagged down the private car. He came back to the bus, lending a hand to the old man; he brought the couple out and got them to the private car and then for a moment he turned to Helen Garrison. He was about to speak to her but suddenly he closed the car door and waved it on.

He came across the bus headlights, he stood in front of her and he tapped a cigarette out of its package. "Staying at the farmhouse?"

"Yes."

"I meant to ask you if you wanted to ride." He lighted his cigarette and the flare of it turned his face dark brown. When he met her glance again he was slightly smiling. "But I hoped you'd rather walk. It's a fine night."

"If I didn't need my toothbrush and nightie, I could leave this case in the bus."

HE TOOK it from her. The young married couple came from the bus and the headlights of another auto crept up the grade. The girl was laughing and she met the captain's glance and clung to it, her eyes wide open. From the background Helen Garrison saw his face lose expression, and suddenly he turned away. He had enough experience with women, she thought, to handle a girl like that without effort. Going down the road with him, she heard the young man calling to the auto for a lift.

"Didn't you like her?" she murmured.

"I give that marriage about a year. She—" and then he said no more. They walked along the warm cool night, into the tunneled blackness of the road as it went beneath the second-growth firs. She slipped on the gravel and his arm came at once to her and she felt the solidness of his shoulder as it touched and fell away and touched again. "Vacation's all over?"

"Yes," she said. "Did you have one, too?"

"Three days. What is your name?" he asked.

"Helen—Helen Garrison."

"Where was the man that should have seen you away on the bus, Helen?"

"Do I call you just Butch, or what?"

"Bill Benson. How about that man?"

"No—not yet."

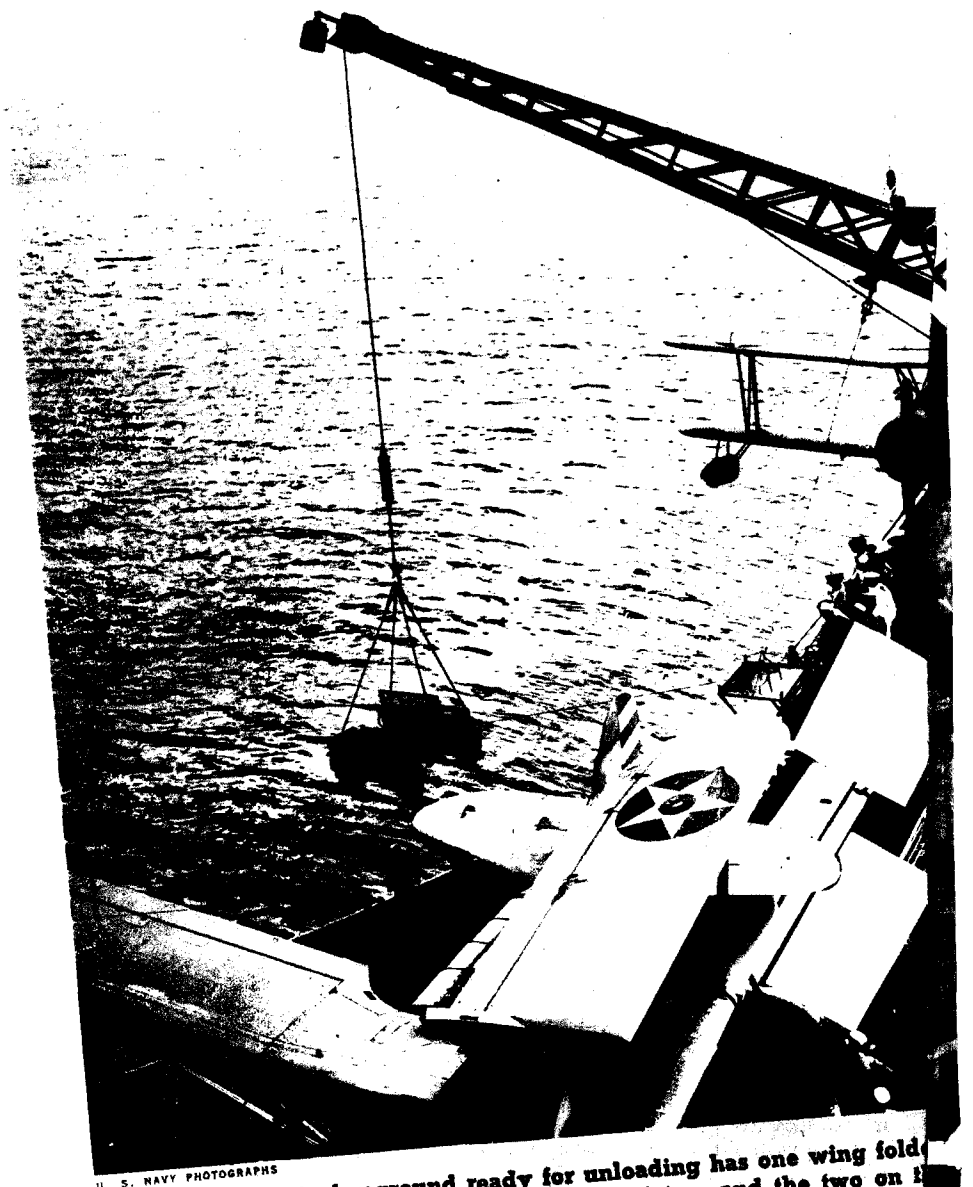
"What's he got to be like?"

"Now I'll take a cigarette," she said.

He dropped the case and lighted a cigarette for her and put it to her mouth. He left the match burning and held it and he bent a little, watching her face and her eyes; and killed the match. They went on toward the top of a small grade and saw the lights of the farmhouse shining below.

"That looks nice," he said.

(Continued on page 67)



U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

Plane in foreground ready for unloading has one wing fold back to save storage space. This picture and the two on opposite page show evidence of deletions by the cen

Eager Marines, loaded down with their gear, take a f look at the ship as they head for shore and the gruel task of transforming the island into a well-fortified

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American in Paris

By Peter Kalischer

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Joe Richardson learned more about Paris and the French in his last hour there than in all the twenty-four years since the last war

IT WAS December 8, 1941, and Joe Richardson was getting out of Paris. The news about Pearl Harbor was still coming over Radio Paris (from a German source) and Radio Vichy (from a Paris source). But whatever the source, Richardson knew finally and irrevocably that this time he had to get out—if he still could. It would only be a matter of days—maybe hours—before the war flamed officially between the United States and Germany.

Luckily his papers were in order. His passport had been rubber-stamped by the proper French and German authorities weeks before. His train left from the Gare d'Orléans in exactly one hour and a half and he meant to be on it. Once in Unoccupied France he'd make arrangements with the American embassy on how to get home.

America was a funny place for Joe Richardson to call home. As one of the charter expatriates of the A.E.F. (vintage 1917) he'd been "home" to South Orange once in 1927 and then had scurried back to Harry's New York Bar as fast as the Aquitania could take him. Lean and tall, with his blue Homburg, leather-headed cane, and the inevitable silk ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur in his lapel, he still looked the unreformed *boulevardier*. Only the carefully nurtured securities no longer yielded six per cent.

Valise in hand, Joe Richardson gave his apartment a farewell look—the prints, the long-necked Alsatian wine-bottle lamps, the framed race-track card in memory of the afternoon he picked five straight winners at Longchamps. This was all there was for him to say farewell to. Old Doc Harlan was too sick to go, Lester Truman was rumored working with the Nazis, and the rest, American and French, were scattered all over France, or dead.

He thought of Paul Franchard, the likable fellow with the patch over one eye who worked in his *commissionnaire*'s office. If Franchard hadn't been such a help in so many ways, Richardson would never have agreed to take a letter of his across into Unoccupied France and mail it to a man in Lyon. He frowned as he shut the door, finally, and turned the key in the lock. It was really stupid of him to risk anything like that, particularly now after the shooting of the Nazi colonel and the reprisals. The customs, the censors, the border guards were all jumpy as cats. But it was the only thing he really could do for Franchard and he owed him something. He'd insisted on reading the letter—a perfectly harmless note, rather wistful, he thought. Pity he'd never got to know Franchard better.

HE KNOCKED on Monsieur Bonnard's door to say goodby and give him the keys. Bonnard was the concierge. Lately he had been curt, uncommunicative (he didn't expand on Richardson's weather predictions) and rarely left the house unless he had to. Richardson meant to ask his daughter, Claudine, about his health but he'd never been exactly concerned about Bonnard in the ten years he'd lived there and so he never got around to it.

Bonnard came to the door—half opened it, no more, took the keys—and without even a "*Bon voyage*" shut it again.

Well, I'll be darned, Richardson thought, remembering the many *pourboires* he'd lavished on Bonnard in happier days. It took a change in fortune to bring out the real character in people and this seemed to be doing it with a vengeance.

He glanced at his watch—still plenty of time—and heard his cab sputter to a halt outside the door. Cabs were scarce and he'd taken the precaution of reserving this one a day in advance. The front door opened and the cabby marched in. He was incredible, even for a Paris taxi driver—a hawk nose bisecting his face vertically and a huge mustache horizontally.

"Monsieur Reech-hardson?" he inquired, spying the bag.

"The Gare d'Orléans," Richardson said, "and put the bag in the back with me, please."

The taxi driver shouldered his way out, carrying the bag. Richardson was about to follow when he felt his arm tapped. Turning, he saw it was Claudine, Bonnard's daughter, with a package in her hand. For a moment he thought it was a little going-away present.

"Oh, Monsieur Richardson," Claudine said, as though she were a little out of breath, "on the way to the station could you do me just one small favor? It is so important—you have no idea."

"Why, certainly," Richardson said.

"This package—could you leave it at the tobacco shop, Number 12 Rue LeGravet?"

"Well, really—" Richardson began, looking at his watch.

"Oh, it's only a minute from the station, Monsieur Richardson, directly on your route."

He was about to refuse, flatly, when he saw tears in her eyes.

"I'd take it myself," she said, "but my father won't let me

The lieutenant stepped forward. "Passport," he said. Handing over the papers Richardson forced his eyes to look at the Nazi

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travel about Paris alone. He—he mustn't find out. Oh, Monsieur Richardson—please!"

Richardson saw the flush creep into her cheeks. So that was it—*l'amour*. And he noticed for the first time that Claudine had grown up to be a remarkably pretty girl. Her pinched cheeks made her dark eyes look enormous.

"All right," he said, "but you're a little minx. Who is it?"

The girl hesitated. The sound of footsteps on the stairs came to them from overhead. She thrust the package toward him.

"A man named Jacques," she said. "Just Jacques in the tobacco shop at Number 12, Rue LeGravet off the Avenue Daumesnil. Thanks, thanks, thanks"—the words tumbled out—"and good luck, monsieur, good luck."

She slammed the door of the Bonnard flat behind her.

Feeling more foolish than annoyed he walked out to his cab. He laughed and cursed when he saw it. Just his luck to make a grand exit from Paris in one of those hybrid monstrosities that burned charcoal for fuel in a little trailer attachment.

"Stop first at Number 12, Rue LeGravet," he told the driver, getting in. The fringe of salt-and-pepper hair under the battered cap nodded.

THE cab turned into the Rue Raynouard, laboring up the slight incline. Nothing was the same, not even the taxis. Gone was the flirtatious bounce, the suicidal turns at incredible speeds. Even the fabled horn was silent; there was not enough traffic on the streets to endanger a blind man. In 1914 the Paris taxis saved France. Well, this was another breed of taxi, and, he thought bitterly, another breed of France.

Coming out at the foot of the Rue Franklin he took his last look at the statue of the bespectacled Benjamin. But his thoughts were no longer nostalgic. Within a hundred feet the Nazi colonel had been shot—shot with a German Luger, it was whispered, which fact, more than the awaited capture of the assassin, stayed the execution of the fifty hostages arrested in reprisal. Richardson shivered. Fifty! He felt sure the colonel had died in one of the many publicized Army-Nazi party vendettas—every Frenchman knew too well the murderous price exacted for killing a German. It didn't make sense, it wasn't practical. And the French were nothing if not practical.

The cab was surging along the Seine now, on—he noted ironically—the Avenue de Tokio. "The rats," he said aloud, his mind full of little yellow men. He felt sick all over thinking of the news. Of course it wasn't as bad as they made it out; it couldn't be. It was the Axis version.

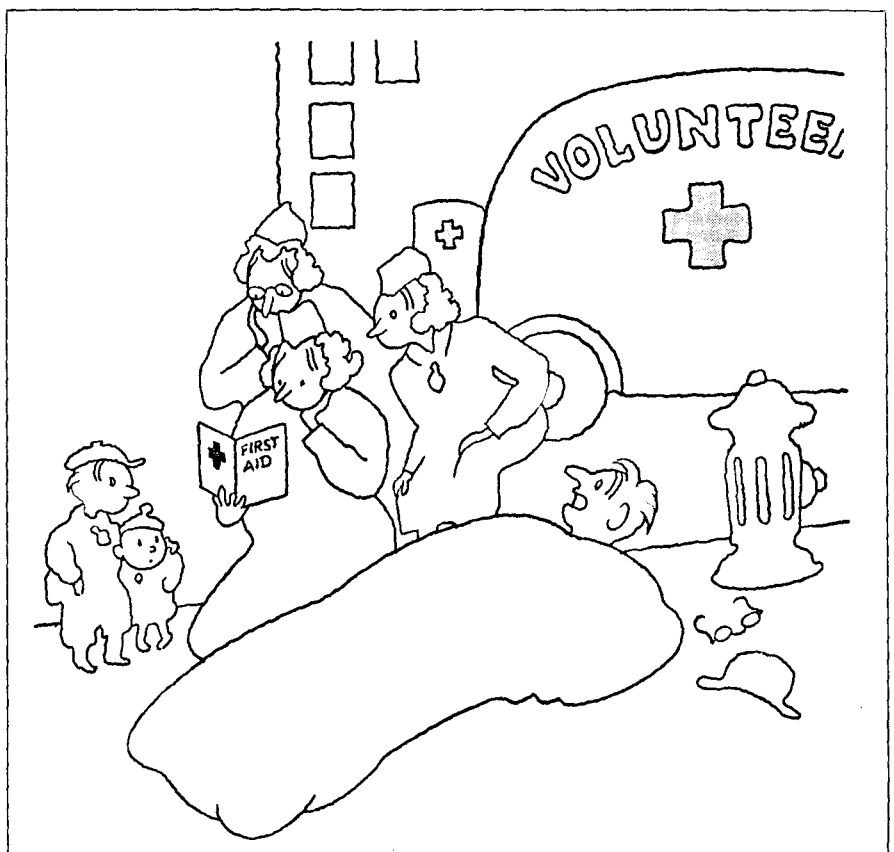
He looked with disgust at a handful of fishermen along the *quai* and remembered Franchard's letter. It had something to do with fishing. He became annoyed again at the distant possibility of it holding up his departure even by accident. He took it out of his breast pocket and reread it:

My dear Jules, it went, *the food situation here is far from good. Provisions are very hard to get. We are hoping that by Spring the fishing in the Seine, poor as it is, will have improved sufficiently to make up our inadequate diet. Most of the fishing will be done off Billancourt where the luck should be good if it is good anywhere. You have no idea . . .*

He looked up from the letter as the cab eased to a halt going into the Place de la Concorde. Across the square from the Tuileries toward the old Ministère de la Marine tramped a platoon of Germans. They looked tough and lean and *professional*. Nothing ersatz about their trim. They made him feel slow and soft around the middle just watching them. It was going to take a lot to beat them, they were so *convinced* they were unbeatable. No wonder the French were washed up—they reasoned too much. No matter how that colonel had been killed, the Nazis would use the incident to their advantage, and terrorize more work out of the population.

The column marched by. The cab sputtered and bucked so violently starting that Claudine's package slipped from his lap and fell to the floor with quite a heavy thump. He picked it up, weighing it in his hand curiously. Strange, come to think of it, what a girl should want to send her lover all the way across Paris. If it hadn't been so securely wrapped he would have opened it. He had a right, after all, just as he had a right to read Franchard's letter. Suppose it were contraband?

The cab bumped tediously along the Rue de Rivoli (there is no speed in charcoal) and Richardson took what he expected was his last look of the street.



"If you'd like my suggestion, ladies, I'd say the first thing to do is give me a good stiff drink" GARDNER REA

The shops were for the most part boarded up and under the arches a trickle of people moved quickly along, looking gray and cold. Only the statue of Joan of Arc, sword upraised astride her charger, gave his heart a momentary lift. La Pucelle. But it would take more than a girl on a white charger to turn the trick this time.

HE SMILED wryly as they swung into the Place de la Bastille. This was a part of town he hardly ever passed through. Four years before on Bastille Day he and Lester Truman—who was now supposed to be a Nazi stooge—had stood and watched the sea of clenched fists go up in a Popular Front demonstration for Republican Spain. "These little side shows will have to be stopped," Lester had said, "before there can be any peace and quiet in Europe."

He'd agreed, too, he remembered. There were no side shows today. No columns of ill-clad men and women boiled out of the redoubtable Faubourg St. Antoine any more to celebrate tearing down a dungeon or to demand planes for Spain. Only a miserable queue of women half a block long stood outside a store with a horse's head over the door, stamping in the raw air. In the past six months Richardson had eaten horse meat many times that he knew of and more that he merely suspected. Now it was a luxury almost impossible to get. He addressed himself to the cabby.

"This goes hard with the children," he said. "I hear one can't even buy milk on the Black Bourse."

The shoulders in front shrugged. "Don't know, M'sieur. It could be worse."

HE'S playing safe, Richardson thought. He must be in good with the Germans. He's got his cab and permission to drive it, and the devil with everything else. They were almost there.

As the cab turned right into the Avenue Daumesnil, Richardson saw a German staff car with two officers in the back and a chauffeur orderly at the wheel drawn up to the curb. For some reason which had not existed when they passed the Nazi platoon, a cold spot of nervousness began to grow in the pit of his stomach. He forced himself not to look back at them through the window.

They were on the Rue LeGravet only a short block from Number 12. Suddenly Richardson did not want to drive up to the door. All his misgivings began playing furious tag in the back of his mind. He was a fool to be delivering packages for an ungrateful concierge's daughter. He was on the point of telling the cabby to drive straight to the station when he caught his eyes in the mirror. He too must have seen the parked staff car. If Richardson showed nervousness he might take it in his head to report him to the authorities. Of course, there was nothing to report, but time was tight and if he missed that train . . .

"Stop here," he said. They were a half block from Number 12. "I'll be right back."

"*Bon, m'sieur.*"

Getting out he looked again for an instant into the cabby's pale blue eyes. Then he stalked off with the package under his arm.

Number 12 was a dingy little *bureau de tabac* with no cigarettes or any other kind of tobacco visible in the window, but a sign stated that postage stamps might be bought inside. He opened the door and a bell jangled. A few tables scattered about indicated that in better days one might also have purchased a *café crême* here. After a moment a middle-aged, partly bald man wearing an apron came in from a door at the back. His shirt sleeves were rolled up, showing a massive pair of forearms.

"*Vous desirez, monsieur?*"

"I am to give this gift to a man named Jacques," Richardson said abruptly, extending the package for the man to take.

The man made no move to take it.

"There is no one here by that name," he said.

Richardson stared at him incredulously. He didn't particularly care if this was Jacques (he hardly thought him the romantic type), but this was certainly the tobacco shop at Number 12.

"Nonsense," he said, impatiently, "there must be. It's from my concierge's daughter, Claudine—Claudine Bonnard, 74 Rue du Ranelagh. I'm leaving from the Gare d'Orléans in twenty-five minutes and I'm not going to lug this sacred package any farther. Either you—"

"Wait." The man cut him short and gave him a long unhurried look that traveled from his hat to his shoe tops. Then he motioned him through the door at the back. Despite his nervousness and ill-temper, Richardson felt a prickling of curiosity. He followed, starting to grumble.

ONCE inside the man turned to him. "Give it to me," he said quickly.

"But I thought you said—" Richardson began, pulling back.

"There isn't time, give it here," the man snapped, practically wrenching the bundle from his hands. The wrapping cord snapped and the compressed paper unfolded like the petals of a flower. It was all of twenty years since he'd held one in his hand but Richardson recognized a Luger when he saw one. He didn't gasp, but his face got beet-red and at the thought of his ride across Paris with the gun in his lap sweat popped out on his forehead.

"I had no idea . . ." he stammered.

"Evidently," the tobacconist said dryly. He stared at Richardson hard. "It was a risk but it was a risk that had to be taken. You are going home, yes, and so it wouldn't pay you to delay even to report this if you found out. And you won't be around here long enough for us to have to trust you."

"Trust me? Trust *me?* But I'm an American—"

"Ah, as to that, there are Americans and Americans. I could name you some Frenchmen—but there's *no* time. Here—" He handed Richardson a package about the size of the one he brought in. "This is an empty tobacco tin. You came in with a bundle, you go out with one. Go, quickly."

Things were going much too fast. He wanted, above all else, to sit down for a minute and think. Had Claudine—had her father . . . ? But the tobacconist was pushing him to the door.

"The store may be watched," he said. "Good luck—and tell them on the other side we're not all dead yet."

The door swung behind him. A marrow-chilling winter dusk was settling down, the streets glistening with rain. Richardson took a few blind steps back toward the cab, before he realized the German staff car was parked close behind it. His valise lay open on the sidewalk and the two officers were talking to the cab driver.

In the half minute it took him to reach them fear and courage pumped adrenalin through his veins while his mind

(Continued on page 39)

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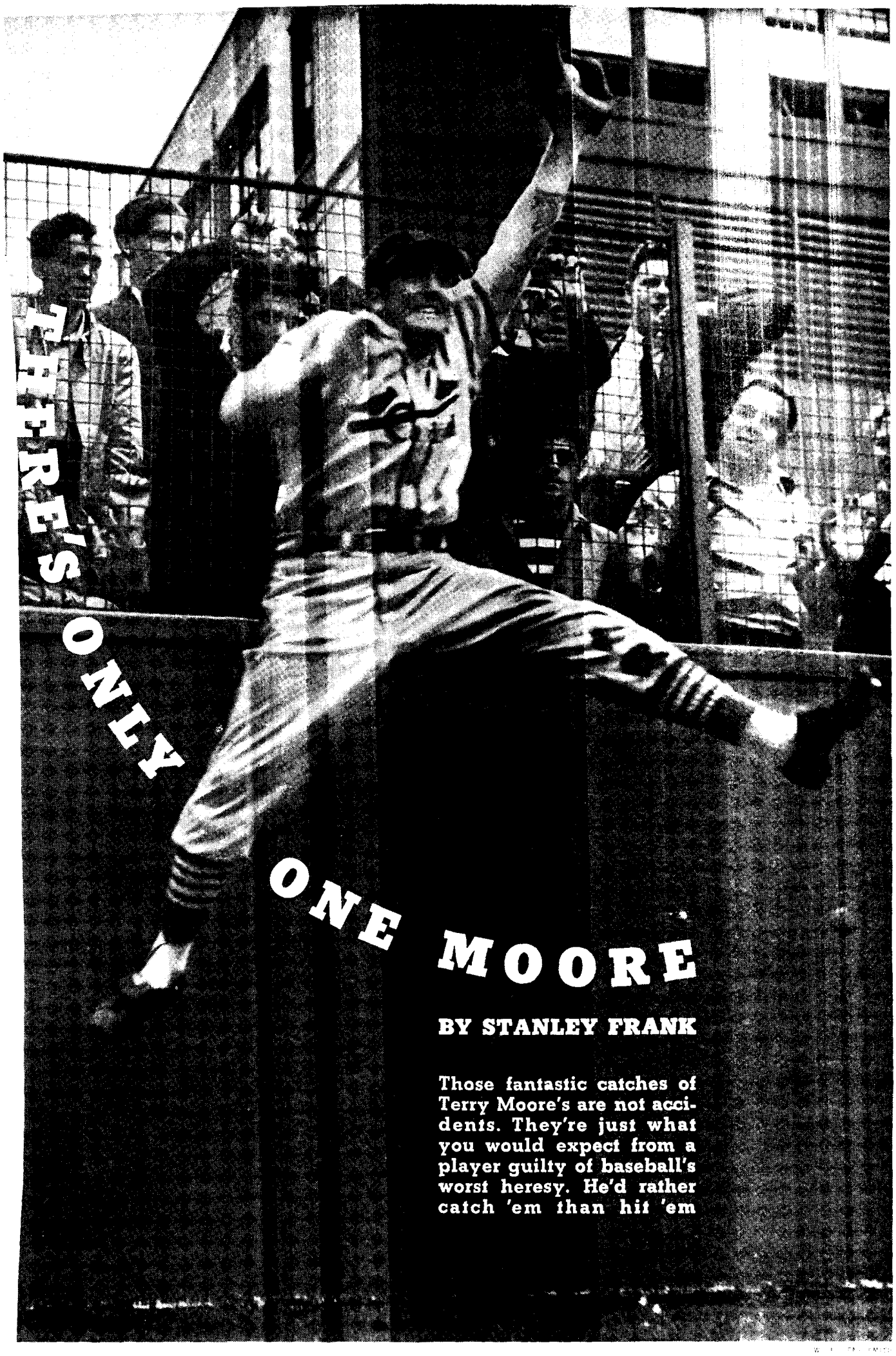

A bleacher seat is better than one in the grandstand when you want a close-up of Cardinal Outfielder Moore's greatest catches

THERE'S ONLY ONE MOORE

BY STANLEY FRANK

Those fantastic catches of Terry Moore's are not accidents. They're just what you would expect from a player guilty of baseball's worst heresy. He'd rather catch 'em than hit 'em

BASEBALL people are the most accomplished and indefatigable storytellers in sports, but there comes a time when the boys run out of amiable lies, and a lull envelops the conversation. At this point someone invariably mentions Terry Moore and all of a sudden everybody springs to life and becomes a glib raconteur.

Everybody wants to paint a vivid word picture of Terry Moore's greatest catch, assuring you it was the greatest catch ever seen on the North American continent. The postscript is superfluous, since all the more astounding grabs-and-stabs of recent times have been made by Moore—or so it seems. Leo Durocher, the boss Brooklyn Bum, says the captain of the Cardinals is the finest defensive outfielder he has ever seen.

"And I don't bar Joe DiMaggio," he adds belligerently. "Nobody can tell me a better outfielder ever lived. How can you improve on Moore? The guy is perfect. He never makes a mistake."

Moore has given virtually every National Leaguer occasion to scream shrill disbelief of the evidence of his eyes, but the floor usually is yielded to Mel Ott when plaintive testimonials to the fellow's artistry are made. The manager of the Giants still suffers extensively in the role of unwitting stooge for Moore's four-star, super-duper special.

The circumstances, without which no self-respecting historian would be found dead, were these: The Giants were fighting the Cardinals for the 1936 pennant. The Giants had the bases loaded in the ninth with two out; the count on Ott was three-and-two; the score was tied. Ott unloaded on Roy Parmalee's best fast ball and blasted a line drive to left center. The ball was hit so low that Durocher, then the Card shortstop, gathered himself involuntarily to leap for the ball, but it roared over his head before he could get going.

"The blow was a triple, at least," Ott relates with a slight sob. "Moore was playing me in right center and the drive was fifty—a hundred feet to the other side and traveling as fast as any I ever hit. Moore started for the ball; there wasn't a chance he could get it. He kept on running. He dived. He slid on his belly twenty feet. It was an impossible catch. Moore caught the ball in his bare hand. The umpire said I was out, but nobody can convince me the whole thing wasn't an optical illusion."

Moore, who can discuss his catches with the detachment of a surgeon explaining a delicate operation, agrees that the base-hit burglary perpetrated on Ott was one of his best, but he prefers to remember another play he pulled against the Giants last summer.

"This one is my favorite because it was the toughest play I ever tried to make," he says. "On the Ott thing, I didn't think I had a chance in the world to get it and I knew it was a bad play, even when I was diving. I tried to slap the ball down with my last effort and it just happened to stick in my hand as light as a feather.

"But this one I'm telling you about required perfect timing and judgment. The Giants had a man on second with two out in the tenth inning when Morrie Arnovich, pinch-hitting, got off a terrific sock to left center. It looked as if the ball was going into the bleachers or would hit the wall.

"That wall made the play in my mind. Arnovich's drive was heading for the exact spot on the wall where I crashed in '38, going after a hit by Alex Kampouris. I was out for two months with a concussion and I don't mind admitting I was thinking about another broken head while I was running toward the wall."

A Wall of More Than Concrete

Moore was confronted by a formidable psychological barrier, as you can see, but it didn't stop him. He raced toward the wall, and the players on both benches braced themselves for the sympathetic shock. They tried to yell a warning but the words didn't come. Moore now was only ten feet from the unyielding concrete and going all-out.

He took off, feet first, as if he were sliding into a base. And just before he hit the wall—while he still was sliding—he caught the ball over his shoulder.

It is difficult to determine which was Moore's most startling snatch because every team firmly believes it saw the Number One exploit. The Dodgers are positive they were witnesses to the catch to end all catches—and almost Moore—last July in St. Louis, when the pennant pendulum was swinging crazily with every freak bounce. During a 12-inning tie game, Dolf Camilli exploded a blast to the wall in dead center. Nobody yet knows how Moore and the ball reached the farthermost point inside Sportsman's Park simultaneously. Moore leaped high against the wall, pushed off with his bare hand and speared the ball in his gloved paw.

The Pirates scoff and say you should have seen the one that didn't get away from Moore a month later. The teams were playing a Sunday double-header with a full house when Stu Martin teed off in the direction of right center, between Moore and Enos Slaughter.

"It was one of those balls neither Slaughter nor I could yell for," Moore recounts, "because there was no telling who would get there first. Yelling

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wouldn't have helped, anyway. The fans were making such a racket you could hear only an unbroken roar. So Slaughter and I started for the ball and here we come, racing into a head-on collision."

Both men dived at the same split-second—Moore for the ball and Slaughter for safety. Moore caught the ball between his associate's thrashing legs. Slaughter caught his spikes on Moore's shoulder and was thrown to the ground so heavily that he fractured his own shoulder. It was an unusual accident only in the sense that someone other than Moore was badly banged up.

Our daredevil virtuoso has been with the Cardinals since 1935 and never has played a complete season because he literally knocks himself out challenging all walls and balls in sight. His is not the recklessness which impels clumsy clucks to make new exits in the fences while tracking down line drives. It is rather a calculating, almost scientific intrepidity which lands Moore in the hospital. He plays hard and with imagination. He has the audacious artistry which might characterize Mr. Serge Rachmaninoff if a piano could fight back.

Moore is utterly fearless in running close to the wall at top speed, the most difficult and dangerous play in an outfielder's book. Sometimes, when he's lucky, the bruises and aches leave his body in three weeks, but that hasn't yet stopped him from trying again.

The customers and the management do not begin to appreciate Moore until a stand-in plays center field. In recent years there has been a good deal of academic drivel concerning the identity of the Cardinals' most valuable player. The team has survived the loss, through injury or trade, of Medwick, Mize, Padgett, Brown and Slaughter, but it is significant that the Cards fold like a spent accordion only when Moore goes into drydock.

Injuries That Lost Pennants

As a freshman in 1935, Moore broke his leg stealing second base ten days before the season ended. At the time, the Cards were two and a half games in the lead. The Cubs played in the World Series.

In '36, St. Louis was battling New York and Chicago for the pennant with six weeks to go when Moore fractured his shoulder sliding into Al Todd, the substantial Pittsburgh catcher. The Giants picked up the marbles and the money. The next year the Cards fell out of the race after Moore jammed his shoulder making a diving catch which put him out for six weeks.

In '38, the team went to pot during the two months Moore was recuperating from a concussion suffered when he ran into the wall pursuing Alex Kampouris' blow. St. Louis was giving Cincinnati a strenuous run in '39 until Moore was lost for three weeks with a severely wrenched ankle. The team missed the boat in '40 when Moore was missed for three more weeks with a bum shoulder, the result of a hair-raising diving catch.

The pay-off came last year. The Cardinals, you will remember, were bedeviled by a series of injuries without parallel. Billy Southworth had his varsity on the field only five days throughout the entire season. But the Redbirds were up there with the Dodgers, shuttling in and out of first place, until the Braves' Art Johnson hit Moore in the head with a pitched ball. The accident put Moore on the shelf for a month and it was then that the Brooklyns went on to win.

St. Louis people stoutly maintain that their heroes lost the pennant on September 13th, on two successive plays, a minute apart, that Moore was not on hand to make. That was the decisive day. The contenders, meeting for the last time with first place at stake, went into the eighth inning locked in a scoreless struggle. The Cards' Mort Cooper had a breath-taking no-hitter with one out in the eighth when Dixie Walker and Billy Herman belted consecutive doubles to right center. Brooklyn won the game, 1-0, and never was out of first place again. The Cardinals insist Moore would have stuck both hits in his hip pocket if he had been playing center.

Eddie Brannick, secretary of the Giants, who has seen them all for thirty-five years, picks Moore as the center fielder on his all-time National League team. Casey Stengel says Moore should be barred because he makes the racket look too easy. Southworth sees Moore as a menace who has spoiled him so outrageously that no other outfielder will ever satisfy him. Tris Speaker is regarded as the grandfather of all defensive specialists, but qualified authorities assert Moore concedes nothing to the Gray Eagle.

These rave send-offs in the profession, marked by a unanimity reserved for the great and good stars, must come as a surprise to the customers, who do not count Moore among the hallowed heroes of the baseball business. The reason is obvious. Outfielders are supposed to belt home runs and pile up batting averages in big and crude numbers. Terry Moore is not a powerhouse driver; he has hit .300 only once in the major leagues.

"A new shell would do wonders for that crew" DAVID B. HUFFINE

The Pitch He Likes Least

"The pitchers have me tabbed too well," he grins. "Everybody knows my weakness. It's no secret." His hand brushes the letters across his shirt to indicate that a fast ball, high and inside, is the dose of poison he could do splendidly without. "I'm a sucker for that pitch but I'm not as bad as I used to be. Until a couple of years ago I'd swing at any pitch over my head and wind up trying to knock the sun out of the sky. You get poise with experience, though, and I've learned to lay off the bad balls. The pitchers also have more respect for me since I've got stronger.

"When I came up to the Cardinals I was a skinny kid weighing 160 pounds. I couldn't buy a home run. About three years ago I seemed to grow up overnight. I got so heavy in the shoulders and thick in the chest, all of a sudden, that I shot up to 190 pounds. All the boys thought I was hog-fat, out of shape. With that extra weight, I hit seventeen homers in '39 and seventeen more the next year. The pitchers don't throw fits when they see me come up, but I think I'm improving all the time."

We do not mean to convey the impression that Moore is a flop at the plate. His lifetime average in the National League is a not-too-ghastly .284 and he makes his hits count. In the last three years he has averaged 70 runs-batted-in a season, respectable clutch-hitting for a fellow swinging second in the batting order. Unlike most players, slumps do not affect the high caliber of his fielding. He never worries about his average because—hang on, now—hitting leaves him cold.

Neither he nor we expect you to believe this revelation. It never has been made before by a ballplayer; it strikes at the very foundations of the great American game of baseball. Every other ballplayer who ever lived has been base-hit crazy. Pitchers treasure the memory of home runs more highly than no-hitters. Most players have to be driven to fielding practice with whips, but they will hit from dawn to dusk as long as there is an arm and an approximate sphere in the vicinity. But Terry Moore, an aesthete, and honest enough to admit it, gets his biggest bang running after fly balls.

"Fielding demands more skill and scientific study than hitting," he explains, in defense of his revolutionary attitude. "Hitting is mostly luck. Half the time you really don't know where the ball is going, whether it will be a blooper that happens to fall safely or a hard line drive into somebody's hands.

"I've always thought a great fielding play lifts the morale of a team more than a hit in the pinch. A man hits for himself, for his individual average and next year's contract. But the man who risks his neck on a play is doing it for the entire team. By hustling after a ball, you show the others you're putting out for everybody."

The strange part is that Moore has converted three St. Louis managers to this radical idea. In 1936, Frankie Frisch benched Moore when his average fell to .260 and sent Lynn King to center field. King hit fifty points higher, but the added punch did not begin to compensate for the yawning hole in the team's defense.

"Give me a kid who can hustle like Moore," Frisch remarked, when he abandoned the experiment, "and he'll help the ball club if he never gets on base."

In 1939, Moore was in a horrible slump. He went to bat 28 consecutive times without getting the semblance of a hit and in one double-header he left twenty men stranded on the bases.

"Hang in there, kid," Ray Blades, the Cardinals' manager that year, called out. "You'll come out of it."

"If you can put up with it, so can I," Moore answered.

"To get an idea of Terry's intrinsic value to a team," Manager Southworth reports, "you should add to his batting average the base hits he cuts off every year. Conversely, there are .350 hitters who let so many balls fall in front of them that the hits they give away should be subtracted from their averages for a slant on their real worth. I'll take Moore over all the others."

The Secret Terry Won't Reveal

Our energetic aesthete constantly is dreaming up improvements on the technique of fielding. At the moment, he is trying to sell all outfielders on a glove he designed himself, the smallest glove ever used in the big leagues. On Moore's unusually large, square hand it fits as snugly as a kid's mitt bought at the corner drugstore—as indeed it was until a skeptical manufacturer ran one up on the machine. The colleagues gave him the horselaugh when he broke out the creation, but his catches soon piped down the raucous ribaldry.

"Most outfielders have too much padding in their gloves," the master asserts. "A ball hitting all that stuffing is liable to flop off and get away. I figure to hold anything I can reach because my hand and fingers control every part of the glove."

Moore will divulge all the trade secrets he knows to all comers, but there is one play he is reluctant to teach. It is the diving, acrobatic catch, which he makes with matchless éclat, finesse and consistency.

"I don't like to coach guys on the play because it's too dangerous," he says. "The trick is to hit the ground with your elbows, but that gives you an awful jar and may throw your shoulder muscles out of whack. Me? I forget everything when I go after a ball."

Although Moore is the most underrated player today in public esteem, he is not without honor in three towns, each of which claims him as its own native hero. St. Louis considers him a product of the local sandlots. The baseball Who's Who gives Memphis as his birthplace, a harmless deception which Moore himself sponsored. He was born in Vernon, Alabama, thirty years ago and lived there until he was four, but he told the historians he saw the light of day in Memphis because he thought it might help his brother Roy, who was in the used-car business there.

The eighth and youngest child of a blacksmith working in the American Car Foundry shops, Terry does not

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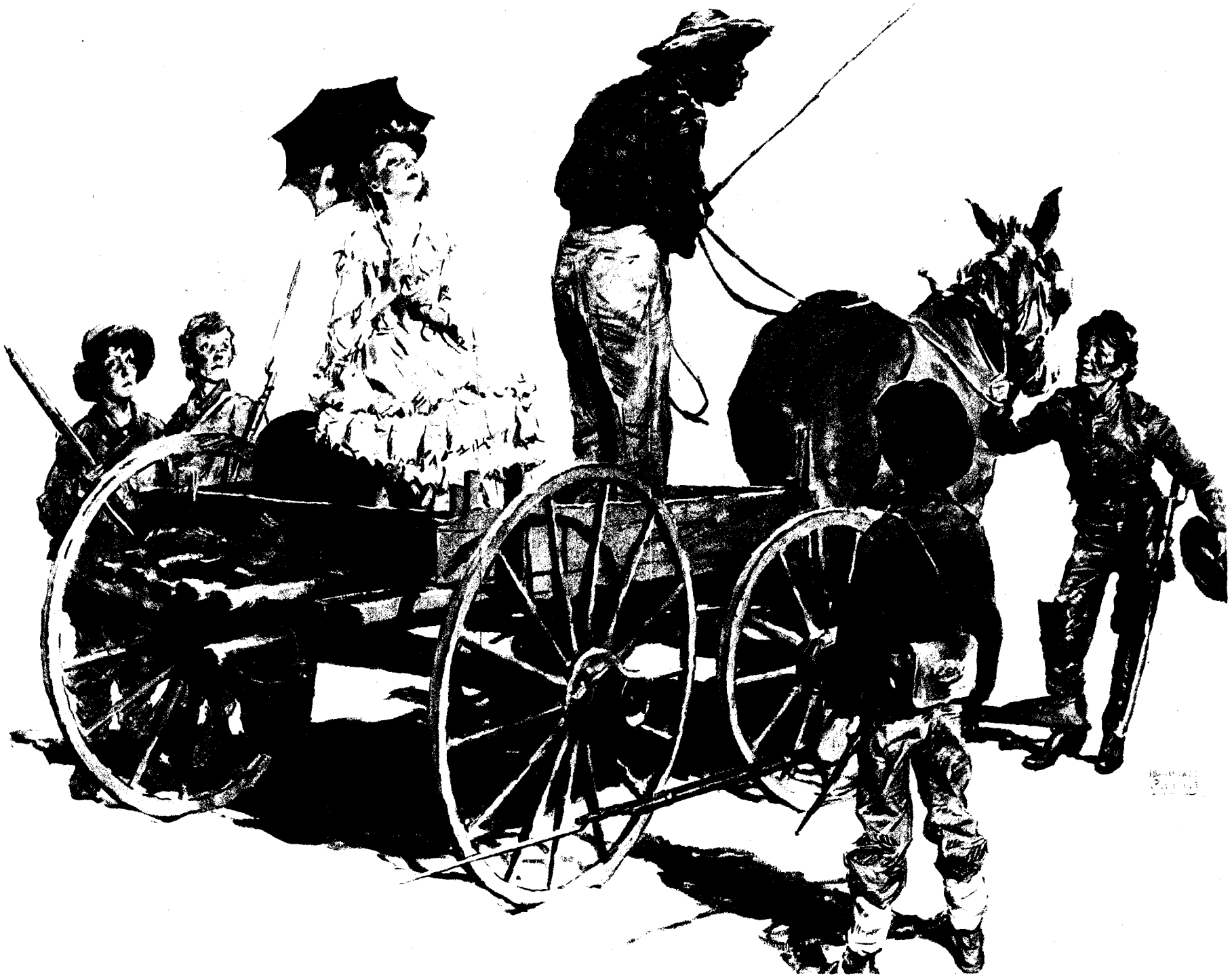

Ax swept his hat from his head. The blood drained from the girl's face. "Little Ax!" she gasped

THE YANKS WERE COMING

By James Street

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Captain Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge—known as Little Ax—gives a lesson in the art of war, and gets one in the science of love

THE earth was sulking under the torture of a Mississippi sun and seemed to be holding its breath while the Cradle Company of the Confederacy moved slowly up the hollow to keep another appointment with death. Gnats were swarming around them, and buzzards were loafing in the blazing sky, but the weary Rebs gave heed only to their captain, cocky Little Ax of the high-heel boots, plumed hat and crimson sash.

He wiped sweat from his eyes and stared up the road, first at the dancing heat waves, then at the dust that rose above the scrub oaks. It might mean Yanks, but more likely refugees fleeing the wrath of Grant and Sherman and the blue hordes that were sweeping like locusts down the Mississippi Valley.

Ax halted his company and, without orders, they began priming their rifle-guns and feeling for their knives. The oldest was nineteen and none was taller than five and a half feet. Butcher Boys, the North called them. But the South called them the Bloody Bantams. Jim Dickson took his place by his captain and closed his eyes to rest their sensitive nerves. Jim was color-blind and his Kaintuck gun was taller than he, but he could spot a squirrel in any thicket and cut its head off at a hundred yards.

The other boys melted into the woods and Little Ax cursed softly. "Must be folks refugeeing from Memphis. Why don't they stay at home? They clog up the roads and get in the way. . . ."

Then he began laughing, for down the pike came a rickety wagon, drawn by a gaunt mule and handled by a huge brown Negro. On the bed of the wagon was a trunk, and on the trunk, sitting very primly, was a girl with a parasol. She was wearing flowered dimity and her auburn hair was done in loose curls. She was dressed for an afternoon ride.

AX STEPPED from the woods, grabbed the bridle and swept his hat from his head, then bowed. The girl gripped her parasol tighter and the blood drained from her face. "Little Ax!" she gasped. Many were the tales she had heard of him and, like many Southerners, she did not approve of the Cradle Company and the ruthless behavior of boys too young to know the quality of mercy.

"Captain Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge, ma'am. At your service. And if you've got any clean cloth in your trunk, I'll trouble you for it."

"Drive on, Jud," she said to the slave, but he took one look at Ax and dared not move.

Little Ax, proud and proud of it and always the show-off, stood erect to make himself appear taller, and said, "If you're toting silver in that trunk, you better hide it. Yanks around here are thicker'n ants in a stump."

The girl sat very straight and stared ahead as though to ignore him. One of the soldiers said, "Shall I get her off'n that trunk?" He moved toward the wagon and the girl bit her lower lip.

"I'm Margaret Jennings," she said. "Pa is around som'rs and don't you dare touch me, you ruffians."

"She's right," Ax said. "We can't go

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ARTHUR GRIFFIN

DURING most of the past two years I have been in the war zone and if there is one thing that we get very sick and tired of in the war zone it is war. You get tired of bombs and of guns and of rationed food, clothing and lights, and when you come home for a hot minute you feel like putting the slug on anyone who mentions the war to you. So when I came home, there were just two things I wanted to do: I wanted to watch the Dodgers in action and I wanted to hear Joe Lewis.

But the Dodgers were wending their way north then and Joe Lewis was only a few blocks up the street right in my neighborhood at the Copacabana, charming the boys and girls of our town, so I went there instead. To say that I am a Joe Lewis fan is to be guilty of understatement. Without reservation I think that Joe Lewis is the funniest man who ever lived and the fact that he comes close to being the nicest man who ever lived has nothing to do with it. When it comes to Lewis I find it impossible to be objective.

I have known the bum for many, many years and now he is in Hollywood getting rich making pictures. I trust that he may remember those days when there were long stretches when we didn't have a fast sawbuck between us to wager on something hot we had heard was running at Tropical—in fact, I think I will tell the story of his life and that will recall those days and when this piece comes out he may have a hot one running somewhere and maybe we can scrape together the moola to get a fair ride on the goat. This then is the story of La Belle Lewis.

About three years ago Joe Lewis was entertaining at Ben Marden's Riviera, just across the Hudson River from Manhattan. Beautiful, luxurious, expensive, one might think that this would hardly be the haunt of the heckler. Yet one night a splendid specimen made its appearance at a ringside table. . . . There was a goodly crowd of Lewis worshipers present and Lewis, having brought home a ten-to-one shot that afternoon at the Empire track was in a gay and amiable mood. He was very, very hot. He sang the famous song dedicated to his tailor, Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long, and then he sang his marvelous parody on Hold Tight.

He was so good that the waiters all stopped work to listen and even the chef emerged from his dungeon, forgetting all about an order of calf's liver and bacon which lay burning merrily on the fire. The heckler took this occasion to clear his throat and began:

"Your pants don't fit and neither does your coat," he yelled happily at Lewis.

The more Lewis-minded members of the audience settled back with anticipatory pleasure, waiting for Lewis to put a verbal slug on the heckler. But Joe ignored him for a while. He told a few stories and didn't look at the bovine face of the heckler who, full of confidence, now redoubled his efforts to attract the attention of Joe and the audience.

Then suddenly Joe stopped and motioned for the band to quiet. There was absolute silence as Joe turned his gaze upon the heckler.

Joe's words bit across that night-club room like frost biting across an orange grove:

"The last time I saw a mouth like yours there was a hook in it," Joe said and the crowded room roared with laughter. The heckler turned red, then purple, and finally white, as a waiter handed him his check. The heckler left hurriedly and Joe went on with his show.

A Night-Club Saga

Joe E. Lewis can think faster on his feet and talk faster than anyone I know, which is extraordinary when you consider that eleven years ago Joe Lewis was lying in a Chicago hospital, his skull fractured in three places, his nerves of speech paralyzed (permanently, the doctors said) and the boys around the Loop giving sad but emphatic ten-to-one odds that he wouldn't live a week. The story of how he managed to acquire that triple fracture parlay of the skull, how he learned to speak all over again and finally to sing again is a saga of the night clubs that has never been matched.

Joe Lewis was born on the East Side in New York and at a very early age he learned to have a profound distaste for anything bordering on the theatrical. It was all on account of his brother's feet. His brother Murray was a blackface comedian who traveled with a third-rate vaudeville troupe which somehow or other found its way to Muncie, Indiana. At Muncie both engagements and money ended and Murray was faced with the rather difficult task of getting back to New York one way or another. He walked. Twenty-five years ago hitchhiking was in its very embryo stage, and Murray actually did walk most of the way. When he got home his feet were in terrible shape. Brother Joe shook his head sadly and decided that the stage was not for him. He'd be a messenger boy instead. He went to De Witt Clinton High School in New York and afternoons delivered telegrams.

Then that other war came along and

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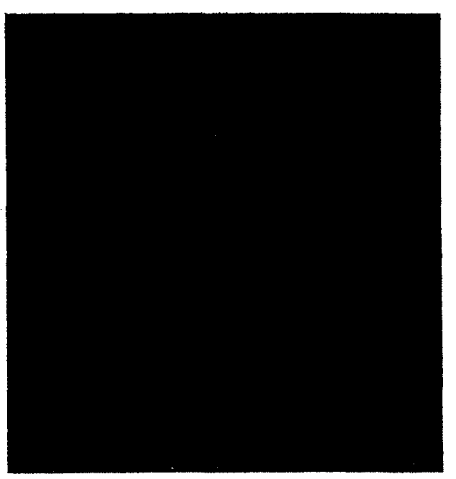

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Flight to the Sun

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

VII

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN STANGOU, an attractive Greek girl, and John Quayle, a Royal Air Force flight lieutenant, meet in Athens and fall in love. Realizing that they must inevitably soon be parted—perhaps forever—Helen refuses to marry the young Englishman.

Squadron 80, of which Quayle is a member, fights a number of terrific air battles; and Quayle sees some of his closest friends shot down. Then—while helping to escort a Greek flier named Nitralexis on a reconnaissance flight—he, too, crashes. Unconscious for a time, he comes to; and presently Nitralexis (likewise shot down but not killed) finds him; and the two, with a young Greek peasant who knows the country well, slip cautiously through the Italian lines to a Greek outpost. Unfortunately, however, just before they reach safety, Quayle's companions are killed. . . .

Back in the town of Ioannina, Quayle has a joyous reunion with Helen Stangou, who is working in a hospital. By this time it is evident that the British must soon leave Greece. So—reluctantly, because she is a capable nurse, and badly needed—the girl promises to accompany Quayle to Athens and marry him there.

Thanks to the efforts of a sympathetic Greek captain, Quayle succeeds in obtaining an old car—and gas. Then—with Helen, Tap Finchley (one of Quayle's pals in Squadron 80), two Greeks ("the little Greek" and "the corporal")—he climbs into the car and starts in the direction of Athens.

The road is filled with refugees, army trucks, troops. From time to time, German bombers roar over them; and much of the journey proves exciting. At last, however, they encounter some Australians near the small town of Larissa; and after that they feel fairly certain of reaching their destination.

A flight lieutenant who has heard of Quayle offers to give the entire party transportation to Athens. But, before they can start, a group of Messerschmitts arrive (to bomb a near-by airdrome), and—right there, before their eyes—the flight lieutenant is killed.

Helen, unable to control herself, bursts into tears. "It is terrible!" she says softly.

THE sergeant spoke to Quayle as he looked at the smoke from the flight lieutenant's plane. "Should we go over and see?"

"Send someone over. There may be something," Quayle said. He did not believe it. The sergeant told the fitter to go over and take a look. They had not run as they normally would, because they could see it was all hopeless. Quayle went with him across the field and Tap was behind. There were the fragments of the plane everywhere, and the burning center of it. There was the high smoke rising from the tangled death of the Hurricane, and nothing there, absolutely nothing. Only the blackness and the smoke and absolutely nothing, Quayle was thinking, absolutely nothing.

He turned and walked back.

"What a bloody mess," Tap said when he caught up.

Quayle did not say anything. He walked to the truck.

"We'd better get going, Sergeant," he said. He saw the others from the truck now. They had been flat on the earth. There was the young pilot officer who had run toward the flight lieutenant's plane when it had crashed. Quayle had not seen him then but now he did. He watched him walking back and there was quietness among all of them as they climbed into the cabin of the big trucks and on the back and started out.

The fitter who had gone to the plane was driving the truck that Quayle and Helen were in. Tap was in the one ahead with the flying officer. The Greeks were in the back of the same truck.

When they got to the road they saw the flat truck with the square front hurrying in its own dust toward them. It stopped to allow the second truck to crumble its way from the low field onto the road. The driver stood up in the open front. He had on the Australian wide hat.

"You'd better get a move on," he said to them.

"Are you the signal truck?" Tap asked them.

"No. We're sappers. Beat it. Get a move on!" the Australian said.

NIGHT had fallen, and they were in a long line of trucks that extended as far as the imagination could picture it in the darkness. They were not the tail end of it. Other trucks had come in from side tracks behind them. There was slow movement, and long stops in the night that registered something in Quayle's mind between the sleep he took and the pleasantness of the warmth and fullness of his stomach, and the occasional talk he heard among the Australians.

They were all Australians in the other trucks, and there were flashes of laughter from Macpherson, who sometimes talked to Helen. Also once Helen asked Quayle about the Greek corporal, and he said, "He's gone into the mountains."

And she had replied, "They will all go into the mountains."

It went on like that, through the half dullness of sleep and waking, into the red morning that found them amid the shadows of the rolls in the low plains and the green in the earth. That's how it found them—caught in the long caterpillar of slow-moving trucks.

"This is a nice mess," Macpherson said to Quayle when he was awake.

"How far are we?"

"We seemed to have passed Pharsala during the night."

"Are we near Athens?" Helen asked.

"No. We haven't come to Lamia yet," Macpherson answered.

"How far forward is the jam?" Quayle asked. They were stopped now.

"I don't know," Macpherson told him. "It's been like this for the last couple of hours."

"I'll take a look," Quayle said. "Look out, Helen."

He crawled over her and jumped down from the high cabin of the truck. It was cold in the morning quietness. The trucks extended as far along as the road was straight, disappearing around a curve. Their truck was in the middle of the jam of traffic.

As Quayle walked along the edge of the muddy road, he could hear the drivers talking.

"Where's all the road police?" one Australian said.

"That wouldn't do any good. It's these bloody Greeks. They're blocking the road with their refugee trucks."

"Well, the jerries will be down on us. What a target!"

When Quayle passed them, he heard one of them say, "Look at that bloke. He's one of the fliers."

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They had not gone far when the planes came back. Helen got out of the truck. Quayle and Tap helped her

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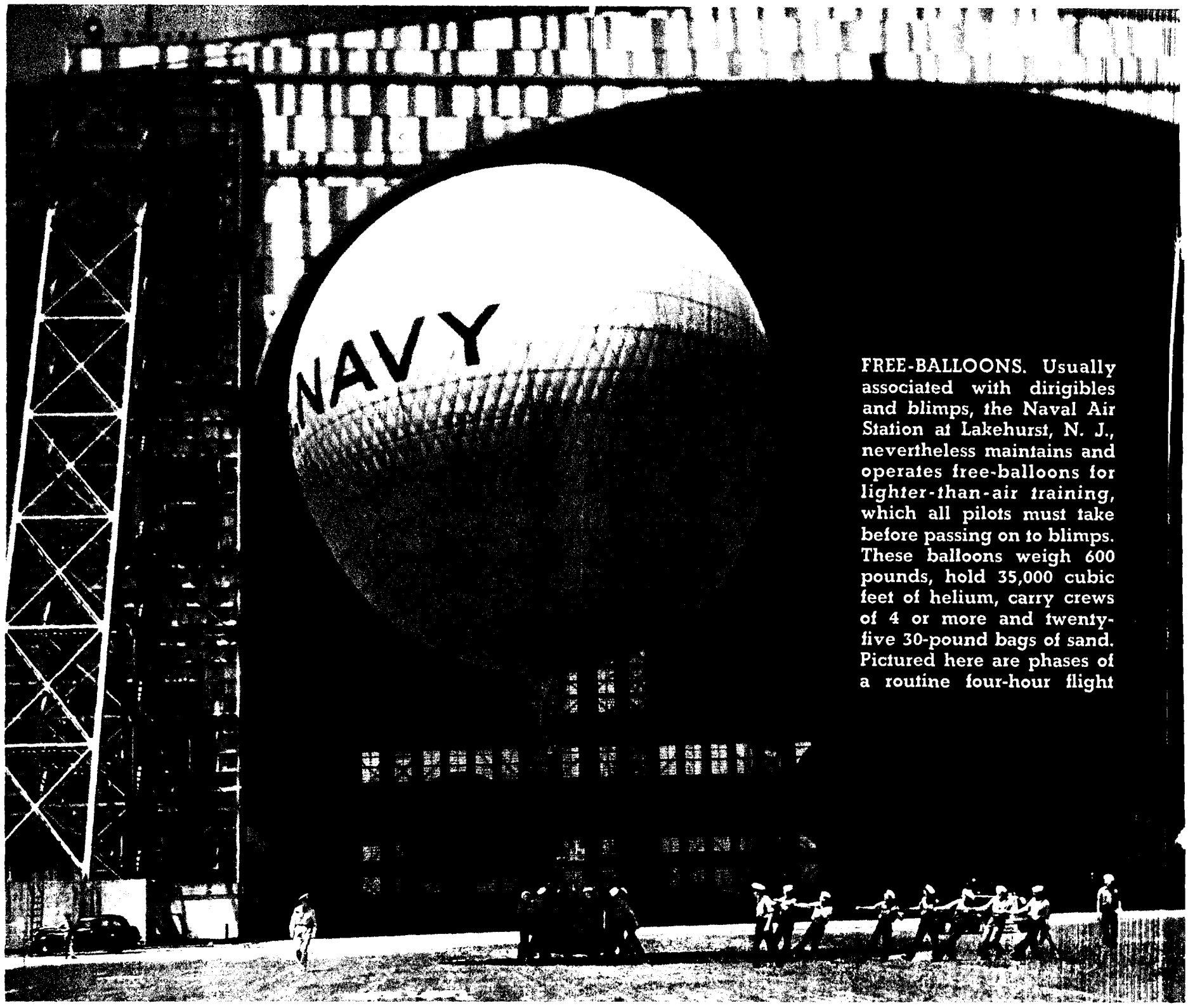
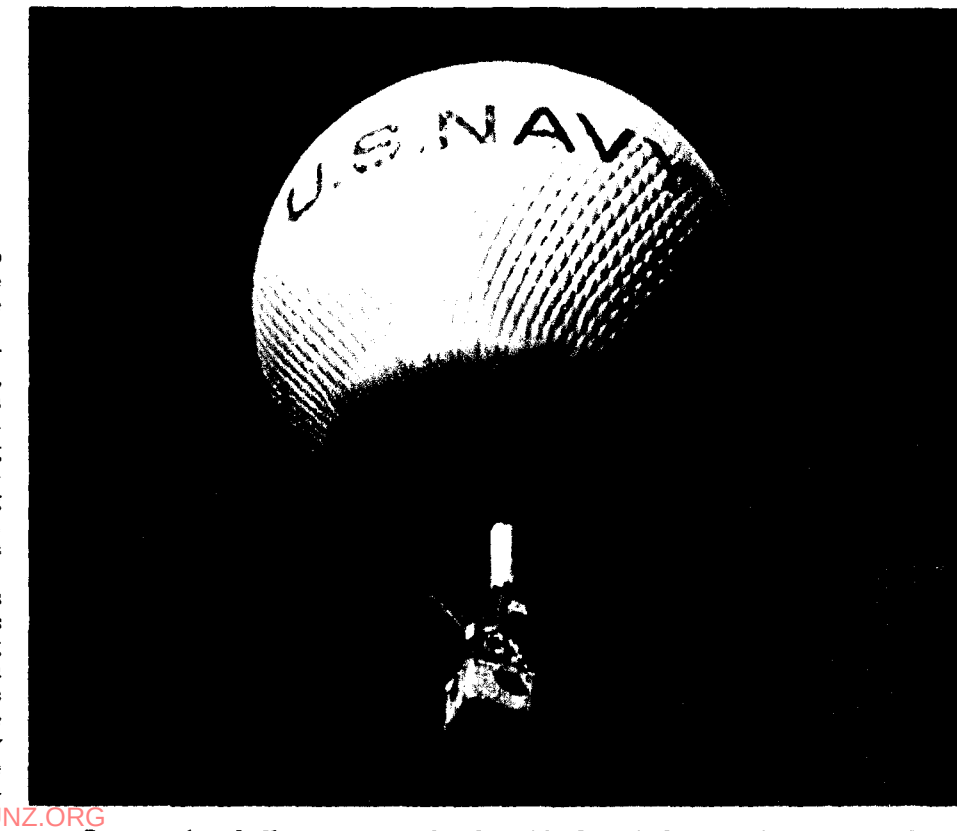


FREE-BALLOONS. Usually associated with dirigibles and blimps, the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, N. J., nevertheless maintains and operates free-balloons for lighter-than-air training, which all pilots must take before passing on to blimps. These balloons weigh 600 pounds, hold 35,000 cubic feet of helium, carry crews of 4 or more and twenty-five 30-pound bags of sand. Pictured here are phases of a routine four-hour flight

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUDY ARNOLD

First step in a free-balloon flight is inflation of the gas bag in the hangar. The crew then cramps itself in the confines of the basket and the ground crew carefully walks it out of the hangar. "Appendix" at the bottom of the envelope is closed to preserve the purity of the gas. For initial momentum in the take-off the crew drops extra ballast

Our Fighting Men



I CAN hardly wait," says young Joe, rolling up his sleeve, "to get a crack at—ouch!" He looks reproachfully at the medico. "But I only got two arms to give to my country."

The medico grins as he wipes off the needle. "Well," he observes, "no yellow fever bug's going to get you now."

"Also," Joe promises, "no yellow bug from Tokyo."

Young Joe is on the doorstep to war, so to speak. He and the rest of the boys in his division are at an Army camp near the coast—the Army calls it a staging area or post of embarkation—which means that Joe is due to hop off to a fighting front, present or future, any day now. Joe's sort of edgy at this point; he wants to get started, and these last minute check-ups get in his hair. They want to know for sure if he has had all his shots in the arm; they want to know if he has all his equipment and if it's in serviceable shape; and they want to know if he has really learned all those things they've been teaching him for the past year or so.

Joe's trained fine, like a prize fighter going into his big scrap. He's restless, and anxious for laughs. In a way, this hop-off camp is swell—sort of a soldier's paradise. He asks for something and it's his. All those items of equipment the boys had been requisitioning for months and never getting? Hell, they show up overnight now. Nothing's too good for the division.

Before he left his home camp Joe was called in to have his medical records checked, and he kind of had an idea big things were on the way for him. Now in the staging area, Joe's getting the shots in the arm he missed before. He got one for yellow fever, three antitetanus (they have to be at two-week intervals), three antityphoid and a smallpox vaccina-

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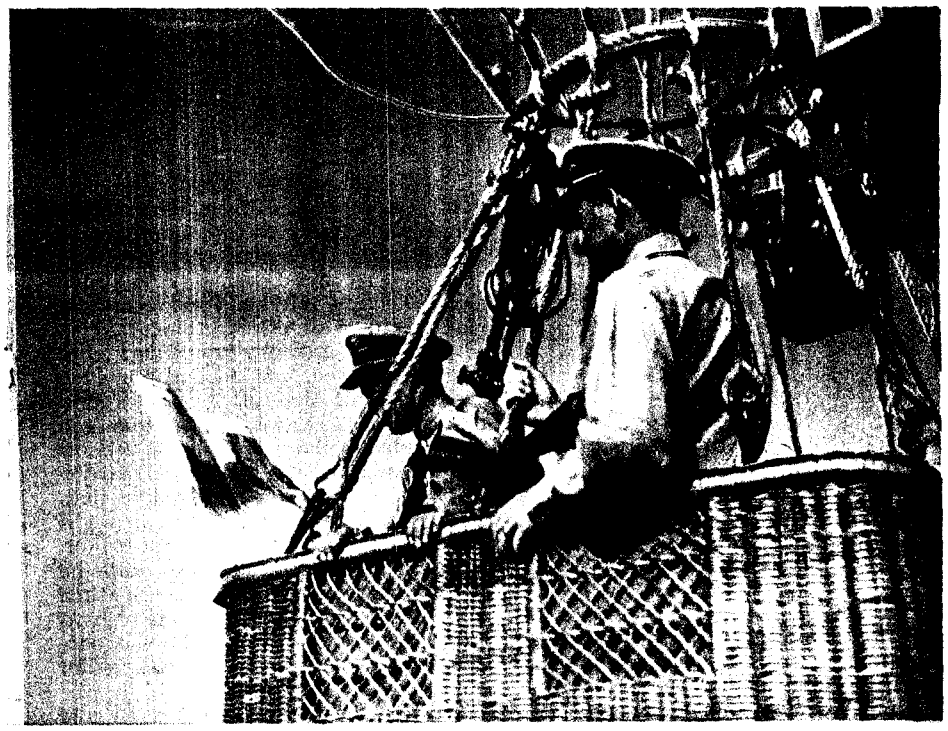
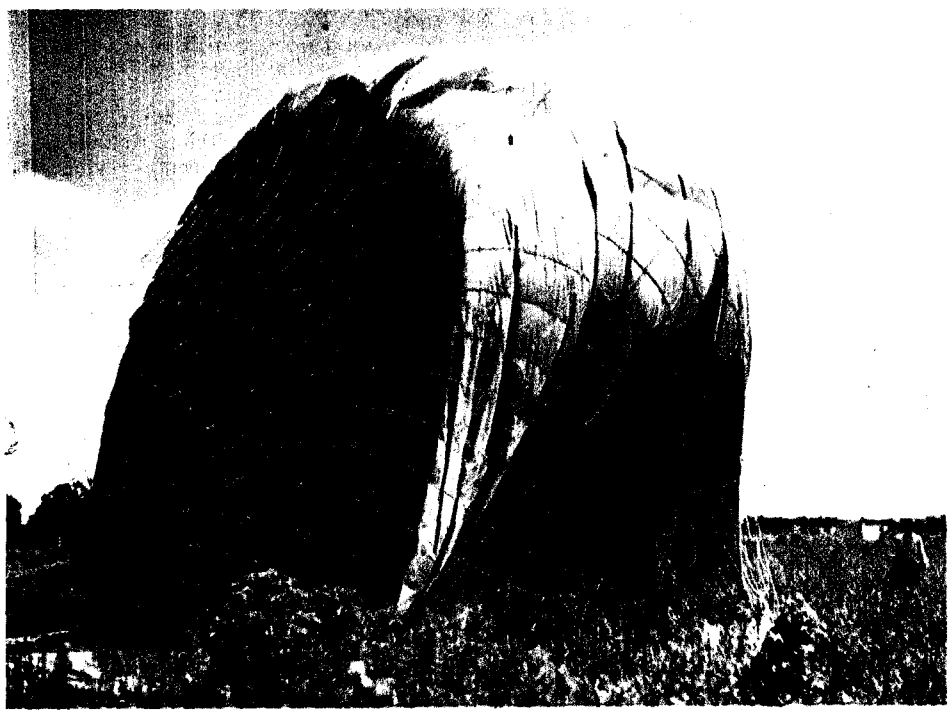
Because free-balloons move silently with the wind, normal voices can be



Free-balloon navigation ordinarily consists of comparing road maps with observed landmarks. After 30 minutes in the air, and at an altitude of 1,200 feet, Pilot Lt. W. A. Hangar (looking at map) checks his position

Rolled up in its basket the balloon is lifted into the truck and carted back to the Air Station. Overnight flights usually cover more miles and cannot be followed by groundmen, in which case return is made by train



Three and a half hours later the pilot chooses a landing spot and, as the balloon lands, pulls a rip-cord opening the ripping panel at the side to release the gas. In a moment the bag above will be completely collapsed

Carrier pigeons taken on the flight are sent back to Lakehurst bearing

tion. The big trouble is, if a record gets lost or a guy doesn't get his shots in the prescribed interval of time, he has to start the series all over again. The Army doesn't take his word for it, if he says he's through with 'em. A buddy of Joe's has already had eleven anti-tetanus shots, and he has his fingers crossed.

The first thing Joe noticed when he reached the staging area was a general tightening up of discipline; orders had to be carried out a little better, and faster. Then he started his basic training all over again. Only there was lots more of it. He had to do the manual of arms and go through long periods of drill that would have floored him when he was a recruit. Life seems to be one long series of inspections and Joe's pretty proud of the report the corps officers turned in on the division. They say it's especially good on field work, marching and fighting qualities—but not so hot on housekeeping. Joe gets a laugh out of that. "We're fighting men," he tells his buddies, "not chambermaids."

One of the corps inspectors finds the division a little careless about military courtesy, but while he's brooding about this state of affairs a lieutenant colonel comes up and fails to salute him. This lieutenant colonel is just about the fattest and most sloppily dressed officer in the division. The general looks him over with obvious distaste, then figures out the perfect punishment. The portly brass hat with the silver leaves double-times back and forth in front of the general until the general's rage cools. It's good for a laugh from Joe and the boys.

The other day Joe and his pals were told to take all their equipment except cots and mattresses out of the barracks and spread it on the ground. Inspectors came along and checked everything, right down to the last tent peg. They tested the serviceability of the stuff, too; if a man had something that looked about ready for replacement he was ordered to turn it in. When the inspectors saw a pair of leggings bleached by the sun, they ordered them dyed. They looked closely at all webbed equipment, because it bleaches out; and when it gets too light you can see it a mile away and it destroys the natural camouflage of the uniform. The officers walked up to one of Joe's buddies, a guy named Ulysses. He's a corporal, but when the inspectors got through tugging and yanking his clothes he looked more like a refugee from a circus. Everything came apart except his long G. I. underwear, his tie, his shoes and his tin hat. An hour later he was completely equipped again.

Joe turns in his old helmet and gets a new, form-fit one in exchange. At first he gets a kick out of the ensemble —fiber lining and steel top—then he finds out it's haunted. "The acoustics are bad," he complains. "Every time you say something it buzzes around inside your hat. It's like talking inside one of those tile tunnels. What happens inside this thing when the artillery gets going?"

In the staging area the division gets all the equipment it needs: rifles, machine guns, big guns, a raft of other stuff. The boys get to see all the old training films over again, and new ones, too. They hear all the old lectures, and new ones. They go out on overnight field problems. Corps officers take the whole division staff out one night and lose it. The staff has to find its way back to camp with compasses and maps.

Joe and the others are warned again and again about writing to strangers and chance acquaintances, particularly girls. Some time before they left their old camp they were given an Army Post Office number to give their relatives and close friends. Much to everybody's disgust the new address slows the mail down by a day, but it's the only way they can be reached for the duration.

The outfit loses its surface individuality. Joe has to remove all unit designations—divisional, regimental, company —from his equipment. Hereafter, only his name and Army serial number can appear on passes, belts, blankets, clothing. One unit in this staging area had its designation stamped all over its blankets. They were good blankets and the boys didn't want to swap them, so one guy tried an idea. He lathered up the stamped part with his shaving brush and scraped off the identification with a razor. The rest of the boys made a dive for their shaving kits.

Officers begin to drum into Joe: "Don't write about troop movements. Don't write about where you're stationed. Tell your parents not to give your letters to the newspapers for publication." Again and again the instructions are driven home. The censorship officer arrives and tells division officers and men how to send messages home after they leave the country. The boys are told to turn over, unsealed, their letters to company commanders. The officer is to check them for censorable matter, stamp them and forward them to the theater of operations' censor, who checks about one tenth of the mail to make sure the company censors are

(Continued on page 41)

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It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

PREPARATORY to plunging into the interior of South America in search of gold, Winslow Greene, a young geologist employed by the Boca Grande mine people, goes to the coast town of Santa Rosa. There, he soon learns that Milton Bird, a Boca Grande metallurgist, is drinking heavily with two men: Gruber (a German) and Martinez. He warns Bird (who talks too much) to be careful; after which, he goes to the docks to meet a ship from New York—a ship on which Henrietta Simpson, who is to work in the office of Jim Walters, the manager at Boca Grande, is a passenger.

Before the ship gets in, a stranger approaches Greene, introduces himself as Eduardo Lopez of the secret police, and suggests that he beware of Gruber and Martinez. The fellow, Greene observes, is wearing a Panama hat of unmistakable design—something different from the average. . . .

Henrietta Simpson turns out to be a beautiful blonde. She takes a room in Greene's hotel; and she astounds him, while conversing with him, by bursting into tears and informing him that she is running away from someone whom she had promised to marry! That evening, while they are returning to the hotel from a near-by restaurant, they see a man—a man who is wearing Eduardo Lopez's hat—shot by hidden assassins. (The victim, Greene soon learns, is not Lopez!)

Returned to the hotel, Greene and the girl go to her room. There—obeying a sudden crazy impulse—Greene kisses Miss Simpson, who gives every evidence of enjoying the operation. Greene then has a curious adventure, in Señor Lopez's room, to which he goes in search of someone who has been snooping in his private reports. Señor Lopez (who insists that he hates Nazis and likes Greene) surprises the geologist and takes his trench coat away from him, by force—"because" (as he expresses it) "it may save my life, when I leave this place."

The following morning, Greene starts for the interior. By plane, and guided by Indians, he goes to a remote area to look into reports of gold being there. Unfortunately, he finds little gold; and ultimately he joins Walters at a German-infested town called Pinas. The two men meet, have a long talk. Presently, Greene inquires about a German he has seen in the town. "Knopp," (the proprietor of the hotel where they are stopping) he says, "tells me the fellow's name is Bauer, and he has a hacienda in the west valley." He pauses; then: "You remember, we were there once. *I never heard of anyone named Bauer.*"

IV

JIM WALTERS laughed. "Yes, I remember. I ate a cucumber, and you told me I'd get dysentery."

"It's funny, this man Bauer—I thought perhaps he was a sailor," Winslow said.

Jim Walters sat up straighter in his canvas chair. "Some day, son," he said, "you're going to drive me nuts. You've been by yourself too much. That's why your mind moves every which way. What would a sailor be doing here?"

Winslow cleared his throat as he buttoned his trench coat. "You get to noticing a lot if you've been out alone with no one to disturb you," he answered. "When I came into the villa, the door was open in that big bedroom on the left. I suppose I glanced in because I haven't slept on a bed for quite a while, and there on the bed—"

Jim Walters began to laugh. "Don't tell me you forgot yourself."

"Why is it everything I say makes you laugh?" Winslow asked mildly. "There on the bed was one of those sailor's duffel bags. Now, what would that be doing here? That's why I wondered if the fellow might be a sailor."

"That's funny." Jim Walters pursed his lips and looked over his shoulder toward the house.

"What's funny?" Winslow asked.

Jim Walters turned his head slowly from the pink stucco façade of the Villa Schwarz. "You've reminded me of something," he said slowly. "Say, this place gives me the creeps a little. Does it you? It's so neat. It's so confoundedly efficient, isn't it? I suppose I've been reading too much about the Axis network. My back begins to bristle nowadays when I see Germans. There's a feeling. It isn't friendly . . ." His voice trailed off and he reached toward the table for his pipe. Winslow handed it to him because he was nearer.

"What was it," he asked again, "that was funny?"

JIM WALTERS filled his pipe and lighted it before he answered. "When you were down in Santa Rosa, I hear you met a man named Eduardo Lopez. Maybe you don't remember, but he said he met you. He mentioned you particularly. He was down at Boca Grande a week or two ago. A bright lad, isn't he?"

"He came to Boca Grande?" Winslow repeated.

Jim Walters nodded. "Yes, and he had an introduction from the government."

"What did he want?" Winslow asked.

"He wanted to look around. He was telling about some people down in Santa Rosa. He says they'd come to you asking when we shipped out gold."

Mr. Gruber and Mr. Martinez and all that talk of Santa Rosa were things Winslow had very nearly forgotten.

"I should have written you," he said. "I guess my mind was on something else." Then he told about Señor Lopez. He told Jim Walters everything.

"Don't let it worry you, son," Jim Walters advised, and he had not even been listening carefully. "Lopez told me. I don't see why it bothers him, and he wouldn't explain. He wanted to know how we guarded it when we carried the stuff out—all sorts of things like that. I wouldn't have mentioned it at all if you hadn't said that about the sailor. Just the morning that Lopez left—he was going back to Santa Rosa—he asked if anyone like a sailor, a German sailor, had been around. He said he was particularly looking for a German sailor but he wouldn't tell me why."

Winslow did not answer. He felt cold but it was not the cold of the garden.

Jim Walters' pipe was out, and he lighted it again. "It doesn't make sense to me," he said comfortably. "Those Germans—maybe we ought not to suspect everything they do." He stopped and shook his head. "We're not in the war yet, even if we're near it. Let's forget it. You've got to leave here tomorrow morning for the mine."

Winslow hitched his chair nearer. "It's the number three vein on the third level, isn't it?" he asked. "I've been worrying a lot about that drift."

Jim Walters shook his head impatiently. "No, no, that isn't why I called you in. There's a new hitch in our contract with the government, nothing to worry about, the usual routine. I'm taking the plane to Santa Rosa tomorrow to see the lawyers. We'll have to go up to the capital and argue. I'll be gone for three weeks anyway, and you're about all I've got, boy." His words grew slower: "You're the only one I know who can stand up if there's trouble.

(Continued on page 44)

Hardly had he turned to straighten his saddle blanket when he heard Ramon behind him whisper something to Pedro, who laughed. "What is it?" Winslow demanded

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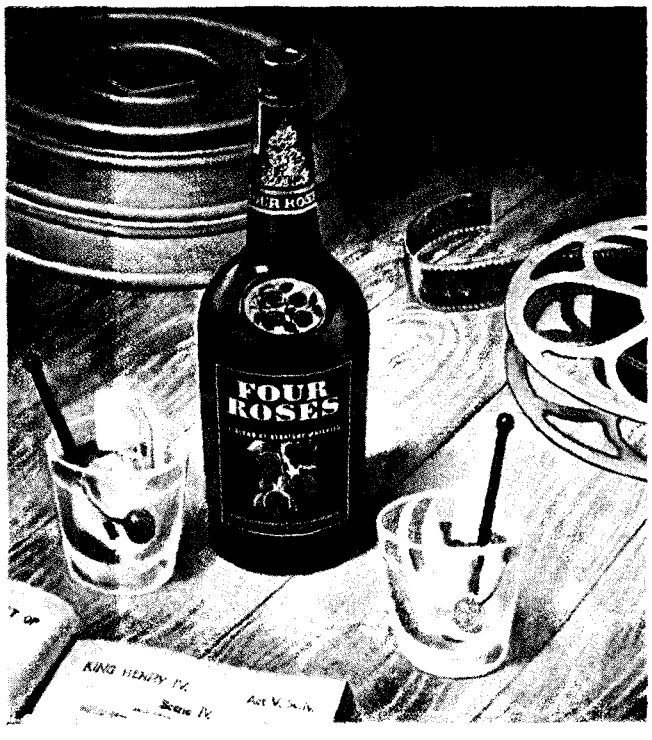
You deserve <u>two</u> Oscars for this picture!



DIRECTOR: You mean the Academy Award? Thanks for the compliment. But what would the second award be?

US: The second award, sir, is a drink on us—as a toast to the success of this new film of yours.

DIRECTOR: An excellent idea. We'll stop off on the way back to town.

US: Good—and since this is a very special toast, let's use a very special whiskey—*today's Four Roses.* Have you by any chance tasted it?

DIRECTOR: I haven't—but I've been meaning to.

US: Then you can't possibly know what mellow-rich magnificence can be yours to enjoy in a whiskey. In fact, sir, in all modesty we'd like to say that the golden-grained perfection of today's Four Roses is almost beyond belief!

DIRECTOR: I sort of get the idea you're rather proud of this whiskey of yours.

US: That's correct, sir! And how could we help but be! In all the 77 years we've been making fine whiskies, we've never known a whiskey so soft and full-flavored—so surpassingly fine in *every* way—as today's Four Roses!

DIRECTOR: If I may coin a word, today's Four Roses sounds colossal! Let's be on our way!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

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LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists

"Talking Tobacco," by Robert Philipp. Painted from life outside a Carolina auction place.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering... worth acting on... next time you buy cigarettes?

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With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

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Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 23

"He's done in all right. I didn't think we had any airplanes."

"You know that's the whole bloody trouble with this. No airplanes."

"We just haven't got any."

Quayle passed out of earshot and he was stepping lightly into the mud. He walked down the road to the bend and turned it. The Greek trucks here and there were very old, and the people were perched high on the bundles piled on the back containing all their belongings. They were silent, and the women had shawls pulled tightly around their faces. The children sitting quietly and covered by a blanket were silenced by the whole thing.

When he got to the front of the column, Quayle saw the blockage. It was a heavy eight-wheeled R.A.F. truck. The whole section of the back, including the four wheels, had come away from the truck, and the structure had collapsed on the road. There was a smaller truck bogged in the mud beside it. There was a motorcycle MP with the white armband. He was telling half a dozen Australians what to do.

Quayle did not say anything as he watched them trying to push and get the small truck past the large one under its own power. But it was only slipping deeper into the ditch of mud.

"What are you trying to do?" he asked the MP.

"Get this truck past this busted one, so we can pull it off the road. It got stuck."

They were pulling it again and the driver was revving the engine high. The thick rubber tires were slipping but suddenly they caught, showering mud over Quayle and the others. The small truck lurched forward, scraping and tearing off one of its fenders on the broken truck, but it got past. Quickly the soldiers attached a wire towrope to the broken truck. A driver got into the broken truck and turned the wheels. The Australians got behind the broken end and pushed, and finally the truck pulled it off the road. Quayle started to walk back as the column started to move slowly forward. He hadn't walked far before his truck came along. He climbed up. It was then he felt the thumping on the back of the cabin.

Macpherson stopped the truck. "Bombers," he said and leaped off.

Then Quayle heard shouting and saw everybody going into the fields and heard the planes. Helen was lying on the floor of the truck.

"Come on," he said.

She did not move and then the bombs were shaking the earth. He sprawled flat beside her and pulled her close to him, as the whole earth shook with the bombing and the thin scrapping of the machine guns. He could see the bursts through the smeared windows but they were too much across the road to do any damage.

"Those blighters," he said, "can't hit anything. They hardly touched us." Then the planes went away, and Macpherson came back.

THE long column was strafed twice before they got into Lamia. They came down the incline right into the town. It was a shambles and still burning. The smoke and fire were flat on the earth.

Macpherson drove quickly through the wreckage, passing the side of the convoy, which made them all shout to him but he did not care. He came out on a flat straight road.

"These are the Thermopylae plains," he said, pointing.

"Yes," Quayle agreed. He looked at the flat stretch on either side. This was fertile land. It was green and tilled with few rises in it, but ahead were the towering mountains that dominated the plains and the high Menenditsa peak.

"It will be a wonder if this old crate gets over yon mountain," Macpherson said.

He was leaning low over the wheel and looking at the shadow before him. The road was blocked ahead with a long column in retreat. It spread right up the mountain as far as he could see.

THEY reached the foot of the mountain, and the climb began from the flat in a great winding turn upward. They had not gone far when the planes came back. There was no flat area to run to now. Only the gorse bush up the side of the mountain. This time Helen got out of the truck. Quayle and Tap helped her.

The string of bombs dropped along the foot of the mountain to the plain.

"As long as we stay in China, Alfred, you can keep on asking for Philadelphia scrapple and they'll keep on bringing you chow mein"

F. HUMPREVILLE

It struck part of their column, and Quayle, standing up, could see the string bursting. It was like a boy throwing stones into a pool—the ripples of earth settling down the moment the high drops returned to the surface.

It was like that all the way over the high, winding pass. They moved a few feet at a time. When they had reached the top of one section, Quayle, looking behind, could see the wide stretch of the Thermopylae plains and Lamia, and the sea coming in and the wide flat rivers flowing into it. It was afternoon and at times there were flights of sixty and one hundred planes above them. Quayle could see the retreating units stretching both ways around the mountain pass like a giant caterpillar. They moved slowly, with stops for the heavy strafing and the bombing, throughout the late afternoon and early evening. By that time, they were nearly over the pass, and it was flattening out, approaching the plains of Lebadeia.

At nightfall the first truck pulled off the road at a shallow turning. Macpherson followed and pulled away, so that they were parked a sufficient distance from each other. Quayle got out and helped Helen down. He wondered why they were stopping and he walked over to the other truck. Tap and the flying officer were out and looking around. The driver had the bonnet off the engine and was delving into its insides.

"What's wrong?" Quayle asked.

"We're stopping here," the flying officer said. "There's something wrong with the oil feed in the truck."

"How long will it take?"

"We must wait until daylight to fix it, I think."

Quayle went back to the other truck. He did not want to wait around here all night. He was fantastically tired, but he could postpone sleep until he got to Athens. Being so near now, it seemed a waste of time to stop here for the night.

"They've got oil lead trouble," he told Macpherson. "What about going on?"

"Can they do without us?" Macpherson asked him.

"I don't know," Quayle said. "Why don't you see?"

MACPHERSON walked over to the other truck. Quayle could hear the sergeant shouting for the flat kettle. The aircraftsmen were arguing that it was under all the kit and he couldn't get it out, and that a canteen dish would do.

"I think I'd better stay, in case they have to be towed," Macpherson said when he came back. "They won't last long on that pipe."

"All right," Quayle said and walked back to the other truck.

Helen was sitting next to Tap on a tarpaulin they had spread out next to the truck. The flying officer was pulling a mug out of his kit.

"Hullo, John," Tap said. "We're giving Helen some tea. Have you a cup?"

"Count me out," Quayle said. "The sergeant is making some over there."

They could hear the continuous rumble and see the long shapes passing all the time on the road, as the endless column kept moving back.

"We always seem to be stopping for tea," Quayle said. He was annoyed at the delay.

"It's that oil lead," Tap explained. "Can't help it."

"Yes. We could pick up another truck."

"Oh, we'll be all right here until morning," Tap said.

"I'm not worried," Quayle told him. "I'm in a hurry. So are you."

"One night here won't make any difference. I'm pretty tired. So is Helen."

"Where's the little Greek?" Quayle suddenly asked.

"He's around."

Helen eased over next to where Quayle was standing, so that she was sitting near his feet. She pulled at his trouser leg as a sign for him to sit down, but he merely touched her shoulder.

"I wonder if there's anybody left in Athens," Tap said.

"Why shouldn't there be?" Quayle asked him.

"Well, look at this going on. The whole army's going back," Tap said.

"Then Athens is probably full of the army," Quayle said.

"I don't mean that," Tap replied. "I suppose all the bomber squadron boys are gone."

"If there's any left."

"I wonder where all the Hurricanes are," Tap added.

"Still in Egypt," the flying officer said. He was rubbing the blond beard around his chin and leaned back to lie flat out.

"THE army has taken a beating all right, hasn't it?" Tap asked.

"What did you expect?" Quayle retorted.

"I don't know. Not a wholesale retreat anyway."

"We will always retreat," Quayle said. "How can you do anything else when you haven't got anything clear cut like the Germans—or an army like theirs?"

"Maybe," Tap admitted. "But I still say we'd beat them if we had equal strength."

"No," Quayle said. "All our methods are ancient. Everything."

"What's got into you?"

"Skip it," Quayle said and walked away back to the truck. "How's the tea coming?" he said to Macpherson, only to break the abruptness in how he felt with himself.

"It's nearly ready," the sergeant said. "Will the lady eat here?"

"She'll be over there," Quayle said. He didn't know what was forming this solid and continuous anger within him. It was when Helen was around and with Tap that it was there, and when he was talking with Tap about what was happening and he was not thinking of it too much. It was Macpherson who made him feel normal.

"What do you think of all this retreating?" he suddenly asked Macpherson.

The Scotch corporal was silent for a moment, then he said casually, "Pretty bad. But we expected it."

"Yes?"

"Well, what else?"

"I suppose so."

"What do you think will happen now?"

"Dunkirk. We can always get out of the mess." Macpherson was not talking seriously but Quayle knew he was serious in his meaning.

"Here's the tea." Macpherson handed

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him a mug of tea. "There's no sugar."

"I don't take it," Quayle said, referring to the sugar.

"I suppose we'll just have to hang on to what we've got until we starve th' Germans out," Macpherson said.

"I suppose so," Quayle agreed, sipping the hot tea.

"We'll do better when we fight on our own place."

"You think they will invade England?"

"I dinna know." Macpherson was suddenly broad in his accent. "They ha'n't a chance i' they do."

"I hope you're right," Quayle said.

"So do I," Macpherson said, smiling.

The sergeant and some of the other aircraftsmen had been listening but not saying anything because they had not been spoken to by Quayle. They could not offer conversation. For the first time, Quayle felt the quietness from them all and realized the exception of him talking to Macpherson and that he was no part of this group. He should move away, but he did not want to go back to Tap. He wished Helen were here.

"Go over and ask Miss Stangou if she will have some tea over here," he suddenly said to Macpherson.

Macpherson got up and went away. Quayle listened to the heavy rumble of the continuous retreat and the voices of the others talking carefully because he was there and they felt restrained. Macpherson came back with Helen.

"I have had the tea," she said. "But I think about the bandage on your head. How is it?"

"It's all right," he told her.

"I got some bandages in there if you want any," Macpherson said.

"It doesn't matter," Quayle answered.

"Yes, it does," Helen insisted. "May I have them? I will change it in the morning when I can see."

QUAYLE was lying down on the broad canvas now, and there was mist across the sky and a slight dampness in his face. Helen was sitting near his head and she was feeling the bandages and rubbing his head softly at the same time. All the physical tiredness came on him quickly and he fell asleep. He turned over. There was the rumble of the retreating column still going on. Everything else was quiet. He saw the figure on the tarpaulin wrapped in a blanket. He leaned over. It was Helen.

"Helen," he called. She awoke.

"What is it?"

"It's raining," he said.

She covered her head with the blanket. He put out his hand and she took it. Slowly she eased the blanket over him as he lay down and he could feel the wetness under him.

"You will get wet," she said.

IN THE white rain of the morning the aircraftsmen were making tea and the retreat was still going on. The driver of the other truck was trying to fix the oil lead, and Macpherson was helping him. Quayle looked at the traffic on the road and knew that he would have to move on quickly.

"We will go on," he told Helen, who was wrapping a clean bandage on his head.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"Look," he said to Tap when he came up. "We're going on. It's no use waiting around for this to be fixed. We're wasting time."

"It won't make that much difference," Tap said, pulling at his bandage.

"Maybe. But Helen and I are going. Do you want to come?"

"No. I'll wait with Martin," Tap said. He was struggling to loosen his bandage.

"All right," Quayle said. He walked to where Macpherson was swilling some of the engine parts in a half tin of petrol.

"We're going on," Quayle told him. "Thanks for everything."

"That's all right," Macpherson said. He stood up and smiled at Helen. "I hope you get married all right." His hat had slipped almost off his head.

"WHERE is the little Greek? I haven't seen him at all." Quayle turned around.

"He is near the other truck. I will tell him," Helen said and went away. "Goodby," she added to Macpherson, as she went. "Very good luck to you!"

"And to you," Macpherson said, with his hands on his thick trousers.

"Well, I'll see you somewhere," Quayle said to him.

"Yes, sir. Goodby." There was no handshake.

"S'long," Quayle said. "S'long, Tap."

"What's the hurry anyway?" Tap asked him, as they walked across to where Helen and the little Greek stood.

"I don't know. I don't want to wait around here," Quayle answered. He did not know why he was in a hurry. Athens had been the end of the journey to him and he was anxious to get there because there was no relaxing until he did.

"I'll see you in Athens," Tap said to Helen.

"Yes," she said. It was noncommittal.

"Come on," Quayle said. "S'long."

"S'long then," Tap said.

The flying officer, Martin, half saluted them. Quayle walked with Helen and the little Greek to the road. He hailed the first lorry and asked the Australian for a lift to Athens.

"Hop in the front here," the driver said. There was another Australian sitting there.

"We'll go in the back," Quayle said. "Let him stay there."

"It's all right. He doesn't mind." The other man was getting out.

"No. We'll go in the back," Quayle insisted and the three of them walked around to the high canvas-covered back and climbed up. The truck lurched forward. They watched the two trucks parked in the field disappear as the mist settled low in the distance.

"Why has the other *Inglisi* remained?" the little Greek asked Helen.

"He wishes to stay with the blond *Inglisi* with the truck."

"Has he quarreled with this one?"

"Not at all," Helen said carefully. "This one is in a hurry."

"That I know. He is always in a hurry," the little Greek said.

Quayle lay on the back of the jolting truck. It was empty except for two rolled kits in one corner. Helen was sitting on them. He smiled at her. He could see the little Greek looking closely at him. He had almost forgotten about the little Greek. His black beard and wild hair were blacker and wilder and his face thinner than before. His forehead was crumpled and his eyes were not receptive to Quayle's look at first. Then suddenly they widened and he smiled at Quayle. Quayle smiled and half cocked his head, and the little Greek beamed in return. Everything was all right again.

Quayle could see the column stretching out behind them from where he lay. It had been cleared considerably because there wasn't so much of the jamming. Sometimes there was stopping. But they moved off again and quickly they passed a bombed village, spread flat on the earth like the others. There was quietness as they climbed. Only the steadiness of the engine changed in the noise of grating gears. Quayle lay on his back listening to it all.

"WILL you mind going to Egypt when this is over?" he suddenly asked Helen.

"I do not understand," she replied.

"This will soon be over. I will have to go back to Egypt."

"I would tell you once, you remember, that it was not simple."

"It's simple if the thing is important enough," Quayle reasoned.

"All right," she said. "If we are to go to Egypt, then it is that way."

"I'm sorry about you leaving your parents. Perhaps they would go, too."

"They would not leave," she told him.

"We will see," he said. There was quietness and patience in him now, and the strange anger had gone.

"My father would think that running away."

"It's going to be unpleasant for him if the Germans come in. His name is in the book, isn't it?"

"I do not think he will leave."

"Does your family know about us?"

"I wrote and told them when you did not come back."

"What did they say?"

"I never got an answer."

The truck had climbed the narrow road caught between the high cuts in the mountain. It wound slowly upward around the edge of the peak that held the range together.

"What will you do when we get back?" Helen asked. "You cannot fly like that with your head still with the stitches in it." She had taken off her coat and put it under his head.

"I can fly," he said as he lifted his head up, "if there are any planes left to fly."

"Will they allow you?"

"It doesn't seem much use now anyway."

AFTER a time, the truck stopped. They were at the flat end of the other side of the pass. Quayle got out as he heard the planes and helped Helen down. The little Greek was already in the wheat field flanking the road. The Australian was running with the other one to the ditch. The long stream of traffic both ways was stopped dead, and the planes coming out of the sun were picking the flat stretch.

"We'd better get farther away," Quayle said to Helen.

They ran through the resisting wheat, then fell flat as the first string of bombs hit the road. Quayle could see at least sixty planes in the glance he took upward. They were flying straight along the road, and above them was a fighter escort of maybe fifty Messerschmitts.

"They must be on a bus route," he shouted to Helen as the next string dropped.

He could see bombs coming from the second flight only. By the time they were nearly overhead, he pulled Helen's face flat into the earth and pushed himself down as the bombs exploded less than one hundred feet from them, making a high shower of mud. The vibration shook him as he clung desperately to the wet earth and felt every smash that it took.

"They were very near," Helen said when he let her up. She was wiping her face.

"You can always tell when they're coming near. You watch them next time," he said.

"I am afraid enough now."

"You're less afraid if you watch what's going on."

"What do you see?"

"When the bombs come out of the plane you can tell if they're going to be anywhere near you. You can see the bombs leave the plane but you lose sight of them as they get close to you. But you've got a rough idea. It is better if you know what's going on."

"I will try next time," she said.

There was an MP at the head of the convoy section they were in. He was sitting on his motor bike shouting to the two Australians when Quayle and Helen and the little Greek came back.

"Keep your truck back until the ones ahead get over this flat stretch," he was shouting above the roar of his intermittent motorcycle.

"We'll get bombed plenty," the Australian shouted back to him.

Quayle noticed the holes in the earth

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**

"Well, more'n once I found a nickel in the return coin slot"

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all around the road and sometimes on the edge of the road where the bombs had hit. There was a straight string of bombs holing the field directly parallel to the road. When the bombers came back, Quayle pulled Helen into the shelter of one of these red-earth holes, and the little Greek, seeing them, made for another and stayed there until the bombers passed over.

The road ahead of them had been cleared by this time, and the Australians got back in the truck. They started again and speeded over the flat area that was a mess of bomb holes. They were then beginning the last climb before Athens.

It was slow winding, stopping and tedious, over the last climb. Quayle could see an occasional Australian setting fire to a truck because it had become bogged and was not worth waiting around for. There were always the bombers flying over and the threat of bombing was never absent. But they eased down the last winding slope and could see the olive fields and the sea and Athens stretching behind it with the high rock of the Acropolis.

With this in sight, the truck made the last stop before Athens. It pulled off the road near a stone house and a young medical officer in a long British trench coat with two pips on his shoulder was drinking tea in front of an open fire on a cement block.

"Could I get some tea around here?" the Australian driver said as he got down.

"Help yourself." The medical officer pointed to a container near the fire.

WHEN Quayle appeared, the medical officer walked over to him.

"What's wrong with your head?" He was looking at it with that downward professional glance.

"Nothing," Quayle said. The little Greek was already holding a mug out for some tea.

"I'm here to pick up any of you fellers coming back with wounds," the medical officer said. He was blond with a white mustache and thinning hair. He looked at Helen.

"I am a Greek," she said, because she felt his question.

"Can I have a look at your head? Bend over," the medico said to Quayle.

"It's all right," Quayle said, without bending over.

"He has stitches in it. There is a cut," Helen said.

"Come on," the young medical officer said to him.

Quayle bent over and the bandage came off as Helen automatically undid the pin that held it. "I crashed," he said.

"How does your face feel?"

Quayle had forgotten about it and wondered if it was still black and wild and unsightly. He was suddenly conscious of his long beard and the tired dirtiness of his face. "I'd forgotten all about it," he said.

The doctor was putting back the bandage. "You can get those stitches taken out now. You better go straight to the hospital when you get into Athens. We still have one at Kephissia."

The Australian handed Quayle a mug of tea and he gave Helen a china cup that had appeared from somewhere. He was sipping his out of a canteen lid.

"Are you a nurse?" the medical officer asked Helen.

"She's a nurse from a hospital at the front. They sent her down with me," Quayle said. "Have they started to evacuate yet?"

"I don't know," the medical officer answered. "There was some talk of an evacuation from Volos."

"What's it like in Athens?"

"A mess. Everybody is expecting the fifth columnists to take over."

"Has it been bombed?" Helen asked.

"No. Not Athens. They've been giving all the airdromes and Peiraeus a pasting."

"Have you seen any airplanes—ours I mean—around?"

"Not many," the medical officer said. "They were talking about parachutists. Did you see any?"

"No," Quayle said. "Were our planes fighters or bombers?"

"I think they were bombers. Blenheims. They've been dive bombing a lot."

"Are you ready?" the Australian asked, as he threw the tea leaves into the fire.

QUAYLE and Helen went back to the truck. The little Greek was already there and held out his hand to help Helen and then to help Quayle, who took it and got up as the truck started. The medical officer had walked over with them.

"Hope you enjoy that warm bath," he said to Quayle, smiling.

Quayle felt the dirt all over him and his greasy hands with the large black blood clot on the back of the one that had been cut.

"Thanks," Quayle said, as the truck slipped forward. "S'long."

"S'long." The medical officer gave a half salute for the benefit of Helen, and the truck wound on down the road through the olive fields to the edge of the sea.

"I'll go straight to headquarters," Quayle told Helen as he sat back. "Then we'll get in a taxi and take you home."

"You must go to the hospital."

"It can wait a couple of hours," he said. He looked at the little Greek and realized that he had hardly said a word since they had left the camp in the morning. "Ask him where he wants to go?"

Helen asked the little Greek, who looked at Quayle and then said to her, "I will be all right if you let me off anywhere in the town."

"Where do you live?" she said.

"Near the end at the sea near Peiraeus road."

"We might pass there going in," she suggested. "You had better be careful the police do not see you."

"I will be," he said. He was comparatively happy now and being so near to home was better than actually being there, because the anticipation was better than the result.

"He says we can let him off anywhere," Helen told Quayle.

Quayle put his head through the canvas door leading to the driver's cabin. "Are you going right into town?" he asked the Australian.

"Yes. Where do you want to go?"

"We want to let the Greek off. Then to headquarters."

"Where's your headquarters? In the same building as ours?"

"It was at a school the last time."

"I know where it is," the other Australian said. "It's still there, I think."

"Okay," the driver said, and Quayle sat back.

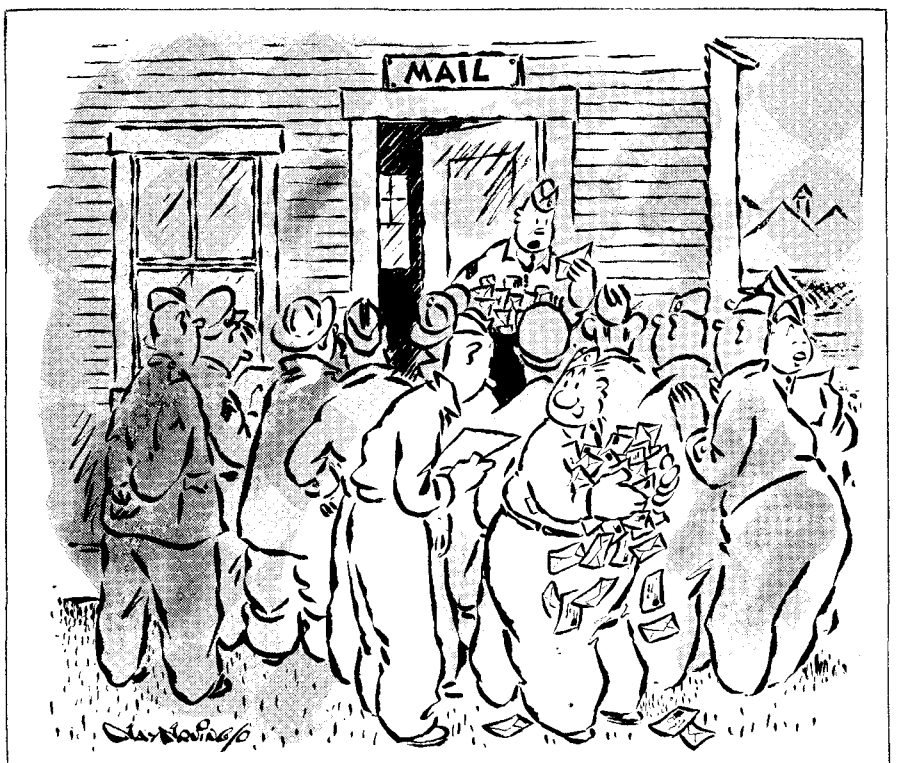
They were around the water's edge now and passing through the intermittently bombed streets of Peiraeus that looked deserted and strangely unrestful. They climbed the slight hill, saw the Acropolis in the late sun shadows and the high Church of St. Mary and the woods and the whiteness of the whole town caught against the black mountains that supported it.

Through the comparatively quiet streets, except for the fast-moving Australian army trucks, they found their way beyond the King George Hotel. There was no one in the square. There were no cars parked in the streets. It seemed like a Sunday, though Quayle knew vaguely that it was not a Sunday. It was like that all the way up the hill to where the little Greek said to Helen, "I get off here."

Quayle called to the driver to stop when Helen told him the little Greek wanted to get off.

"Tell him to keep out of sight for a while," Quayle said to Helen.

"I did," Helen said.



"I correspond with lonesome sailors" JAY IRVING

THE little Greek had stood up and was holding out his hand to Quayle, who took it and felt quick firmness and regret in the little Greek's handshake.

"Tell the *Inglisi* goodby," he said to Helen.

"I will. We hope you will be all right."

"Tell him that when he wins the war and comes back, he should come and see me."

"Yes."

"I live in the street near the church." The little Greek named a place and a house.

"I will tell him," she promised.

"Tell him he's all right," Quayle said.

"Yes," she said.

"Tell him he will always be welcome And yourself, too, Miss." The little Greek used the very polite form.

"Thank you."

"You will be married?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"I hope for your happiness and your clear future. Tell him goodby."

"Thank you. Goodby," she said.

"Adieu, *Inglisi*," the Greek said directly to Quayle. He was now on the road looking up at them.

Quayle saw the complete puzzlement in the man's eyes and the struggle in his features. He waved a hand to him.

"Adieu," Quayle said.

The truck moved forward. The little Greek stood there watching it disappear. He lifted his hand. Helen sat down as Quayle, still standing in the jolting truck, looked back at the little Greek now covered by the white dust from the road, until the truck turned the corner.

WHEN the truck stopped in front of the school where the large blue flag with the circle in the middle of it was flying, Quayle got out with Helen and shouted thanks to the Australians. They did not wait to talk but shouted a "S'long" and disappeared. The guards were slightly careful of Quayle because of his black, wounded face and torn clothes, and they would not let Helen pass them to walk up the big steps to the building.

"Let her up the steps," Quayle said to them, showing his torn papers.

"Sorry, sir," one guard said. "We've got strict orders."

"Wait here," Quayle told Helen. "I'll send someone down to get you."

"Please hurry," she said to him quietly. She was conscious of her own appearance, of torn clothes and mud and tangled hair and sunburned face and worn shoes and no stockings and no hat and dirty hands.

Quayle walked up the steps past the guard. The place had been changed around. He asked his way to the wing commander's room and found it in the narrow passage. He walked into the room first, and the clerk there stood up.

"I want to see the wing commander," Quayle said.

"He's busy," the clerk told him. There were people rushing around, and great packing and storing going on in the next room which Quayle could see.

"I'll go straight in," Quayle said.

He walked through the three-ply door into the map-walled room of the wing commander, who was talking loudly on a phone. A squadron leader whom Quayle had never seen before was sitting in a chair next to the desk. Quayle automatically looked to see if he had wings and saw that he didn't.

"I'm sorry to butt in," Quayle said to the wing commander, who was looking widely at him.

"Quayle!" the wing commander shouted. "*Quayle!*"

"I'm just back," Quayle said.

"Well, we were certain about you. . . . I'm glad you're safe." The wing commander had got up and was slapping Quayle on the back.

"Could you tell the clerk to let someone who's waiting for me at the gate in?"

"Sure." The wing commander called to the clerk, adding to Quayle, "Tell him yourself."

"I left my fiancée at the gate," Quayle explained to the clerk. "Could you bring her in?"

"I have to have a written order," the man said.

"Write it and sign it for me," the wing commander told him and turned again to Quayle. "Well, how did you get out of it? What's happened to your face? You look in a bad way."

"It just looks bad. I'm all right,"

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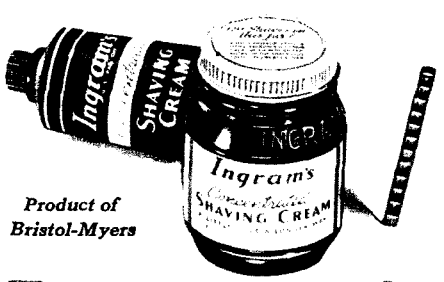

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Quayle said. "Where's the squadron?"

"What's left of it is out at Glyphada. Will Hickey be mad! I'm sorry, John." And the wing commander introduced the squadron leader who was from Intelligence.

"Hickey went on the biggest binge of all time when you cropped it," the wing commander went on. "The Greeks told me that he wanted to go out and find you in the middle of the night and they came across him at the airdrome stiff as a poker. What about your face? Is it all right?"

"It's all right."

"Well, how did you get out of it?"

"The trees stopped my fall. A shell hit my motor, I think. Anyway, I woke up sitting in the cockpit. The Greek from the Bréguet, the observer you remember on that trip?"

"Yes."

"He got out, too. We walked back with a peasant to help us. They got shot just as we were getting through the Italian lines. I've been coming down ever since. Tap's on his way, too. We picked him up at Ioannina."

"We were going to send up for him but we lost all the Blenheims."

"How's it going?" Quayle asked. "Is the squadron intact?"

"Hickey, young Finn and Sergeant Crowther are left. He was down here when you were up there. They've been getting strafed. We've had to keep them down. They haven't got a chance against Messerschmitts. Too inexperienced anyway."

"What's happening now?"

"Soon be over," the wing commander said very quietly. "We were so outnumbered that it was slaughter."

"How many planes has the squadron got left?"

"Four. Three are all right. Finn and Crowther are too inexperienced. The only others we've got to replace them are Hurricane boys, and it's no use putting Hurricane boys in Gladiators."

"What's wrong with Crowther?"

"He's all right. But you can't put two up alone, Quayle."

"Well I'll be out there now."

"You won't fly with that face."

THEN the clerk came in and said the young lady was outside.

"This is Helen Stangou," Quayle said when Helen walked slowly in. She had combed her hair and it was shining. Her brown, sunburned face was tight and her eyes clear. She looked very healthy, but Quayle noticed for the first time that her torn clothes were conspicuous.

The two others said, "How do you do," to Helen who smiled at them.

"Can I borrow a car from somewhere to get Helen home?" Quayle asked.

"Hickey's in town somewhere. He's got the station wagon. We're pretty short."

"Can you get the clerk to find him?"

"Yes. But you ought to go to a hospital with that head."

"Look," Quayle said, "if any ship goes out with the British women in it, would you fix it up for Helen to go?"

"I'll see what I can do," the wing commander promised. "If you like to wait downstairs I'll find Hickey and he can give you a lift out. But you go to the hospital. Can you make him, Miss Stangou?"

"He does not obey me," Helen said quietly, smiling.

"Well, he ought to go there straight away."

"Thanks, anyway," Quayle said. "We'll wait downstairs for Hickey. Sorry to have busted in."

"It's a pleasure to see you back," the wing commander told him.

"S'long," Quayle said as he went out.

"Goodby, both of you, and get him to the hospital, Miss Stangou," the commander called after them.

They waited silently in the small office near the steps. Quayle saw the station wagon, much battered now, stop outside. Hickey, looking tired and with his mustache shaven off, walked slowly up the steps. Anderson, the squadron doctor, was with him. He looked tired and fed up, too. Both wore heavy blue overcoats and their trousers tucked into their boots. As they came up the steps Quayle walked out of the door to meet them. Helen followed him. Hickey came in, looked up and saw Quayle standing there.

"Hello, Hickey," Quayle said.

Hickey was silent. He was looking hard. It was Anderson who grabbed Quayle's hand.

"John Quayle," said Anderson. "You old son of a gun!"

"Well," Hickey said quietly. "It *is* you."

"Sure. Didn't the wing commander tell you?"

"No." Hickey was shaking Quayle's hand vigorously. It was all he said.

"How are you?" Helen said to them. She could see the pleasure and great surprise in Hickey and liked him very much just then, though she had always liked him. She could see that he was tired and that now he was suddenly bright and deliberately restrained, as John Quayle always was. She liked the small scene of surprise and the silence that was now between them.

"Are you hurt still?" Hickey said to Quayle.

"No. I'm fine."

"I'm certainly surprised."

"Yes."

"Well, come on," Hickey urged. "Where do you want to go? They said something about a hospital."

"I want to take Helen home first," Quayle said.

They were walking down the long steps now and past the guards. They got in the station wagon.

"Where do you live, Helen?" Hickey said. He was speaking lightly now and she noticed that he used her Christian name.

"At Kephissia," she replied. "Straight along the road at the bottom of this hill."

"How did you get out?"

Quayle was getting sick of that question. "The trees broke my fall. I walked back with Nitralexis."

"Where is he?"

"He got shot getting through the Italian lines." Quayle went on to explain that he'd picked Tap and Helen up in Ioannina and had come along as fast as the retreat would carry them.

"We've been having some shaky-dos," Anderson told him.

"So I hear," Quayle said. "I'll be with you tomorrow. I've just got to get a few stitches taken out."

"Don't be so tough," the doctor was saying.

He had already taken the bandage off Quayle's head as they moved along in the car. He had not asked Quayle anything, but was looking for himself. He lifted the bandage slightly and examined the wound.

"You're bloody lucky," he said to Quayle.

"I can fly," Quayle said.

"You probably can," Anderson said. "Your face looks pretty."

"How long will it take for that to clear?" Quayle asked him. He could see Hickey looking at the wide blood clots right down his left cheek and the large bumping scrape across his forehead.

"A month or so. You're going to look pretty when those scabs come off."

HELEN was winding the bandage on again.

"Can you take the stitches out?" Quayle said.

"Sure, in the hospital," Anderson said. "But don't be so bloody tough. You probably need some rest up and a couple of good meals."

"He fainted once," Helen said quietly.

"He didn't?" Anderson was having fun with Quayle's toughness.

"Yes, I think it was for lack of food or something," Helen added. "He nearly fainted when he was driving the car. He was sick for some time."

"I'll take a look at you," Anderson said. "Does your stomach feel all right?"

"Sure. I'm all right," Quayle insisted. He told Hickey to turn off into the long lane that led to Helen's house.

"Will you come in?" Helen asked them when the car stopped. She was looking at Quayle.

"No," he answered. "Look. I'll go and get these stitches out and come back tonight."

Anderson laughed when Quayle said that.

"Never mind him, Helen," Quayle said. "I'll be back tonight. Are you all right?"

"Yes," she told him, and smiled.

"Well, s'long until tonight."

"S'long," she said.

Quayle looked quickly at her, then got back in the car.

"I'll be around tonight. Tell your family," he said as they drove off.

(To be continued next week)

"I see they're starting that compulsory savings plan"

A. JOHN KAUMUS

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one hundred and twenty men to fan out cross country. Round up every mule, horse, ox and wagon that you can lay hands on. Have 'em at the north end of the hollow before sunup. I'm going to scout out the lay of the land. . . ."

"Need any help?" one boy asked and the others laughed.

Ax ignored them and swaggered away to find Marge.

COLONEL NEWSOME was the most indignant man in the United States Army the next morning when an orderly reported that the horses had been run off or stolen and that twelve sentries were dead, knifed in the dark. He was the most surprised officer in the army when he received a message from Colonel Jasper Jennings asking for a conference.

He was up against a problem he couldn't solve immediately. The conference might explain the mystery of his dead officers and pickets. The tactics suggested his enemy was Little Ax, but the message from a colonel was another matter. That could mean a regiment had slipped in and cut off his retreat. He'd never heard of Colonel Jennings, but Confederate colonels were commissioned overnight. Yes, he told the rebel courier who came under a flag of truce, he'd confer at the appointed place. Maybe he could get back his favorite horse.

Behind the ridge to the right and north of the hollow, Ax worked rapidly. His men had brought back thirty mules, nine horses, six wagons, four oxen and two carts. In addition, his men had stolen several Yankee horses and had stampeded the others. "Now you be doggone sure," Little Ax told his men, "that none of those Yankee horses are in the march."

He examined the mount that Jud had fetched for his master. It was a magnificent horse. "Jud," Ax said sternly, "are you sure this ain't a Yankee horse? Mighty fine stock for farmwork."

"I'se sho," the Negro said. "All the Yankee hosses are over yonder in the thicket. If that was a Yankee hoss he'd have U. S. branded on him."

"That's right," said Little Ax.

Just then, Jasper stepped from the woods into the full splendor of sunlight and the Cradle Company gasped. Never had they seen an officer so resplendent with brass and braid. Jud's eyes popped and Marge ran to her father.

"Don't start asking questions," Jasper said. "Me and the cap'n are going out and catch a million Yanks."

Ax smiled at her. "He'll be all right. I promise you."

Jasper mounted the horse. Ax handed his sword to Jud. "Walk right behind your master," he said. "All right, let's go."

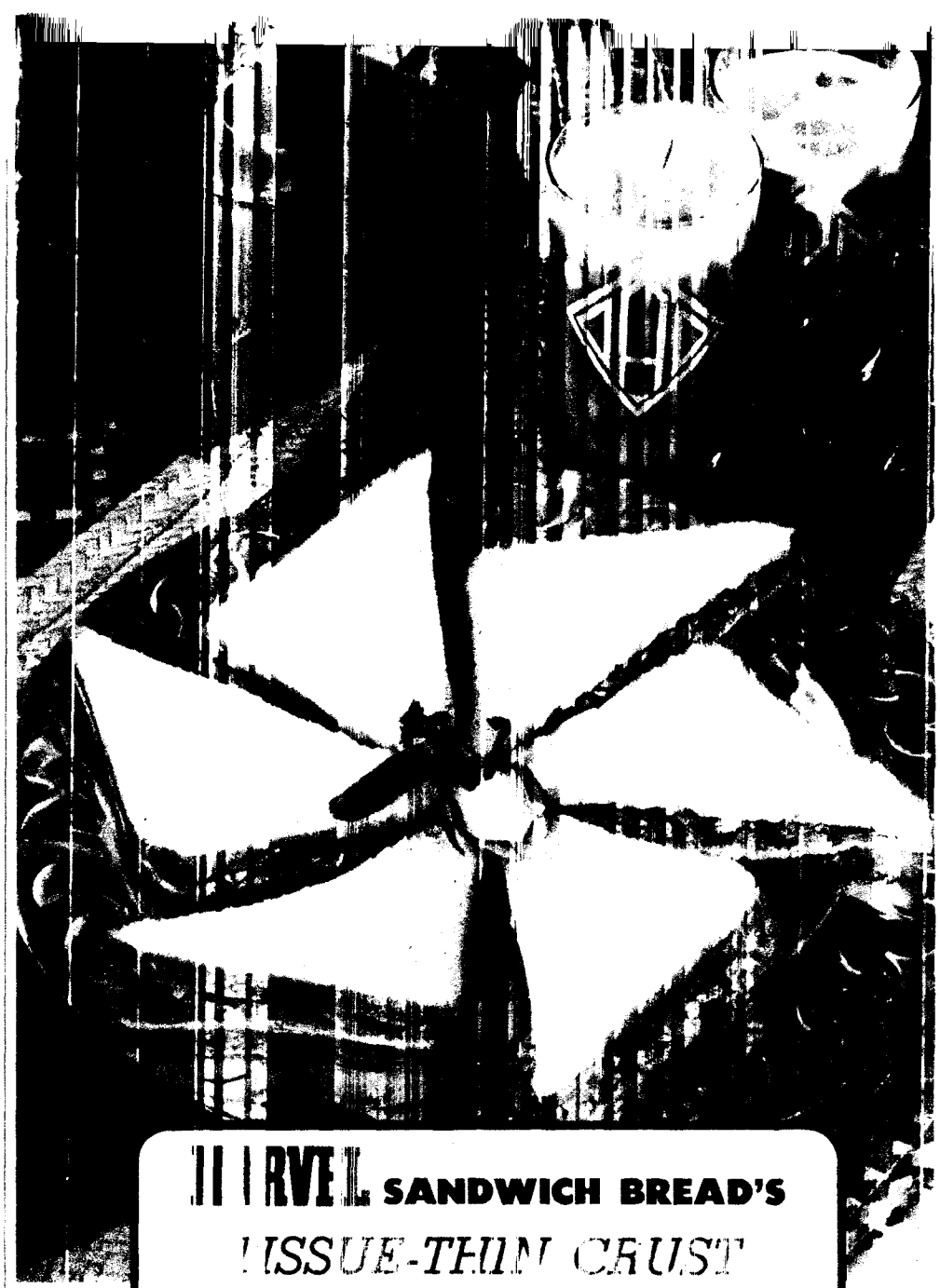
The three men moved majestically down the hollow. The Cradle Company waited five minutes, then drove the first mule across the mouth of the cut and behind the hill on the left side. The other animals and soldiers followed until they formed a circle that moved steadily across the hollow, but only one side of the circle could be seen from the south end of the gully.

Colonel Newsome and his staff were so busy watching the maneuver that they didn't see Ax and Jasper approaching. Colonel Newsome was alarmed. After all, he had only a thousand men and no food. "Count those animals," he told an officer. "I didn't know there were that many Rebs left. They moved in during the night."

Then he saw Jasper, and blinked. It must be General Lee! His anger surged, however, when he saw Jasper's horse. An officer riding a stolen horse. Incredible. The thieving Rebs had no pride. He scarcely bowed when introductions were made and when he heard Ax's name he frowned. "I'll not treat with you," he told Ax.

"Maybe you'll treat with these." Little Ax patted his pistol and knife. "This ain't my idea. I wanted to cut you up

"Here you are, sir—our cooling system broke down" O. SOGLOW



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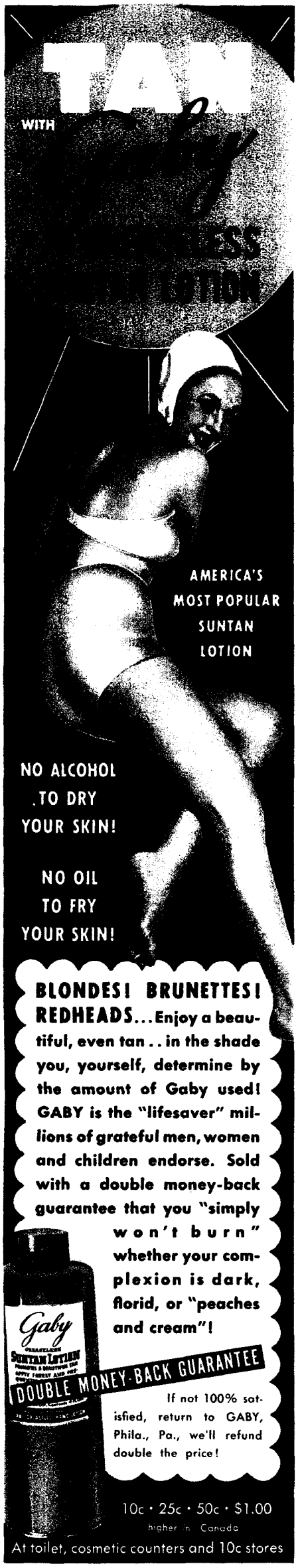
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last night, but Colonel Jennings is in command."

"I will talk to the colonel only if he returns my horse. . . ."

"Your hoss!" Jasper jumped down and advanced toward Newsome, his fists clenched. "You calling me a hoss thief?"

Ax cut his eyes quickly toward Jud. The big Negro's mouth was open and he was trembling. Ax knew the slip might be fatal, so he said, "The horse is not marked. All Yankee mounts are branded. . . ."

"Not mine." Newsome glared at Jasper. "That beast is my personal property. I wouldn't let them put a brand on him."

Jasper also realized the gravity of the situation then and collected his wits. "My apologies, sir. My men raided your hosses last night. An act of war. My man," he nodded toward Jud, "must have put your hoss with my string by mistake. I didn't notice."

Newsome accepted the explanation. "Very well," Newsome said. "Your man can return my horse. Now, what is the object of this meeting?"

Ax grinned arrogantly. He saw that Newsome's staff were staring up the hollow. Their lips were moving as they counted the mules. Newsome was nervous. Jasper said, "We're here to talk terms of surrender."

"Gladly," said Newsome, bluffing. "My terms . . ."

"Our terms." Jasper bowed politely. "You're doing the surrendering."

Newsome feigned surprise. "You are out of your mind. Why should I surrender?"

"Because you are a wise and brave man." Jasper bowed again, then nodded toward the mule train. "There's another reason. I'm moving a part of my force across the valley. It's blocked. You can see for yourself. You have no rations or horses. I'm merely trying to save bloodshed. You are cut off from Grant's army."

"And here is another reason." Ax had to get in the show. He waved his sash, and rifle fire crackled from the hills, forming a cross fire in the hollow. Then he jerked his plume from his hat and held it up. A ball cut an inch from the end. Jim Dickson was in good form.

An officer whispered in Newsome's ear, "A hundred mules and about five hundred men have passed."

THE colonel scratched his beard a minute. "I must have time to think this over. We pushed ahead of our main force and it looks as though we are in a trap. Our enthusiasm . . ."

"Yes, we understand," Jasper said. "Do you want terms?"

"Or lead?" Ax taunted them.

"What are your terms?"

"Surrender of you and your men. We'll escort you to Jackson and arrange for parole."

"The colonel is very generous," Newsome said. He asked other questions, stalling for time. But he thought his plight was hopeless when one of his men whispered that more than two hundred mules and seven hundred men already had been seen. The Confeds must have a regiment in the hills. "Very well," Newsome said. "I have no choice. I will sign here within an hour. Meanwhile, I want to talk to my men."

"Of course," said Jasper and started away, on foot. Accustomed to walking, he forgot that a ranking officer must never compromise his dignity. Ax was so pleased at his success that he didn't notice the severe breach of military etiquette.

Newsome arched his eyebrows and glanced at his men, fearing one of them would laugh. Then he said, "Thank you for returning my horse, Colonel Jennings. But surely the colonel is not going to walk back to his army. It's such a hot day."

Jasper didn't understand, but Ax said sharply and nervously, "The colonel always walks when in deep thought. Jud, go fetch your master a mount. Tell Captain *Marge* to send it." To give his own horse to Jasper wouldn't solve the problem, for then he'd be afoot. Surely, he reasoned, Marge would select a fine horse for her father.

Jud ambled up the road, contemplating the strange ways of white men. He reappeared a few minutes later astride Sodom.

The mule was dripping wet. Ax mumbled a short prayer and tried to get Jasper's eye, to warn him, but the old printer, without thinking, mounted his mule and started away. Jud trotted behind him, the sword over his shoulder as though he were toting a hoe. Ax was too chagrined to speak, but Jasper, excited and elated, suddenly remembered his manners. He stood in his stirrups and waved to Newsome. "See you d'reckly. And I'll tell Colonel Jefferson Davis that you are a fittin' officer. A gentleman, sir."

Newsome blinked quickly, then his eyes narrowed. "That uniform! I knew something was familiar. The buttons have U. S. on them."

Ax's heart sank. He'd overlooked that. But everything had gone wrong. He was so angry that tears filled his eyes.

"And that mule is wet," Newsome told his men. "He's been in that line. This is a trick. . . ."

Little Ax pulled his pistol. "Head for camp, Mister Jennings. Quick. My men are covering you." He faced Newsome and his staff. "I'll have to kill the first man who moves."

Jasper spurred Sodom up the hollow, wondering what had gone wrong. Newsome spoke contemptuously to Ax: "No gentleman would pull his pistol under a flag of truce. Of course, under the circumstances . . ."

"I know," Ax said bitterly. "The terms are off. But you still don't know how many men we have. You know my company is up that hollow, so if you come my way, come shooting."

"We intend to," Newsome said.

Ax was back in the safety of the hollow when Jasper ran out to meet him, his gold braid and silver hair rustling in the breeze. "What happened, son? We had 'em bluffed."

Ax couldn't censure the old man. "My plan was no good," he said. He couldn't help but grin. "But, Mister Jennings, Confederate colonels don't ride mules. And this ain't the Mexican War. Jeff Davis is president now. He's commander in chief, not a colonel."

The old man's jaw trembled and his eyes were downcast. "I'm sorry, son. What happens now? A scrap?"

"I hope so," Ax grunted. "I can hold this hollow forever. But that Newsome acts like he's got a little sense. If he has, he'll go 'round us. No use of butting your brains out against a wall if you can get around it. . . ."

LITTLE AX was stamping up the road, angry and disgusted, when Marge ran down from the camp and grabbed his hand and looked at him. "You are all right." She started sniffling. "I was scared you were hurt."

"Don't ever worry about me," he boasted. "Them Yanks didn't dare jump me." He began strutting again. "But tell me, Miss Marge, how come you sent a mule for your pa to ride."

"Jud said you wanted Pa's favorite mount. Besides, those horses looked frisky. One of 'em might have thrown Pa. I started to ask one of your men, but I knew I could figure that out myself."

"You did," Ax said. He led her and Jasper to the safety of the hill and organized his men, making ready for the assault he hoped would come. Then he took Jim Dickson and went to the crest of the hill. Jim studied the horizon for several seconds.

Jasper said, "He can't see nothing. Them blue uniforms blend with them green woods."

"Jim is color-blind," Ax said. "Blue ain't blue to him. He can see things we can't."

"They're moving," Jim said slowly. "They ain't coming this way. They're heading west, plum' around us."

Ax picked up a pine cone and hurled it away. He almost cursed, forgetting Marge's presence for a minute. They all saw the Yankees then, marching west. "They'll be back with Grant in

"I'm just busting with a choice bit of gossip, but as fate would have it, you're the one person I can't tell!"

MARTIN GARRITY

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a few days. And by tonight they'll be living off our land. They'll tell Grant and Sherman, and maybe Grant can beat that information through the thick skulls of his commanding officers. The Yanks are learning som'n by accident. Now they'll know that they don't need long supply lines. They can cut themselves loose and eat and fight as they go, like locusts."

Jasper said, "You keep harping on that. Armies have lived on the land before. They do it in Europe all the time. . . ."

"This ain't Europe," Ax growled. "Over there, they got a defense for such tactics. They burn as they retreat. They don't leave the invader nothing but ruins. But you'll never get an American to burn his home and kill his own stock. Them folks over there are military-minded and we ain't. We're the doggon'st fighting fools in the world, but we ain't got a military tradition, or military habits. That's the difference. If we lose this war, you can write in your paper that you saw one of the reasons."

"Maybe this is a lesson," Jasper said. "A lesson for posterity. I'll tell the editor to write it."

"Never mind," Ax said. "Even if folks read it, they'll forget it. We'll head for Jackson, come noon." He watched the marching Yanks for a moment and tears flooded his eyes. "I should have stopped them. If I'd just thought about them U. S. buttons on that uniform . . ." He turned away. "Maybe I could have got by with the mule and all. If I'd just thought about them buttons. . . ."

JASPER started to speak, but changed his mind. He had thought about the buttons. He'd reckoned the Yanks couldn't tell the difference between U. S. and C. S. at a distance. And, too, those buttons proved that he'd been a soldier, and because he'd been a soldier he associated ripping off his buttons with disgrace. He hadn't been able to bring himself to insult his uniform or to spoil its grandeur. It was made as a U. S. uniform and must always be one. He knew Little Ax wouldn't understand the sentiment, so he kept his peace.

"We better move on toward Jackson," he said. "Them Yanks will come rolling back, but they'll never get down this far again, eh, son?"

Little Ax didn't hear him, for he and Marge were looking at each other as though wars and Yankees were not important.

THE END

American in Paris

Continued from page 18

raced through the contents, one by one, of the valise. Nothing . . . nothing . . . no . . . that was all right. Suddenly his hand started to his breast pocket, then dropped. Franchard's letter! Whether fishing off Billancourt meant anything more significant or not, the letter was addressed to someone in Lyon and signed by someone else and he was carrying it. But the letter was not folded in his breast pocket—he had left it lying on the back seat of the taxi.

The younger officer, a conventionally blond second lieutenant with a broken nose, stepped forward. "Credentials," he said in French. "Passport."

So the cabby had already told him. Handing over the papers he forced his eyes to look at the Nazi and not at the cabby, and then he noticed on his wrist watch that he had exactly sixteen minutes to make his train. Two of them ticked by while the officer lingered over the signatures and counter-signatures that had taken three weeks to accumulate. But of course the man was just playing with him, drawing the ordeal out as long as he could before confronting him with the letter.

"WHAT have you in there?" the second lieutenant asked, pointing to the tobacco tin.

"Nothing." He handed it over. The Nazi opened and shut the box briskly.

"What are you doing with it?"

"I tried to buy some tobacco. I'm leaving Paris and I understand it's harder to get tobacco in the unoccupied zone."

"You turned in your tobacco card—how did you expect to get any?"

"Well, Herr Lieutenant, I know I can't take any money with me . . . so I thought . . . perhaps . . . the tobacconist might sell some at Black Bourse prices. No harm trying. . . ."

In a few days, in a few hours perhaps, this man would be his country's declared and official enemy. But he couldn't hate him any more than he did just then, nor himself for the deference he forced into his voice. In all the months he'd spent in this subjugated city he'd never had to talk to anybody this way. Nor in all his life.

Once more the officer's fingers slowly shuffled the passport, the identification card, the card from the *Sureté*, the railroad ticket. Then suddenly he thrust them all at Richardson. "*Passez*," he barked, turned on his heel and climbed into the staff car. Dreamlike, Richardson watched the second officer follow. Without a word he bent down and began stuffing his wet and muddy things back into the valise. The cabby stooped to help him. They didn't look at each other, nor speak, until they heard the staff car roar down the street and disappear around the corner of the Boulevard Diderot.

Richardson lifted his eyes to see the hawk nose, the enormous mustache, a few inches from his face.

"There was a letter—" he said.

"Such good luck, monsieur, such marvelous good luck," the cabby exulted, straightening up. "I saw it in the mirror lying on the seat—just before those pigs drove up."

"Have you got it?"

The pale blue eyes gave him an incredulous look. "*Ah, ça, alors.* That's a little too much to ask. Of course not. I destroyed it."

Richardson looked about as though he expected to find little pieces of paper scattered around.

"No, no!" the cabby shouted with laughter. "I threw it on the charcoal—and pouf—no more letter. *C'est rigolo, hein?*"

It took five minutes to reach the Gare d'Orléans. In that time Richardson let little waves of relief cascade over him. But something remained in the back of his mind. Something had yet to be done.

The cabby carried his bag to the train. Richardson tipped him two hundred francs and for the first time felt the gesture embarrassing.

"Thank you," the cabby said. "For the love of God be more careful. *Au revoir.*"

"*Au revoir,*" Richardson said, and meant it.

On the train it came to him what he had to do. He took out his pencil and a blank piece of paper. For whatever it was worth, he would try to convey to a man named Jules in Lyon just what the fishing situation was off Billancourt.

THE END

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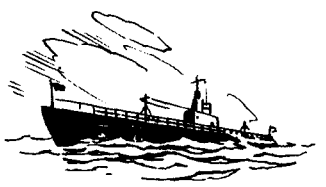

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 25

doing their jobs. Officers' mail is censored by other officers in the division with whom they aren't acquainted. Joe learns about the "blue envelope" privilege. When he wants to send home personal information he'd rather not have the company commander read he seals it in a blue envelope that goes directly to the censor for the theater of operations. But Joe is warned not to arrange codes with parents and friends. Censors can recognize all types of codes, and they wouldn't even have to try to decipher Joe's; the mere detecting of it would get Joe into hot water.

When the division leaves its old camp for a seaboard station there's little question in anyone's mind but that they're on their way overseas. The top three grades of enlisted men and the officers get transportation money for their wives and families to the new territory. Some of the married privates have a tough time digging up enough cash to bring their wives along for the last few days in this country.

Joe has sent all his civilian clothing home. As a matter of fact, Joe and the other men in his company were a little slow about getting rid of their civvies and the top kick was pretty well burned up about it. One morning he stood up in front of the outfit and bellowed: "Any civilian clothing found at the next inspection will be thrown into the insinuator!"

Joe's outfit had traveled by train for several days getting to the staging area, and Joe found the trip very enjoyable, with its first class accommodations and sheets and Pullman porters. The porters treated the soldiers swell, and at the end of the trip the boys in each car took up a collection for them. If a soldier didn't have any money he put in what he had—like a pack of cigarettes, or a dog-eared deck of cards, or a pair of dice that didn't match. Incidentally, Joe says the best food he ever had in his life he got on this troop train. He only hopes the chow on the transport will be half as good. But no food grown can be half good enough for guys like Joe.

"Ouch! Sir"

COLIN ALLEN

FORT DEVENS, Ayer, Mass. One of the field artillery units here has scored what might be termed a laundry coup. Enclosed in each man's bundle, the other day, was a note from a girl laundry worker suggesting a get-acquainted letter. In each man's bundle, that is, except that of First Sgt. Eskell Roberts. "I don't understand it," muttered the sergeant, looking carefully between underwear—size 48 underwear.

FORT CUSTER, Mich. From the 732d M. P. Bn., which, with the exception of the officers, is made up of Negroes, come two words to designate the two types of commissioned officers. They are Retreads and Synthetics. Retreads are World War brass hats recommissioned to replace the newly commissioned reservists (Synthetics).

CAMP CHAFFEE, Ark. The way it was told to us, Sgt. Andy Neidnig was in Manhattan last Saturday, kicking up his heels. The occasion was the National A.A.U. meet and the sergeant was representing the 50th Armored Regiment. In 1940 he set a record for the mile in four minutes, sixteen seconds at the Metropolitan A.A.U. meet in New York, bettering Glen Cunningham's mark of the year before by seven seconds.

Few weeks ago the sergeant went down to Little Rock to get himself into running shape and set a new state record for the 880-yard run—two minutes and two and six-tenths seconds, which shaved two tenths of a second off the former state mark. The 50th A.R.'s Col. James Taylor thought Sgt. Neidnig's efforts at Little Rock deserved a letter of commendation, so he had one run up and gave it to the streaking striper at a regimental review.

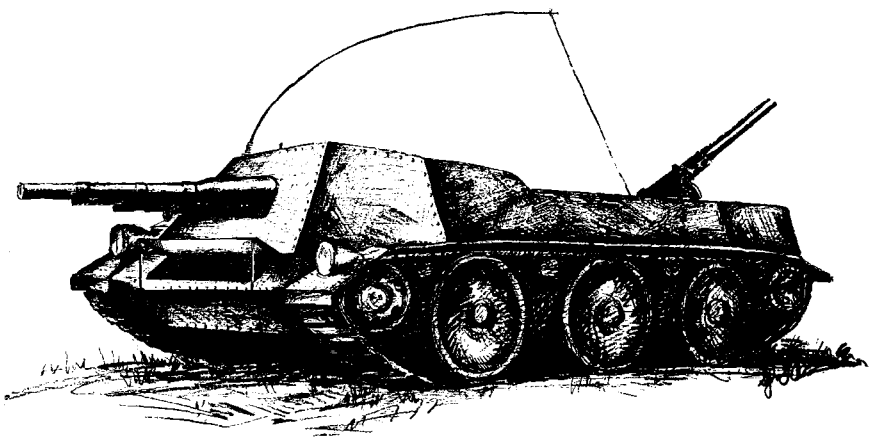
FORT ORD, Calif. If medals are ever passed out for getting a good job undone, Pfc. Spencer Casteel should cash in. A year ago, as a charter member of the Fort Ord Panorama staff, "Soapy" Casteel vowed the weekly paper would bulge with more news of outfits and men than any other West Coast publication. It did, and out went Casteel's chest. Came Pearl Harbor and in came Casteel's neck. He began tiptoeing around camp hollering, "Shhhh!" He plugged the Zip Your Lip campaign and it went over so big it spread to other camps. "No other camp paper," boasts Casteel these days, "has gone ahead so rapidly in reverse. I will eat an entire issue, without mustard, if anyone can find a single item in it that supplies even a hint of what any man or unit at Fort Ord is doing in a military way."

SAN FRANCISCO. The job of handling the thousands of letters pouring in here daily for Army men and women requires a knowledge of sleuthing, which is why former Postal Inspector Maj. S. G. Schwartz, Army postal officer, is in the driver's seat. Hundreds of letters for soldiers are improperly addressed, thousands are for soldiers come and gone, many are sent by friends and relatives who merely guess the soldiers may have been hereabouts. But Major Schwartz and his score of A.P.O. workers hardly ever have to use the Returned for Proper Address stamp; they dig through reams of records and the letter goes out again, chasing after Joe. Once in a while the office force gets a direct inquiry, like this: "H› said to address his mail from now on in care of an A.P.O. What did he do to be put into an A.P.O. and how long will he have to stay there?" By the way, a wisecrack isn't a proper substitute for the word Free in the upper right hand corner of a soldier's franked envelope. A Fort Baker lad learned that after writing On the House where the stamp normally goes. He got the letter back, fast, plus a free lecture on the house.

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. Lawton's stout boast that its personnel represents almost every type of civilian endeavor has so far stood the test. All an officer has to do is line the boys up, outline the problem and out steps a volunteer who knows how to solve it.

Somebody had to get a clock fixed pronto. At line-up next A. M. up popped an expert watchmaker. (Since then he has had so many calls for help he has had to send home for all his tools.) Recently the post needed some woods cleaned out so they could put up a couple of barracks. Officers had no trouble finding a sizable bunch who qualified as loggers (though some of the Southern boys were a little overawed by the labor necessary to bring down a giant Pacific Northwest evergreen) and skilled cat-men to drive the cats.

Latest trick was the cost-saving outfitting of the Hostess House, where guys can meet gals and parents. Sure enough, there was an upholsterer in the crowd; and the davenports were done over for about a dime a yard. The enlisted men did the work, the webbing was old target cloth, and the covering was plain blue denim—the kind used for fatigue clothes. The denim covering is guaranteed to make a soldier feel at ease on the davenport, but he has to be dressed for it. Hostess House rules prohibit the wearing of fatigue clothes to sit on the fatigue-cloth davenports.



Here, reduced seven times, is the original sketch of the tank destroyer that will never destroy a tank (see story at right)

GENERAL

OUR own board of inquiry has been appointed to find out why the New Rates of Army Pay table in this department for June 6th generously indicated that Technical and First Sergeants serving abroad are paid $305.20. We'd just as soon let it go at that but are quite sure Congress wouldn't back us up and so, regretfully, must cut the figure to $205.20.

THE War Department has finally done something about the spread of prices on officers' uniforms found in retail stores. Couple of months from now ready-made uniforms built under the direction of the Quartermaster Corps will be sold at authorized shops and post exchanges, at standard prices.

"I AM Sgt. George Allison Wells," writes he from Fort Bragg, N. C. "Until I was drafted about a year ago I was a peaceful art teacher in Nicholas Jr. High School in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. In last fall's Carolina maneuvers Lt. Freeman and I were assigned as an observation team with the First Armored Division, and during the spare time that developed between then and Pearl Harbor he and I designed a tank destroyer. Lt. Freeman suggested the ideas and I drew up a large sketch which ended up on the wall of the Fort Bragg Provisional F.A. Brigade Headquarters. A week hadn't passed before two newly activated shavetails walked into headquarters, stopped short at sight of the drawing, and began to whisper about it. 'It's a new secret weapon developed by the War Department,' said one, 'with thicker armor than any other vehicle and a speed of 85 m.p.h. on good road. Nothing can stop it.' The other officer looked doubtful, but the first shavetail insisted he had seen one at the Aberdeen Proving Ground. A couple of days later a sergeant and a private wandered in and the sergeant began telling the private he had seen one of those tank destroyers in a newsreel. 'It's only a figment of the imagination,' I said, correcting him. 'Are you calling me a liar?' yapped the sergeant. 'You copied that from a photograph. And what's the idea of trying to ridicule me in front of my friend here?' Well, I almost landed out in the alley with the sergeant and I decided I'd better take the picture down and send it along to you before I got into real trouble."

THANKS very much, Sergeant. Mind if we make 3,000,000 copies of it?

G. W.

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"An emergency?" Her voice rose slightly. "Don't you ever read the papers? Me and my silly leg, that's an emergency—but what's going on all over the world, that's *nothing; that can wait for weeks!*"

Doctor's Dilemma

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

Cyrus thought private practice couldn't get along without him. His girl Sally of course knew better

HE PICKED up the letter without seeing it and started toward the dining room fast. Eat quick and get back to the ward. Miss O'Brien was being swell about the Meckwitz guy but you couldn't expect a student nurse with twenty beds on her mind to spend all her time on one of them.

It didn't occur to him that you couldn't expect an intern with twenty beds on his mind to spend all his time on one of them either. He wasn't spending all his time; the other nineteen beds were getting along, and this was research. If it worked, that guy there in Quiet might be up and walking in a couple of months instead of a couple of years or never. But it couldn't work unless somebody spent a lot of time on it in the next couple of weeks, and this was a packed-to-the-roof city hospital.

Gessner was right enough, saying that even if it was sound it wasn't a practical sort of treatment for a public institution. Gessner was right, saying you couldn't expect the city to provide special nurses to change hot dressings and give a lot of massage and exercise to every polio case that was brought in. Looked at that way, this wouldn't really prove anything even if it did work. But kind of fun to try the thing out once anyway, especially after all that bickering in the journals. Kind of interesting to see if that nurse down in Australia really had something besides a lot of gall.

"Matter, Cy, figuring out another murder?"

He turned an automatic but mirthless grin toward the gibe, hardly hearing it. He'd got used to them in the month since that Faine business had washed up, leaving him with nothing to do but try to keep his mouth shut. Sally'd been right about it too. It didn't hurt you any to look like a fool, not around this bunch of apes it didn't. Bob Morgan could go to hades and take the rest of them with him. Talking wouldn't change the facts, nor put old Kenny back on Children's. Funny, this nurse down in Australia should have the same name, Sister Kenny. Well, neither of them cared a lot what other people thought, and that was something.

He sat down at the nearest table, stuffed a piece of bread in his mouth and while he was waiting for George to bring his food glanced at the envelope in his hand:

Lieut. (jg) Cyrus Harvey MC-V (G), USNR.,
City Hospital,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Another love letter from the Navy, he thought casually. One came along every week or so. Notices about new regulations, notices about meetings that nobody ever went to, notices about changes of detail in uniform and he didn't even have a uniform, hadn't been near the Navy Yard, except when he went down for his physical, since he signed up a year ago. Sound idea signing up. Come war, and it wouldn't be long now, you'd want to be in at the start. Come war you'd have a commission and something to do you knew about instead of just pushing around a lot of heavy iron. Only why waste all this paper till they were ready to call you? Red tape'd be all right if the red tape proved something in the way of a sock in the teeth to those lousy Nazis, but this sitting around writing letters about nothing—

"How's that infantile case you got in Quiet coming, Cy?" Bob Morgan dropped down beside him and swallowed a glass of water at a gulp.

"Right leg paralyzed is all." Cyrus pulled the official communication out of its envelope. He didn't feel like talking. Bob hadn't been any worse than the others with his ribbing about the Faine *(Continued on page 64)*

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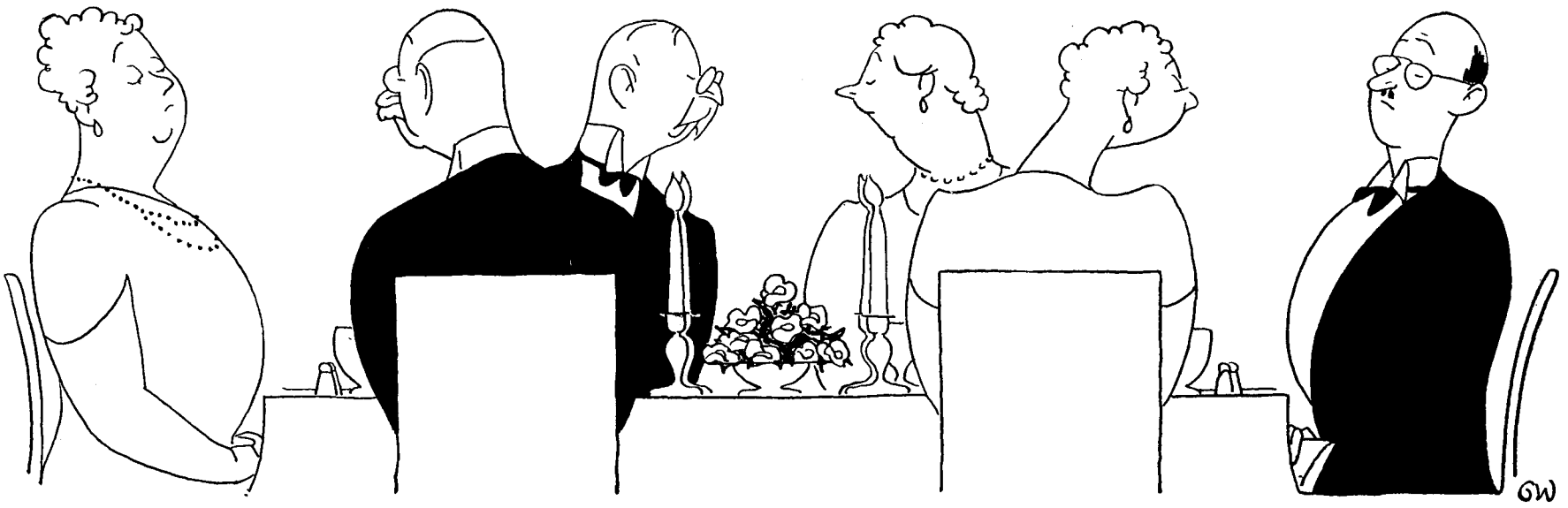

Don't give up dinner parties because they bore you like this. Mix your guests and your food with imagination, and have fun instead

Budget Buffets

By Selma Robinson

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

ON YOUR list at this moment there are probably invitations you haven't returned, friends who abhor formal sitting down to table, people you don't know well enough for a small dinner but would like to know better. You ought to ask them over, and you will. Yet you grow suddenly and acutely ill at the thought of another dinner-for-six party.

Anyway, it's hot and it's wartime and the old way of entertaining is out of the picture. Though you do want more than ever to see people. A lot of you are not vacationing as usual. You'd like to get together and dish up some cheer. So throw a party. Lump your guests together a dozen at a time. In other words, throw a buffet. But a buffet with a difference.

Even if you are the chicken à la king type, even if you think no buffet is complete without a roast Virginia ham, decide to abandon your principles with one shameless gesture in favor of food that is frankly provocative. The most inexperienced cook can manage a menu with at least one surprise in it.

The average male is not a professional juggler. So serve food that doesn't need cutting or a balancing act to be eaten

Banquets à la budget can be done with the Park Avenue touch for about fifty cents per person. The priceless ingredient, imagination, doesn't cost a cent, and a dime's worth of herbs, a bottle of wine or a pint of sour cream add up to very little in cash but tremendous dividends in elegance and taste. The most inspired French chef uses nothing more costly to prepare his miraculous sauces. Such additions can transform food out of cans into something exotic. They can make inexpensive cuts of meat not only palatable but also exciting. Veal stewed in sherry, rice cooked in consommé, fruit doused in liqueur—it's not what you cook but how you cook it that counts. A tax-ridden budget needn't stop you. Rationing needn't, either. In New York, even diners in restaurants are arriving with sugar in their pockets. Your guests will be delighted to do the same. They'll bring their coffee, and brew it too, if your grocer has cut you down that far. Just ask them. Dress up or dress down, anything goes at a serve-yourself party as informal as a picnic. You can even turn it into a picnic, spreading out onto the terrace and into the garden if it's a hot night; gathering around the fire if it's cool.

There are a few rules to be observed, very few but very strict, for without them your party may look like one of those Gluyas Williams cartoons of plate-laden guests with food sliding off their laps. There should be plenty of seating and eating space: small, convenient tables, chairs, cushions, hassocks. The food should need no cutting; knives are a nuisance. The ideal buffet menu should be composed of minced or hashed dishes, stews, mouth-sized portions of meat on skewers, meat loaf, spaghetti or baked beans. Buttered rolls or bread should be served. Make enough food for second helpings; one and one half times your recipe will do the trick.

Now to get down to cases: Here is a beef stew that is very inexpensive to provide, very easy to make and wonderful to eat. It has a rich winy taste—a quart of burgundy goes into it. Make plenty of it because your guests will go for it and any remainders will be even better the next day. Served steaming hot in a great stew pot, it is a perfect one-surprise meal, with toasted scooped-out French bread, a mixed green salad and fruit for dessert.

Burgundy Beef Stew—20 Servings

8 lbs. stewing beef with all fat removed
4 large onions, sliced
½ bunch celery, diced
2 carrots, diced
1 quart domestic Burgundy wine
4 tablespoons flour
8 ounces tomato paste
2 cloves garlic, whole
Salt and pepper to taste
½ teaspoon each of sage, cloves and sweet marjoram; also anise, fennel seed and caraway seed, if you are able to get them, tied in a little cheesecloth bag

Method: Brown the cubes of beef in a skillet in their own cut-off fat. Sprinkle with flour. Transfer to a Dutch oven or earthenware casserole, adding wine, tomato paste, vegetables and herb bag. Cook in an oven at 325° F. for about three hours, being careful not to raise the lid during that time. Strain the gravy and mash the vegetables into it to thicken.

Gloria Stuart, the film actress, whose recipe this is, makes Burgundy Beef Stew the lead in an ambitious five-star production with the following appetizing menu:

Sliced melon, with grated ginger and lime juice
Burgundy Beef Stew
Noodles with olive, mushroom and pimiento
Whole beet and whole egg salad on water cress
Baked Alaska

Any one of these dishes could serve as a star in a one-surprise supper. And none is too difficult for the beginner cook to handle, even Baked Alaska, which is so expensive and so magnificent in a restaurant. The base is nothing but ordinary spongecake, bought or homemade, spread with ice cream and topped with a stiff, high meringue of beaten egg whites. It is set into a hot oven for a few moments, which browns the meringue but does no damage to the ice cream.

(Continued on page 47)

For guests' sakes, make sure there is plenty of convenient eating space

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OIL IS AMMUNITION — USE IT WISELY !

It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

Continued from page 26

You'll have to take full responsibility for Boca Grande while I'm gone."

Winslow raised his hand to his glasses. He had a sickly feeling in the pit of his stomach. It was the same sensation that he had experienced years ago at school when the quarterback had given him the signal to carry the ball.

"Jim," he said, "what about Slim Egan?"

"Down in the hospital with a broken leg. What's the matter with you, son? Haven't you any guts?"

"Or Jeffries?" Winslow wiped his hands on his trench coat.

"Back in the States on leave. You can't dodge it, son. I don't like Nelson and I don't like Milton Bird."

"Jim," Winslow said, "I'm not good with people."

Jim Walters nodded and pursed his lips. "You've got to pull yourself up to it, son. Something's got to pull you. Look at it this way: You've got the makings of a man if you don't let yourself go native, like a lot of people in this place. When the dugout tipped over that time and the whole river was crawling with crocodiles . . . You're all right when you're in a jam, but otherwise you're getting queer."

Winslow looked embarrassed. "I'm not like you, Jim."

Jim Walters scowled. A light breeze fluttered the papers on the table and his voice grew sharp: "Are you saying you're going to let me down?"

"No," Winslow answered. "I'm only warning you. I won't be any good if anything comes up."

Jim Walters watched him for a while before he spoke: "You'd think I'd told you to shoot yourself. Why, I'm giving you a chance! You—"

A sound made Winslow turn quickly. He had forgotten that he was at the Villa Schwarz.

"I'm sorry, Jim," he said. "I don't like it when anyone's behind me."

It was only the pale little German who had brought in his bedding roll. The boy was walking up the path carrying a tray of glasses and a whisky bottle.

"Out there," Winslow added, "you know you have to watch—"

Jim Walters reached for the bottle and tipped it above the glass.

"Well," he said, "here's looking at you, son. Pedro will be waiting for you at the pass tomorrow morning with the mules, and you'll be in Boca Grande by dark if nothing busts. Good old Boca Grande! The timbering needs fixing on the sixth level, and all the wives are quarreling. And that reminds me—"

"Reminds you of what?" Winslow asked.

Jim Walters took a swallow of whisky. "When you get Santa Rosa on the radio, order a steamship ticket for one. We're getting a new office secretary, and she's going to be forty-five or over. As soon as you get there, you're firing Henrietta Simpson."

WHEN Winslow Greene heard the girl's name ring loudly across the quiet of the garden, he was as startled as though Jim Walters had been reading his thoughts.

"Why," he said, pausing to control his voice, "what's the matter with her?"

"You met her at the boat," Jim Walters went on, "she's just the type that doesn't fit in with us. She's one of those rich girls who don't have to work. You saw that hair and that bracelet and that baggage and those clothes. They've upset all the women in Boca Grande. You know Boca Grande. It isn't a country club."

Winslow cleared his throat. "Jim," he began, "I think you're being pretty narrow-minded."

"Say," Jim Walters said, "since when have you been broad-minded?"

"I just mean you ought to give her time, Jim," Winslow said. "I mean I don't see what difference it makes as long as she does her job."

Jim Walters shook his head. "I'll be fair. She does her job all right, maybe she does it too well. But you know how it is at Boca Grande. We can't cope with too much personality. I want to be fair, but there's more to it than that."

WINSLOW took off his glasses and blinked at Jim Walters.

"Well, Jim," he said, and he tried to speak casually, "you should have told her that yourself. I don't see how you can expect me to give her a ticket home because you don't like her clothes. Personally"—Winslow was aware that he was blushing—"I like her. I mean I thought she was a very nice girl."

"Oh, you did, did you?" Jim Walters was looking at him curiously.

"She was lonely," Winslow said quickly, as though her loneliness explained everything. "I . . . well, I felt sort of sorry for her. I don't know if you know what I mean. She was so far away from everything."

"I know what you mean," Jim said. "Wide-eyed, sort of lonely. A lot of us felt that same way about her. The trouble is, too many did. I don't want to be rough on her if she's a friend of yours."

Jim Walters lifted the bottle and poured himself another drink.

"But what else has she done?" Winslow asked.

Jim Walters looked at his glass and shook it carefully. "I wouldn't take it too hard, son," and his voice was very kind. "I'm not getting personal, but maybe what means a lot to you doesn't mean anything to a girl like that. It's sort of bleak at Boca Grande, and it's happened there before. I'm not blaming her, but she's fixed it so that the Milton Birds are near breaking up. It's a choice between her and our only metallurgist. One of them has to go."

Winslow reached for the whisky bottle, something he very seldom did, poured some into his glass and drank it straight while Jim Walters sat there watching him.

"You know Milton," Winslow began, "Milton's always—" and his voice trailed off into hopeless resentment.

"Yes," Jim Walters answered, "that's right. He can't let women alone, but it wasn't all his fault. It's lonely for her, and she's a mighty pretty girl."

Winslow sat up straighter. "You know how people talk down there. They make something out of nothing. I don't believe a word of it."

"Maybe it's sort of hard on you, son," Jim Walters said mildly. "I can see."

Winslow put on his glasses again. "I'll run the mine for you. But if you ask me to fire Miss Simpson, you'll have to fire me, too."

"Now wait a minute," Jim Walters said; "let's skip it. Use your judgment. Just don't be a fool, that's all."

"Yes," Winslow said, "let's skip it! I don't believe—"

He stopped. The dinner bell at the Villa Schwarz was ringing.

Herr Knopp had stepped out of the villa door, and just behind him, walking slowly, was the stranger. Herr Bauer had changed for the evening into a blue double-breasted suit. His hair was clipped so that it looked like a brush,

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and his ears were long and pointed. His lips were turned upward in a thoughtful smile, as Herr Knopp spoke.

"Gentlemen," Herr Knopp said, "may I have the honor to present to you Herr Bauer?"

Herr Bauer bowed from the hips. His alert straightness made Winslow aware of his own perpetual stoop, and his even features made Winslow conscious of his own long nose and of his glasses and reminded him that he had not shaved for a day and that he had been sleeping in his clothes.

"Mr. Greene has been in the Oriente, Mr. Bauer," Mr. Knopp said.

Winslow felt uneasy under Herr Bauer's steady glance. Then Herr Knopp's voice chimed in again, oily and nervous:

"Herr Bauer has a request to make. He is on his way to the river to go to Santa Rosa. He will be passing througl. Boca Grande."

There was a change in Jim Walters' voice, but it was measured and polite.

"The Rest House is open for anyone passing through," he said. "But don't discuss politics in Boca Grande."

"Politics are dull," Herr Bauer said, "when good fellows get together. Some Germans do not eat children." He laughed, and again Herr Knopp's voice chimed in:

"When I told Herr Bauer that our good friend Mr. Greene perhaps was riding down the trail tomorrow, he wondered if there might not be an extra mule."

"The mules are hauling timber," Jim Walters said sharply. "We're mighty short of mules. There isn't an extra one. Sorry, Mr. Bauer."

Herr Bauer raised his hand. "Please, I beg, think nothing of it. I shall make my own arrangements."

He turned and walked back into the Villa Schwarz, with Herr Knopp just behind him.

Jim Walters grasped Winslow's arm. "Now what the dickens is he putting his nose in our business for? Pretty shirty, wasn't it?"

WINSLOW sighed. He was not thinking about Herr Bauer who was only a shadowy, impersonal figure. He was thinking of Henrietta Simpson and the Boca Grande mine. All the petty politics of the place were back with him, all its narrowness and bickering and jealousies. He was sure the gossip about her was not true. He told himself again and again that it was not.

The dining room of the Villa Schwarz was perfect of its kind. It resembled the inns Winslow had known the year he had spent in Heidelberg. It had the same half-musty, half-beery smell which sometimes went with perfect cleanliness. The dishes, the condiment bottles, the bread with caraway seeds all were German. The only incongruous note was the waitress—a barefooted Indian girl. All the guests at the tables were German men and women who looked competent and perfectly adjusted, speaking in their native tongue, interested only in themselves.

"I wonder if anything special is going on tonight," Winslow asked.

Walters looked up from his plate of bean soup. "Don't be so jumpy, son."

It was true that the diners made Winslow nervous. Certainly no one in the Villa Schwarz could have been curious about them, for the hotel was accustomed to American visitors from the mine. But still Winslow felt that he was being watched.

He forgot his apprehension when Jim Walters began to talk again about Boca Grande. In a little while, the personalities of the big gold mine were coming back to him, with all the problems which one encountered in any mining camp, details of behavior and eccentricity which would not have been important anywhere else; anecdotes which no one would have bothered about, but to which the remoteness gave a strange significance. Winslow could nearly hear the voice of the mill superintendent, as Jim Walters was talking, and the aimless clicking of the billiard balls in the clubhouse. He was thinking of Henrietta Simpson and he could remember everything that she had said. She had said herself once that they would both remember. . . .

"I guess I think too much," he decided.

JIM pushed back his chair. "What's worrying you, son? Something's worrying you."

Winslow shook his head. "I just feel unfamiliar here," he answered. "I just have a sort of feeling, Jim—"

"What?" Jim Walters asked.

"Jim," Winslow put his hands carefully before him on the table. "I don't think you've been fair to her. I really don't." He saw Jim Walters frowning at him. "I don't want you to think there's anything personal, but I only think—"

Jim Walters stood up. "Forget it," he said. "Come to my room where we can be quiet. I can't hear myself talk here." Winslow stood up also. It pleased him that the German language was getting on Jim Walters' nerves as well as on his own. He had never been so keenly aware of the difference between Americans and Germans.

The mine manager's manner became brisk and businesslike. "I want to see your notes. We've got a lot of ground to cover tonight, and I want you to go over the mine reports. And by the way, I went into your place at Boca Grande the other day. I hope you don't mind." He slapped Winslow on the shoulder. "They've been yelling for some ore specimens at the government mine bureau. I stole a lot of yours and packed them into a gold box. I'm taking it out with me, and believe me, it's heavy."

Winslow brightened. At last he faced a problem with which he was completely at home.

"I hope you picked the best ones," he said. "Some of that galena is beautiful—beautiful. I'd better see that they're labeled right."

He wanted to see about the labels, even though he was sure that no one in the government mine bureau would read them, and he heard Jim Walters laugh.

"You always warm up," Jim said, "when anyone talks about rocks. You wouldn't think a small box of galena would be so heavy."

Winslow followed Jim Walters out of the dining room across the hall and then down a long passage.

"They've put us at the end," Jim Walters said. "Room seven, with the bath that doesn't work, but there's one thing about this place. They certainly have room."

It was true. All the rooms in the Villa Schwarz were large and comfortable, all furnished with massive beds and bureaus and hung with heavy drapery. They turned into a passage on the left, long and narrow and lighted by a single dim electric bulb, and their footsteps rang noisily on the bare wood floor. The end room was the room Herr Knopp often gave to guests from the mine. It was a suite with a little parlor and a huge drafty bedroom, with a bath beyond it, and with wide windows that looked over the kitchen garden.

"Now let's go somewhere, dear, and drink a toast—to make it binding!"

ROBINSON MC KEE

HE COULD see the door of the suite at the end of the hallway, a heavy dark door, with its number on it in white paint. He had been down that dusky passageway a dozen times before, and he never knew what made him stop that night just before they reached the door. It must have had something to do with his nerves and with his sense of order. Jim Walters had pulled the key from his pocket, but there was no necessity for a key, for the door was ajar, showing a thin, dark section of the sitting room behind it. There was not a sound in the passage, yet Winslow felt himself grow cold and tense, just as though he were out again in the jungle, listening.

"Wait a minute," he said softly; "the door's open."

Jim Walters turned. "It's that boy. He forgot to close it."

But Winslow Greene knew it was not the boy. He pushed himself in front of Jim Walters.

"Careful," he whispered. "Someone's in there."

An instant later, just as he stepped to the crack of the door, there was a sound—not from the sitting room, but from the bedroom beyond—the gentle closing of a window.

"Careful, Jim," he whispered. "Careful!"

But there was no reason to be careful any longer. Whoever had been in Jim Walters' room was gone.

"You're crazy," Jim said. "It was the wind." And he reached for the switch behind the door and turned on the light.

"No," Winslow answered, "I'm not crazy."

The electric bulb that hung from the ceiling of the sitting room made the place bright and garish. The room was furnished with three stiff chairs and a round center table covered by a piece of artificial brocade. Beyond, in the bedroom, were the two dark beds, and Winslow saw his bedding roll and Jim Walters' baggage—a battered suitcase with a flat wooden box beside it.

"Do you smell it, Jim!" Winslow asked softly. "Cigarette smoke. You don't smoke them, Jim."

There was no doubt about it. In the still cool air of the bedroom, there was a trace of cigarette smoke.

"Look, Jim," Winslow said; "the box!"

THE box by the suitcase was a flat, solidly made case, and one of the boards on the top of it had been pried up, revealing a collection of dark rough stones. Jim Walters walked over to it and prodded it with his toe. His cool gray eyes met Winslow's. The crow's feet at their corners were deeper, and his lips were puckered as though he had tasted something sour.

"They thought it was gold bars, didn't they?" he said.

Winslow nodded, and the room was very still.

"Son," Jim said, "I don't like it." His mind must have followed Winslow's mind. "I ought to be back at the mine."

Winslow did not answer, and Jim Walters kicked at the box again.

"I don't like it," Jim Walters repeated, but he seemed to be talking to himself as much as to Winslow Greene, and he stood there with his hands clasped behind him, staring at the box. "We've got two hundred thousand dollars' worth of bars in the office safe at Boca Grande."

Then Jim Walters stood for a second thinking. A good part of his life had been spent in making quick decisions. "I guess we'd better—" And then a gesture from Winslow Greene stopped him.

Winslow had moved silently toward the half-opened French window. He stood completely motionless to one side, away from the light.

"Wait," he said, "someone's outside."

For a second, both of them stood listening but there was only a muffled clatter of voices and footsteps in some distant part of the house. Outside in the dark, there was no sound but the rustle of wind in the eucalyptus trees. Winslow's watchfulness relaxed and he turned toward Jim Walters.

"It's all right," he said. "He's gone now."

Jim Walters' expression was half annoyed, half bewildered. "You're crazy," he said slowly. "There wasn't a sound."

Winslow still stood staring at the window. "I didn't say I heard anything. There wasn't any noise."

"Then how the devil," Jim Walters raised his voice, as though the tension in the room disturbed him, "can you tell that anyone was out there?"

"I can't explain it," Winslow said. "A

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moment ago it wasn't all right, but it's all right now. It's the way you get if you're out in the bush, I guess. I've felt it ever since I've been here. Something, someone listening, someone watching. It's the way you get, I guess."

Jim Walters did not answer, but stood scowling at the wooden box which had been made to contain gold bars.

A number of casual, apparently unrelated facts were suddenly becoming real to Winslow Greene. It was as though a net had been tossed about him at Santa Rosa and he had broken through the meshes, but now they were around him again and growing tighter. Mr. Gruber and Mr. Martinez were suddenly distinct and clear, and all that Lopez had said made sense.

"They were in my room at Santa Rosa," Winslow said. "I told you, they read the mine report."

The lines on Jim Walters' face were deeper. "Yes," he said. "If that's the way it is, I don't want the gold at the mine in an antique safe. The New York ship stops at Santa Rosa on Friday. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes," Winslow said. "I see."

"It's up to you. You'll be boss there," Jim Walters continued. "I want it aboard ship at Santa Rosa. Take it up here and move it out by plane or take it to Santa Rosa on the river boat. I don't care which, but you go with it and take a good strong guard along. And there's one other thing."

"Yes," Winslow said. He would not mind taking out the gold. It would be better than sitting still at Boca Grande.

"That man Bauer. You'd better keep an eye on him."

"Don't worry," Winslow said; "I'll get it out, but I won't fire Henrietta Simpson."

Jim Walters shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Get her off your mind," he said. "This is serious. She doesn't matter now."

THE mules were standing sullenly twitching their ears in a small mud-walled enclosure in back of a straw-thatched native hut. They were already saddled—three pack and three riding mules—and there were two muleteers from the mine, Pedro and Ramon. Ramon was barefoot, wrapped in a red poncho. Pedro wore a leather coat and high boots and carried a pearl-handled pistol in his holster.

"Pedro, has anyone gone down the trail?" Winslow asked.

But Pedro only shrugged his shoulders.

"No, we're early, Señor. Shall we mount if you are ready?"

The sun was just rising, and the wind, rising with it over that bare brown grassland which they called the Paramos, had already kicked up swirls of dust. The clouds, just turning pink in the sunrise, clustered about two snow-capped volcanic peaks which also were beginning to glitter in the sun. The trail wound upward to the ridge and he could see black and white vultures gliding with the wind. Winslow glanced behind him at the pack animals.

"Pedro."

"Señor," Pedro said.

"Have you heard them speak of a man named Bauer who owns a hacienda in the west valley?"

Pedro shook his head. He had never heard the name.

When they were out of the enclosure, the wind whipped at his trench coat, but once they were over the ridge, they would be out of it. In a few hours it would be hot, and there would be trees with air plants and little streams and mudholes and perhaps some natives burning charcoal. It would be so hot that they would strip down to their undershirts, and the Paramos and that clear cold air would be as far away as the Villa Schwarz.

A good part of Winslow's time in late years had been spent on muleback, for mules were better than horses in that rough country. They could go down trails which were almost impassable—like the trail which zigzagged from the high Andes down to Boca Grande. It switched back and forth in an interminable descent, down spurs and through narrow valleys.

THEY stopped at noon at a level bit of ground near a brook, and when Winslow looked back, the clouds had dropped lower as they did at noontime, and now most of the trail they had taken was concealed by mist. But the sun was shining where the mules stood, and butterflies darted from the thickets, bright yellow and orange and blue. The earth beneath his feet was tinged with reddish iron and it was quite dry.

"The trail is good this year," Winslow said. Those were almost the first words he had spoken since sunrise. And now as they rode on, Pedro began telling the news of Boca Grande. He spoke of the July fiestas and the cockfights.

"You should have been there, Señor. My bird, the Colorado, which you bet on once . . ." And Pedro's voice went on describing the battle and the wagers.

Winslow looked at his watch again, although it was not necessary, for he was able to judge almost the exact minute by the sun. It was close to four o'clock and soon the trail would switch into the valley of the stream that flowed through Boca Grande. In a few minutes he would see the ridge, deep green with vegetation, over which they must climb before they reached the mine. Pedro's voice was going on, retailing bits of gossip. The mule belonging to Señor Nelson, the white one, had died. The North Americans had been giving many parties, and there would be a dance that night. Winslow rode on listening.

"And all the North Americans are well, I hope?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Señor," Pedro answered. "It has been very gay."

"And the new señorita?" Winslow asked. "The one who came just after I left, Señorita Simpson, is she well?"

"He's the sort of fellow you remember long after you've forgotten him"

GARRETT PRICE

He did not approve of gossiping with Pedro but his mind was back again on Henrietta Simpson.

"Oh, yes," Pedro said. "Oh, yes, Señor." And they rode on in silence.

He was going over in his mind again all that she had said and all that he had said. He was more conscious of her, now that they were drawing near Boca Grande. He was imagining what it would be like when they met. He was wondering what she remembered of the last time and he thought of Jim Walters' words, "Maybe what means a lot to you doesn't mean anything to a girl like that."

That might have been true with a great many others, but Winslow clung stubbornly to the picture his mind had made of her. His reason told him that he actually knew very little of her, and yet it made no difference. It was inconceivable that a girl like Henrietta Simpson could be attracted by anyone like Milton Bird. Yet Winslow could not forget the pang of jealousy he had experienced when Milton Bird had first seen her. He could only remind himself that she had turned from Milton Bird back to him again.

His mule lowered its head as it scrambled up the slope, and Winslow looked approvingly at the animal's sweating neck. It was his own mule and a very strong, willing one, ready to go until it dropped or ready to stand all day dozing in the sun.

"Steady," Winslow said, "steady, pet."

THE animal had stumbled but it had not lost its footing. It was as sure as a cat on the mountain trail. In another hour they would be on the top of the ridge looking down at Boca Grande which would still be five miles distant, but if they reached the summit by sundown the rest of the trail could be negotiated easily in the dark. The sun was low enough so that it was cool beneath the trees and when they passed a cluster of delicate white orchids, he stopped and picked them and handed them to Pedro, telling him to hold them carefully. They were a rare species and it occurred to him that Henrietta might never have seen them. At least they would be something to give her when they met again.

At the top of the spur they pulled in their mules. Boca Grande was visible five miles away. He could see the mill and the electric plant beside the stream, and the mine hoist pointing upward like a finger. Their trail, from Pinas, ran along the ridge and did not descend to the river until just before it reached the mine, but a hundred feet below them, by the brawling waters of the stream, was the river trail leading northward to the town of Bombas. From where Winslow was standing, he could see a piece of the track, a thin ribbon of reddish earth close to the boulders of the stream, a part of a view which was so familiar that it meant nothing. In fact, he had hardly bothered to look but had turned to straighten his saddle blanket when he heard Ramon behind him whisper something to Pedro, and he heard Pedro laugh.

"What is it?" Winslow asked.

When he turned, Ramon looked stupid and the smile left Pedro's face.

"Nothing, Señor," Pedro said.

"Boys," Winslow said sternly, "when we ride together, we share our little jokes. What is this one? About me, perhaps?"

"Oh, no, Señor." Pedro's wide brown eyes looked pained. "Ramon and I have too much respect. It is nothing to bother the patron, it is only—" Pedro stopped and shook his head.

"Well," Winslow asked him, "what is it?"

"It is nothing, Señor." Pedro shrugged his shoulders. "None of my affair or Ramon's—"

WINSLOW took a step forward and looked down into the valley. Far below him, two mules were tied close by the river with their riders standing near them, and he recognized the two at once in spite of the distance. The man was in white riding clothes and a polo shirt. There was no mistaking the set of the shoulders or the perfection of the riding boots and breeches. Even at the distance he recognized the girl's yellow hair and he knew her laugh. Although that laugh was far away, it was faintly musical. Milton Bird and Henrietta Simpson were there on the river trail alone, five miles from Boca Grande—where no one else would be at just that time. Winslow stood looking for a moment and then he saw Henrietta Simpson turn her head.

"We'll go now," he said.

By morning, all the servants would have heard of it; he climbed slowly into the saddle.

"Pedro," he said, "those flowers—they are too much bother. Throw them away."

His voice to his own ears sounded casual, so surprisingly controlled that he could hardly believe it was himself speaking, for he could feel anger running through him like poison and he had never felt that way before. When he saw Pedro toss the orchids carelessly beside the trail he suppressed a desire to burst out laughing because everything was tossed away with them—all his illusions of Henrietta Simpson.

The only conceivable reason she should have ridden out five miles was because she wished to be alone with Milton Bird. It meant that he must forget everything which he had been thinking. It meant that he had been a fool but he would get over it soon enough. He was the acting boss of Boca Grande now, and Jim Walters had been right. Henrietta Simpson would have to leave, and the sooner the better as far as he was concerned. He would tell her so that night.

(To be continued next week)

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Budget Buffet

Continued from page 43

Noodles with Olive, Mushroom and Pimiento (16 Servings)

2 packages egg noodles
1 pint ripe olives, chopped
1 pint green olives, chopped
2 small cans pimiento, diced
1½ pounds mushrooms
½ pound butter

Method: Boil egg noodles and drain well. Sauté olives, mushrooms and pimiento in butter and mix with a medium white sauce. Blend with the noodles and serve steaming hot.

By adding diced chicken and diced hard-boiled eggs to this noodle mixture, covering it with a thick layer of grated Parmesan cheese and baking it in a casserole for 20 minutes, you have a superb dish.

Good corned beef hash is a favorite, with men and women both. That's why a dozen of your most intimate friends will love it if you serve them hash in a menu like this:

Corned beef hash with onions
Savory cabbage with caraway sauce
Horse-radish Mousse
Mixed green salad
Hot Dutch applecake with lemon sauce

If the cabbage is not overcooked it will not threaten the charm of your party. The sauce is something to remember—sour cream heated with caraway seeds.

Horse-radish Mousse (12-15 Servings)

1 envelope unflavored gelatine (1 tablespoon)
4 tablespoons cold water
1 cup heavy cream
1 cup red horse-radish (or tint ordinary kind)
2 teaspoons salt
Pepper to taste
1 teaspoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons scraped onion

Method: Mix gelatine and cold water over hot water. When dissolved, cool. Whip cream and cut in horse-radish, salt, lemon juice, onions and pepper. Pour in molds. Chill in refrigerator. When firm, serve with chopped green peppers.

If you haven't done much entertaining on Friday evenings, here is a famous fish chowder, a one-meal dish that will put Friday right back on the social calendar. The recipe is from the coast of Maine, where fish chowders are famous. A tossed green salad and coffee, with lots of homemade bread and sweet butter, and your meal is complete. All of it, serving fifteen guests, comes to not more than three and a half dollars:

Coast of Maine Fish Chowder

5 to 7 pounds white fish (preferably a mixture of cod and haddock fillets cut into three-inch squares)
¼ pound salt pork cut into small bits
6 medium or 4 large brown-skinned onions, diced
2 large cans evaporated milk, undiluted
3 to 4 quarts milk
Salt and pepper to taste
6 to 8 large potatoes, peeled and cubed

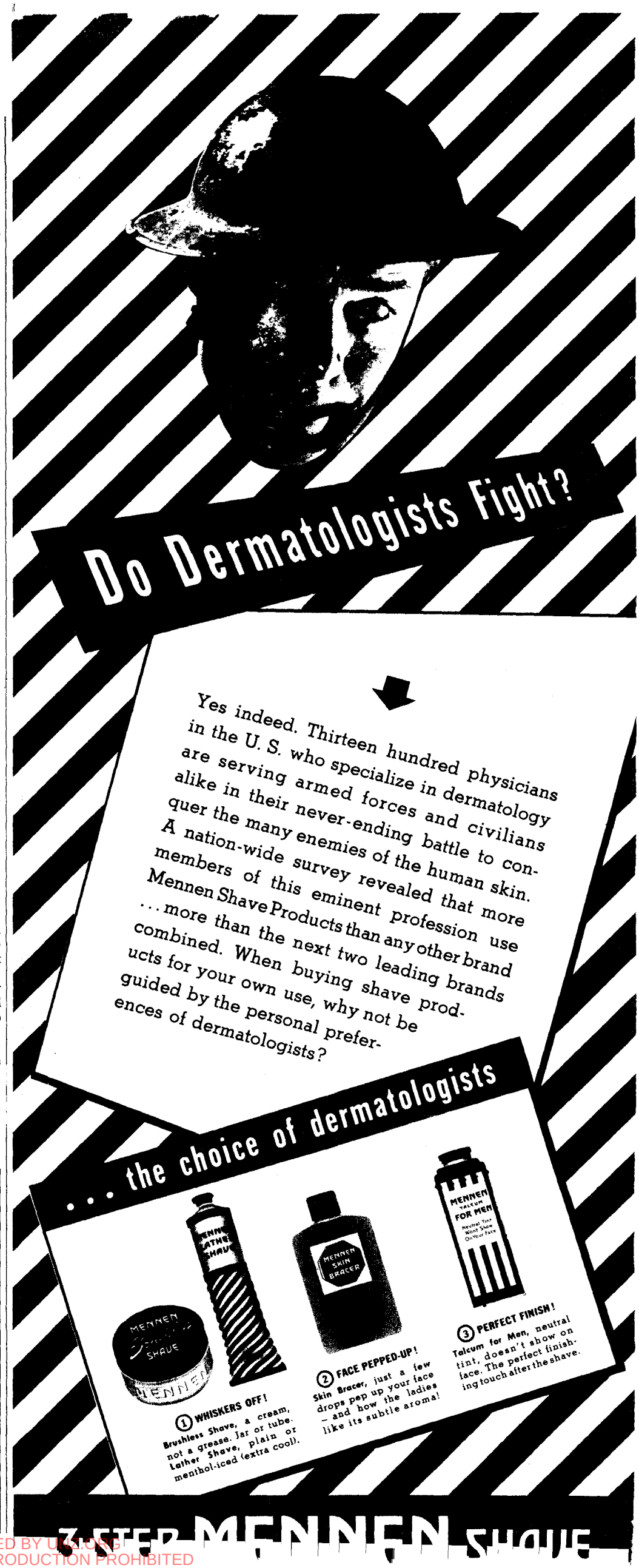
Method: In a large, deep kettle cook the salt pork to a uniform golden brown. Remove pork bits for later use and add onions to the fat, cooking until light brown, not dark or burned. Add potatoes and enough water to keep them from sticking to the bottom of the kettle, and salt and pepper to taste. When the potatoes are done but not overdone, add the evaporated milk and one half the bottle milk slightly warmed so that it does not chill the mixture. This should be heated but not boiled or the milk will scorch. Then slide the fish in so that it does not break, and cook over the lowest possible flame with a minimum of stirring. When the fish is white and tastes done, add more seasoning and the rest of the milk. Keep the chowder warm at the back of the stove, without cooking and just before time to serve sprinkle the bits of browned salt pork over the top of each bowl. The chowder should be ladled carefully into the dishes so that each portion has several pieces of fish and a goodly distribution of onions and potatoes. This recipe makes about nine quarts of chowder, and will serve 20-25 people.

"Some people," the author of this recipe told us, "place a pilot biscuit in each helping, but I prefer to pass the pilot biscuit or bread and let each guest dunk or not as he wishes. If any chowder is left, it will keep in the icebox for several days and it is really improved when it is reheated in a double boiler to prevent overcooking."

There is something about buffet parties, with the guests helping themselves and one another, that brings out a yen for group singing and games. So it is a good idea to keep within easy reach a stack of old songs and plenty of pencils and paper.

THE END

"There's the diving board, dear" VIRGIL PARTCH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1 WHISKERS OFF! Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced (extra cool).
2 FACE PEPPED-UP! Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face — and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!
3 PERFECT FINISH! Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.
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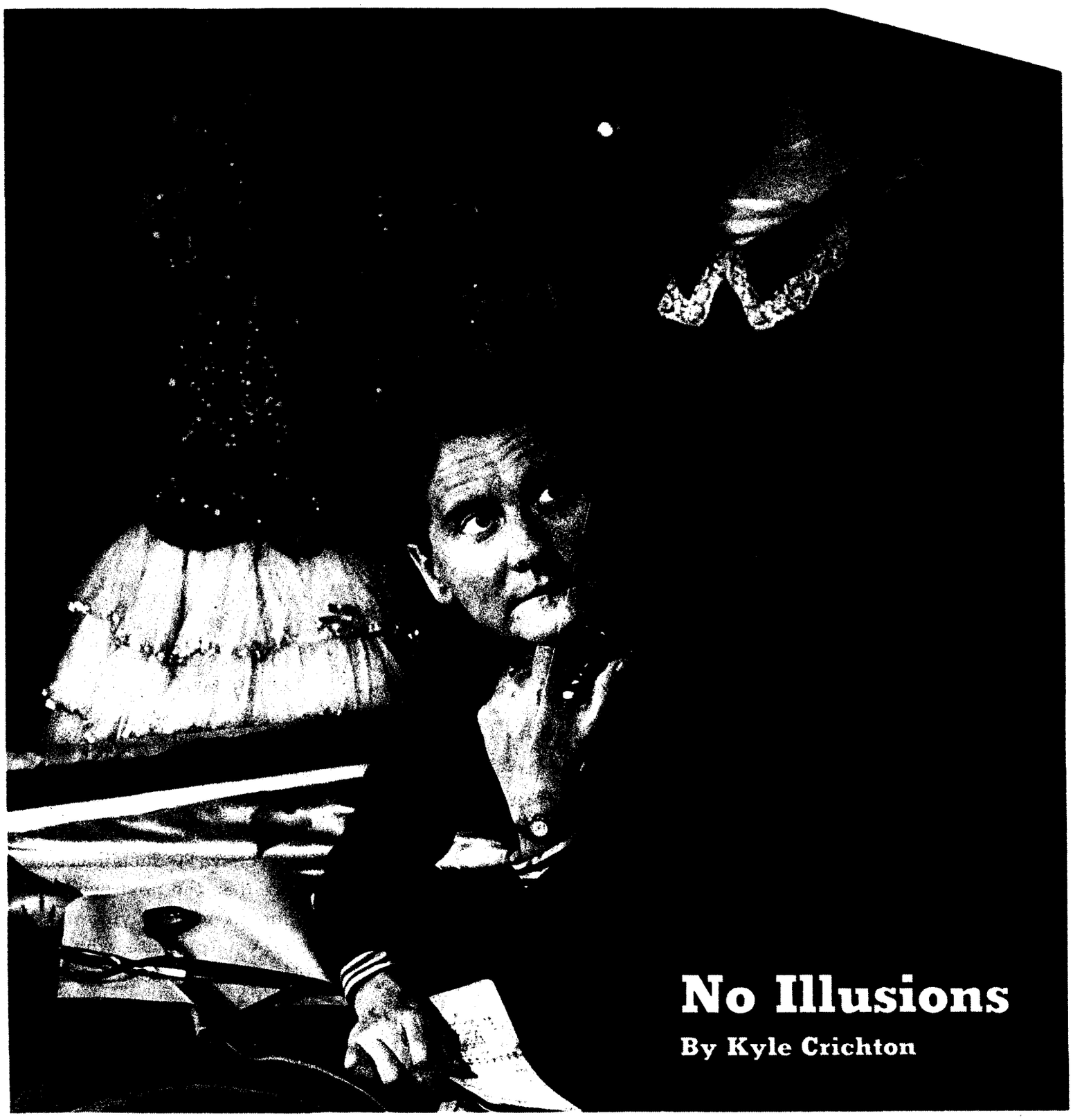

Cheryl Crawford, Broadway's most successful woman producer, keeps a finger in every part of her productions. Here she is at Eaves the costumer's, lining up material for future ventures

No Illusions

By Kyle Crichton

The road to being a successful producer is a thorny one, but Cheryl Crawford is of the hardy variety. She can take it

THERE was once a man called the "Human Fly" who made his living by crawling up the face of tall buildings. Shipwreck Kelly achieved a fair competence by sitting on flagpoles. Cheryl Crawford is a Broadway producer.

Miss Crawford, the first successful woman producer since the days of Rosalie Stewart, is currently netting around $5,000 a week from her revival of Porgy and Bess. This is large money and also a menace. It is threatening to ruin the interior decorating business. Avaricious-looking females, with a theory that a slight talent for chintz makes them artists, have been seen slinking through Shubert Alley. They scent gold and advenure. They seek out Miss Crawford for advice.

"Nothing simpler," says she sardonically. "Nothing simpler since that man went over Niagara Falls in a barrel." What Miss Crawford was saying was that prior to the Porgy and Bess miracle, she had been thwacked so persistently over the head by a bladder named Fate that financial dizzy spells were as common to her as falling scenery on an opening night. In truth, her satisfaction over Porgy and Bess was tempered by two failures for the year: The Flowers of Virtue (in which she really only acted as manager for Marc Connelly) and a revival of Barrie's A Kiss for Cinderella, which was received by the majority of critics with long, nail-infested slabs of crating.

Broadway ran away and hid when she tried to raise backing for Porgy and Bess, and various gentlemen may now be seen kicking themselves up and down 44th Street in front of the Majestic Theater, where two lines are filled all day long with people happily surrendering money. The George Gershwin musical version had been an artistic success and financial failure when the Theater Guild did it several years back. Miss Crawford wanted to revive it with the same musical director, Alexander Smallens, and the same colored cast.

"The young lady is tap-tap on the forehead," said the Broadway wits, and ran.

She raised the money among friends, engaged Robert Ross as director and started putting the production together. When the bids for scenery turned out to be what she considered exorbitant, she farmed the work out and then hurried after it to watch the execution.

"Gave us dirty looks if we even put a nail in wrong," says the Brooklyn builder, moodily.

The result was that the show came in for $13,000, an astonishingly low figure for a musical show.

Miss Crawford comes from Akron, Ohio, which is going to be a mighty popular town sometime again in the future. She had no particular ambitions about the theater until she got to Smith College and met Sam Eliot, who headed the dramatic department. He eventually allowed her to trifle with the Greeks on the Northampton campus and she produced several toga-mad tragedies that wrung sniffles of grief and derision from the Massachusetts laity.

She had a tough time for a year in New York until she got a job with the Theater Guild. The Guild was then at its peak, and when, after a few years, she worked up to being casting director, she was making $10,000 a year, and a place was being made for her on the board of directors.

But there were stirrings of discontent among the younger members of the Guild and Miss Crawford subscribed to that feeling. Individuals were everlastingly backing other individuals up against the flat pieces and asking ferociously why they were wasting their

(Continued on page 56)

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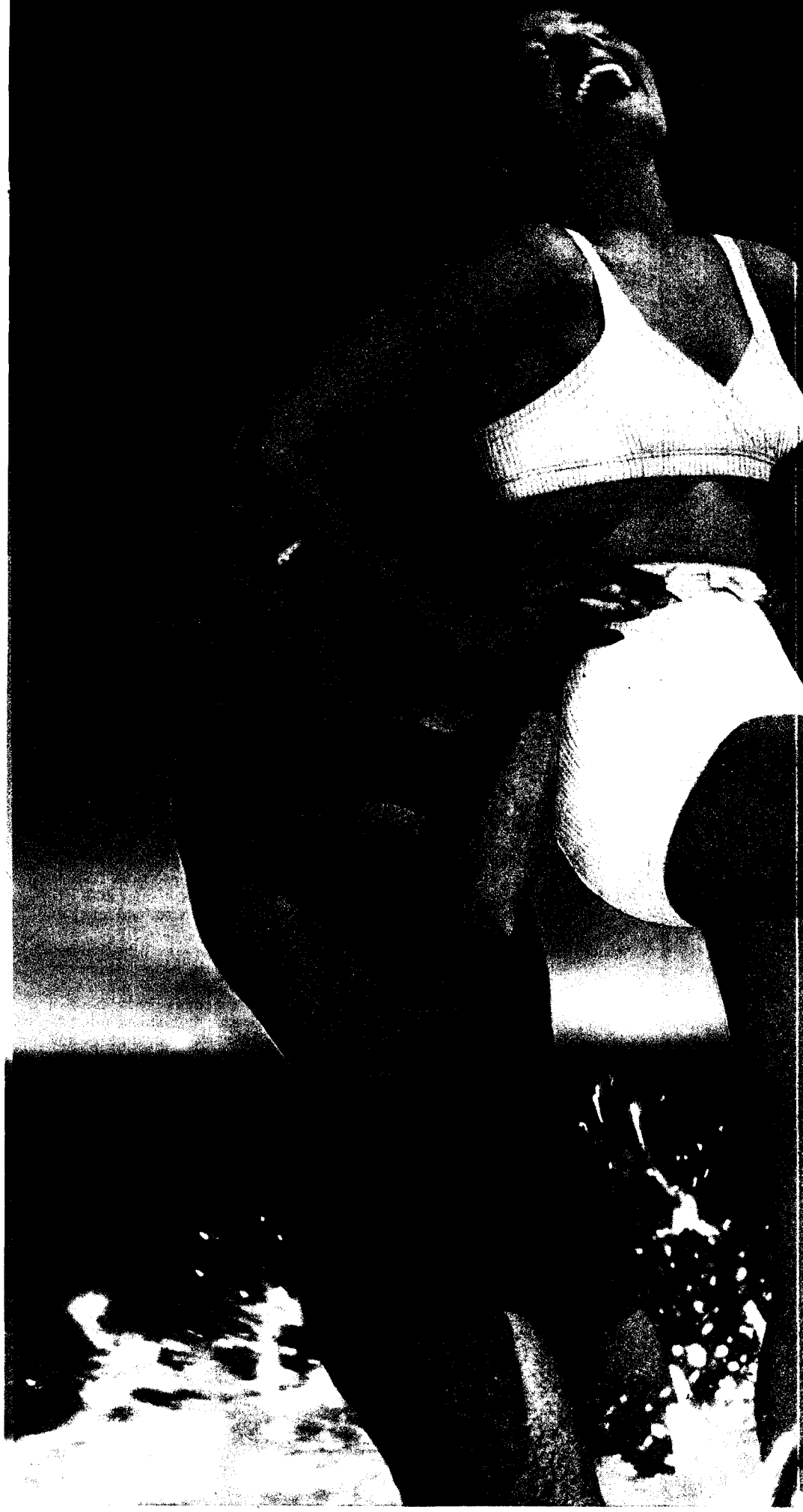
HURRELL PHOTOGRAPH



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Buggy Ride

Continued from page 14

that when making a purchase it is wisest to put the cart before the horse. Since there are a limited number of carriages but many horses, you obviously aren't going to be able to fit an old brewery Percheron into pony shafts, or a pony into brewery-wagon shafts. The best idea, it seems, is to buy your wagon first, then measure its shafts to find out just how much horse it will hold comfortably and safely.

Since it is a legendary impossibility to purchase a horse without being hornswoggled, it is best to flank yourself with a vet and a lover of horseflesh when buying a nag.

At the local riding stable or horse-auction grounds, the vet (or horse mechanic) will examine the horse for spavin, glanders, swayback, splayfoot, broken wing and glass eyes. The other fellow will watch the animal do its stuff, see that it fits the shafts, that it doesn't want to climb telephone poles when it meets trains, that it isn't really one of David Harum's old grayhaired nags dyed black—generally see that it is sound, willing and intelligent.

It's wisest to buy from a reputable dealer. While you rarely get bargains at horse auctions, the harness-stable dealer gives a guarantee with each sale. If your Seabiscuit Jr., develops a hot-box on ten-mile trots, he'll probably exchange it for one that doesn't. The real reason for "horse-trading" is simple. There are only a few perfect horses and many, many just plain horses.

That Dependable Morgan

The Morgan horse, that barrel-chested, hard-muscled, short, sturdy-legged, nice-headed creature, I'm assured, is one of the best harness horses you can buy. As your grandparents knew, old Morgan is intelligent (not all horses have horse sense), doesn't skid in winter, isn't hot in the head and strong-willed, doesn't eat its or your head off. It weighs about 950 lbs., is about 15 hands high (60 inches) and is smooth-gaited. You can unhitch a Morgan, take him for a gallop, and even get him to give a hand at the plow. Bred by a New England Morgan years ago, and of unknown parents, the Morgan horse was long the household pet and standby. "I'm sure," says a friend, who's ridden a Morgan horse for 22 years, "I can get Queen to take me to the station, turn around and find her way home by herself! What car could do that?"

The price of your nag? Well, anything you want to pay. From $50 for a mess of mobile lion meat to $15,000 for a pair of fancy highsteppers—the kind that kick themselves in the chest when they pull the show wagons at horse shows.

Should your horse be green, but not allergic to harness, you'll have to get the local horse-lovers to train it for you. These gents usually rig up the horse in full harness and walk behind it in a ring or meadow while someone leads the beast, whispering sweet nothings about carrots in its ear. When thoroughly distracted, the horse is quietly hitched to a one-seated, springy affair known as a breaking cart, something like a sulky. If this doesn't make the horse sulky himself, you walk him some more. Then one day, when he feels good you quietly slip into the breaking cart and try to teach him how to pull you around. While some horses, like some humans, never learn—most are ready to tote you to the post office in from two to three weeks.

Unless you have had personal relations with horses before, it is not practical to leap into your horse and carriage immediately on receipt and take off at fantastic speed. As with the motorcar, driving's a complicated business and takes learning and relearning. And horses moving at 12 miles per hour are really tooling right along. If kept tooling thusly, they may soon have to be retired to the glue factory or the boneyard.

Let's say you've purchased a springy two-seater buckboard; your horse and harness are both custom-finished and of excellent fit. You have arranged to keep the horse and the buckboard in the garage—parking the car outdoors. You have even read a book from the public library on the noble beast, vaguely know where his loin chops are, how to thread the reins through the eye of the hame and that the buggy whip-socket isn't an ash receiver, that you feed hay and oats to your four-footed friend and not gasoline.

Are your troubles over? Could you drive him in the Hambletonian? Well, frankly, no.

Whereas a carriage offers less garage trouble than the motorcar, the horse is not a machine to be started by electricity. You don't change its oil every 1,000 miles but you've got to give it good hay, oats, bran, corn and clean water. It must have the body washed and polished constantly, and its bedding very definitely must be changed daily. Horses are notoriously poor housewives, and never clean up after themselves. They also suffer from sniffles, cold feet, faulty plumbing and nerves. A horse is fifty times as large as a dog, and it is that much more trouble to feed and take care of.

For instance, horses, like women, need new shoes, only more equently. Every 21 to 30 days a horse must be reshod. Modern cement is pretty hard on the horse's tootsies but shoes must be changed whether worn or not. There are plenty of blacksmiths, however, doing business in traveling trailers instead of under chestnut trees. A set of new shoes will set you back $5, and you can still get rubber or leather shoes for hard roads. While you don't have to buy it a fur coat, it likes a snug, warm blanket for winter nights, not to mention a wool-lined surcingle—which is another name for a horse's brassière.

What Your Horse Expects

Furthermore the horse must be made a pal of. It is sensitive to a kind word and if sick, you've either got to get the doctor or sit up all night and hold its hoof. When it expresses its discontent by booting you into the hayloft as you change its sheets, you must learn not to kick it back. Worst of all, unlike the motorcar, a horse must be exercised every day for a couple of hours—no matter what the weather is. This is extremely arduous on sub-zero January days.

Nor is the matter of usurping your little rig that simple. No longer can you leap from your little trundle bed, swallow breakfast as you tumble into the station wagon, and make the depot in a driving finish. Not at all. You'll feed Dobbin first and then hitch him up.

There will, of course, be minor problems. You won't be able to put stevedore loads on a frail horse. And, while a few New England towns still sport hitching posts, or are installing a ring on parking meters, the problem of parking your rig is something indeed. An

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untied horse has a way of seeking greener pastures and more succulent fodders than those found in the supermarket parking lot.

A friend solves the problem with much ingenuity. Before jogging to town, she orders by phone, timing her arrival at a 5-miles-per-hour rate. Once in town, she toots an old squeaky auto horn, the clerks rush out and pile everything in the runabout rear. She never overloads the horse and when she gets to a certain hill on the way, the horse invariably turns around and says "Git out!" She always obliges, and leads him uphill on foot. Oh, yes, on the way, she always stops for a drink. Not at a bar, but at an old horse fountain, recently ornamental, now useful! On other trips, she merely drives into a service station and says, "A gallon of water—and wipe his nose!" or something to that effect. A horse appreciates such thoughtfulness and service.

"What," you will ask, naturally, "will it all cost? Is a horse terribly expensive? And will it keep me poorer than my motorcar?"

Well, after the initial outlay, which will be from $100 to $500 for a safe, sound and lovable horse and hack, you can figure about $25 a month for upkeep. Horse d'oeuvres come to about $18.50, unless you can raise your own haystack in your back lot. (If you used to pay a man to cut your hay and cart it away, you can now buy it back from him.) The rest of our outlay will go for horseshoes, tail oil and rosettes, equine dental bills, and buggy accessories such as battery lamps, very necessary taillights, and snappy buggy whips—still very available.

A word of warning. Once you enter the horsy set, you must be careful to know what you're talking about. They are a precious lot and you mustn't refer to a martingale as a bird that sits around and croons on a whiffletree. A martingale is a bit of harness, and a whiffletree is, of course, a swingletree. You've got to learn a new language.

In other words, there are many compensations for returning to the horse and buggy. Probably the greatest of them is that you always have something to talk about. I know of no subject as inexhaustible as the horse—and nothing that makes you so opinionated. There isn't a dull spot or moment about the horse and buggy. Horse ailments, buggy virtues, speed problems, horse history and psychology all make good horse-flavored talk to while away the leisure hours. No two horse owners ever agree on horse or vehicle; no horseman is without a big ego. I know of nothing so good for an inferiority complex as managing a horse of your own.

It gives you the dictator psychology, knowing you can make such a snorting, defiant, huge mechanism do your tiniest command—you hope!

THE END

There's Only One Moore

Continued from page 20

come from a distinguished athletic family. Brother Frank is a private in the small army of professional golfers, and Louis was a mediocre football player at Washington University in St. Louis. Guy Morton, a good pitcher for Cleveland years ago, was an uncle on his mother's side, but there was nothing to suggest that the kid brother had the makings of a glamor boy.

Terry wasn't such a much among the neighbors' children in St. Louis. He was a member of the Cardinal Knothole Gang and he cheered like mad for the home team when he got in for free. In 1928, the youth left high school and launched his career on the Omaha Market team in the St. Louis Municipal League. It was a good team; was runner-up for the city and national semipro titles.

A Pitcher is Washed Up

He was getting along famously in the outfield when someone got a bright idea in 1930. The kid had a strong arm (a discovery rash base runners were to make all over again in the National League). Why not let him pitch? So Terry pitched and did so well that the Dr. Salisbury team, the Muny champion with the option of drafting one outside player from the entire city for the national tournament, selected Moore. The Dr. Salisburys won only one game at Columbus, and Moore pitched it.

Ever on the alert for fresh talent, the Cardinals gave Moore a quick once-over as a pitcher, but nothing came of it. It was the kid's next-to-last appearance as a pitcher on any diamond. A few days later he worked a 14-inning game for $25 and came out of it with an arm so sore that he couldn't raise it above his shoulder for two years.

The bad flipper forced Moore to return to the outfield and presently the scouts were giving him the eagle eye again. Columbus paid him $200 for the privilege of a look-see during the last week of the 1932 season, and young Terry thought he was on the way when the management said it would be sending him a contract for the next year.

In due time the document arrived and it was a frightful let-down. It offered him the munificence of $75 a month, living expenses strictly excluded. Terry did a brief exercise in mental arithmetic and decided to have none of it. He was making $15 to $20 a week setting up type in the Bemis bag factory and his week-end baseball earnings made it more profitable to be a semipro than an honest-to-George professional.

He had not yet played an inning in organized baseball, but he asked to be put on the voluntary retired list, a procedure which can be likened to dressing with scrupulous care before taking the daily shower. The Columbus management did not recover for a full year, and when it did, Moore was tendered a contract calling for $150 a month.

That was more like it. He gave it a try in 1934 and from the start it was plain he had the golden boy touch. Columbus sent him to Elmira for a month but hurriedly recalled him, and Terry proceeded to assault AA pitching for .328 and covered center field like a fog. The next year he was in the big league to stay, giddy progress for a sweaty slave in the Cardinal chain gang.

Since 1935, Moore has seen so many celebrated colleagues sold for fancy prices that he now is the team's elder statesman, the only holdover from the old Gashouse Gang. Several clubs have cast wistful glances upon Moore, but Branch Rickey steadfastly spurns all advances.

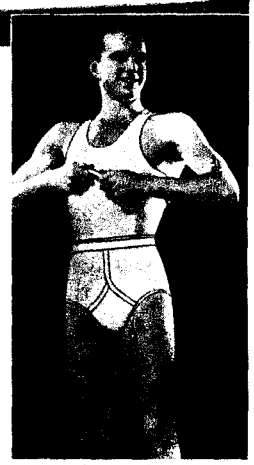
The inference is clear. There always is another Dean, Medwick, Mize or Durocher on the way, but there is only one Moore, and the Cardinals are jolly well determined to keep him. This is a great sorrow to the opposition. It means they are doomed to further practice of the sad ceremony known as The Burning of the Bats.

THE END

NO. 3 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES

We've got the washing problem licked

The Jockey dog has his own ideas about washing his master's face. We have our own ideas, too, about solving some of those washday problems for whoever heads up your family laundry: we make buttonless Jockey of knit fabrics that rinse out as quickly as stockings and need no ironing.



Jockey Short

•

Those fabrics mould themselves to your body like a second skin and adapt themselves to every motion you make . . . because Coopers tailoring goes a step beyond the usual practice, and takes hip as well as waist measurements into consideration. Jockey's knit fabrics also let your skin breathe. And Coopers famous, patented Y-front* construction provides mild masculine support . . . a conveniently angled opening that positively will not gap . . . and complete freedom from bunch, bind, creep and squirm.

•

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction.

*人 — The Source of Support

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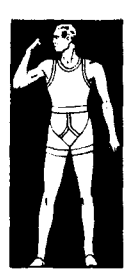
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.



Jockey Midway Squirm-free comfort for ordinary wear.

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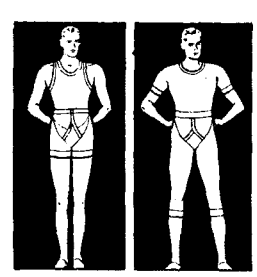
Jockey Bellin a trim, youthful waist for dress-up occasions



Jockey Over-Knee Protects skin against scratchy tweeds.

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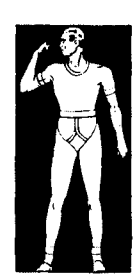
Jockey Longs Keeps leg muscles fit in cold weather.



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Freedom is ours—and ever shall be! The concert in the park—voices lifted in song and speech-making—gay basket picnics—friendliness and good fellowship—these are the order of the day when a nation united pauses to pay tribute to our priceless heritage of freedom. . . . Traditionally American with these things is Miller High Life—the beer that has been a favorite with refreshment seekers since 1855. Whenever there's cause for celebration, whenever you're in the mood for fun and finer refreshment, enjoy life with Miller High Life!
MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE
Miller
HIGH LIFE
OLD
HIGH LIFE
BEER
MILWAUKEE

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Comeback in Comedy

Continued from page 22

Joe thought he'd enlist. He tried everywhere, but recruiting sergeants told him to run along and deliver his telegrams. Just before the war ended he almost made it. A Marine sergeant, a bit tired perhaps after a night at the opera, took Joe's application seriously and said that he'd be notified in due course. Joe was fifteen at the time. The next morning a long official-looking envelope arrived at the Lewis home from the Navy Department. It said that Joe had been accepted and would he be so kind as to report at such a place at such an hour. However, that morning Joe's sister got up first, found the letter, correctly surmised its contents and handed the letter over to Joe's mother. From there it was only a step to the kitchen stove and it was some years later before Joe ever knew that he had actually been accepted in the U. S. Marines.

The war over, someone told Joe he had a nice voice. He got occasional jobs singing at beer gardens and church affairs and outdoor picnics down at Rockaway Beach, and then one day he got a legitimate offer. It was to sing in Atlantic City. He was a hit there not only because he had a good voice but because he was a fresh kid and if anyone heckled him he would want to slug it out with the heckler.

At the end of the season he had more than three hundred dollars saved and he couldn't wait to get back to the East Side where he was going to buy a purple suit, a light gray felt hat and give the neighbors a treat. He went back to his room to pack. There he received the distressing information that the lad with whom he had been sharing a room had absconded with his clothes and do-re-mi. But while his brother Murray had to walk from Muncie to New York, Joe only had a small 124-mile hitch to do.

And Then He Walked Home

So it went. A week in a Pottsville theater; a split week in Allentown and a two weeks' hitch in Easton. He'd go anywhere to work a night, and all the time he was developing a trigger-quick mind, a terrific ability to ad lib, and a voice that was good enough. Chicago was the mecca for night club entertainers in those days and it was inevitable that Joe should wind up there. He got a few one-night engagements, and a smart man caught his act. The smart man was Roy Mack who ran the Midnight Frolics which, as every Chicagoan knows, was on 22d Street over on the South Side. Roy Mack saw something in this fresh kid who had the temerity to razz even the hoodlums. Mack offered Joe a six weeks' contract for $115 a week and Joe gulped at those figures.

The opening night was quite a gala affair. It always was at the Midnight Frolics. Joe was broke but he didn't have the nerve to put the bite on Mack so early in the game. Joe also hadn't eaten for two days. He got up and sang songs like I'm in Love varied with a ducky little number called Eddie Steady and then he ad libbed for an hour, and the place went for him. He was a solid smash hit and he knew it. Chicago's most prominent protectors of dyeing establishments and alky plants were present and they made much of Joe. They asked him to their tables.

"They said, 'Have a glass of wine,'" Joe recalls, "and I'd say, 'All I want is a little sandwich,' but they wouldn't hear of it. I had to have wine. I didn't have a quarter to buy a sandwich and I had to drink a hundred dollars' worth of wine. Finally I get out of there and the door man whose name was Red McCann said, 'Want a cab, Mr. Lewis?' Me a cab? I said, 'No, it's a nice night, I'll walk.' So I walked the five miles home on the biggest night I ever had."

Joe stayed there a year, winding up at $500 a week. Then he went to the Green Mill which, you'll remember, was at 4800 North. This place was dying from inattention, but within three weeks Joe had it packed. He stayed there a year and made a fortune for the mob that owned it. Then Johnny Fogarty, who owned the Rendezvous, offered him a thousand a week and a piece of the profits. Joe liked John Fogarty, who had a reputation of feeding actors. Any actor could put the arm on Johnny and that was all right with Johnny. He just liked actors. Joe switched.

Joe Lewis became a fad. Society went for him in a big way. The wealthy and the prominent made the Rendezvous their rendezvous. And in addition Al Capone used to drop in, and Dion O'Bannion, and other gentlemen of like ilk. Joe would kid them from the stage and afterward sit with them and muss their hair and say, "So you're a tough guy, hey? So you're a hood, hey? Why, you big bum." And the gentlemen who traded in alcohol and sudden death would chuckle and say, "That Joe Lewis. He kills you."

But a gentleman named Machine-gun Jack McGurn never dropped in. He had a quarter interest in the Green Mill, which was a deserted village now that Joe had left it. He sent word to Joe to come home and that all was forgiven. Joe ignored the word. Other messages came and still Joe ignored them.

One morning there was a knock at his hotel door. He answered it and three men were there. Joe knew that he'd be dead in a very few minutes. One of the three hit him with a blackjack. He went down and grabbed the legs of another. They slashed at him with knives and he felt quick blood spurt from his left cheek. They hit him with the butt ends of revolvers while he slashed out blindly, ineffectually. Then one blow harder than the others sent him into a merciful oblivion. They hit him a few times more and then, thinking that he was dead, they straightened their ties and went out and rang for the elevator. They had no grievance against Joe. Why, they'd laughed at him a hundred times. But this was their job. They'd gotten their orders. They had been told to kill Joe Lewis. Well, they'd done it.

But strangely they hadn't. Joe was bleeding from a dozen knife thrusts and his head was lopsided like a soft melon. But he wasn't dead. He woke up some time later in the Columbus Hospital. Then he saw three detectives. Their faces were grim and their eyes were cold. He grinned a little at them. He knew them. Why, only a week before, he'd played a benefit . . .

"Who did it, Joe?" they asked.

Joe tried to say, "I don't know," because that was true. He had never seen the three before. He tried to say that, but no words came out. He couldn't talk. He couldn't move his arms or legs but he could think quite clearly. He couldn't shake his head. He couldn't move. He could hear and he could think but he couldn't talk.

The detectives thought that he wouldn't talk and they were a bit annoyed. Joe heard a doctor whisper, "Better hurry and get him to talk. He can't last much longer." Then mercifully there came a darkness.

The mob hadn't killed him but they had killed his voice. There was a story in Chicago that they'd cut Joe's vocal cords. That's not true. It was the fracture of the skull causing pressure on a nerve which had produced this paralysis of speech.

"Dear Miss Muhleisen—she comforts so many!" SIDNEY HOFF

Three months later he was discharged—cured. But still he couldn't talk. He met an English professor from Notre Dame, Father Heitzer, and Father Heitzer said that he would teach Joe to talk again. He began as one begins with a child in a kindergarten, holding up cards with the vowels and consonants, and Joe had to learn to say, "Ah" "Eee" "Eye" "Oh." It took him a year before he could say a sentence.

But Chicago hadn't forgotten Joe. Society, the sporting and political world, gangdom, all joined in a monster benefit for him. People Joe had never met paid $500 a seat for the benefit. There's a lot of friendliness in Chicago.

One day a detective pal of Joe's told him that they knew the names of the three men who'd cut him up.

"Forget it," Joe said wearily. Maybe the detective did forget it but someone didn't. Within a month after the detective said their identity had been discovered all three were liquidated, but Joe doesn't know who did the liquidating. He never felt any resentment against the three or against Jack McGurn.

A year later Joe was in Hollywood wondering what he would do when his money ran out. There was a party one night for his pal, Al Jolson, and someone called on Joe to sing a number. Joe knew his voice was gone but he took a stiff drink and walked out on the floor.

"This is an imitation," he said in his throaty, cracked voice, "of a drunken singer trying to give an imitation of Al Jolson singing Sonny Boy."

He sang it and the crowd shrieked with laughter. They didn't know that he was singing it as well as he could. They crowded around him and said, "Joe, you've come back. You're better than ever." Joe felt his scarred cheek and he felt the hollow place in his skull and he said, "Sure I'm better than ever," and then he had another stiff drink. He knew that he was all done.

Three days later he got a wire from Johnny Hodges who ran the Parody Club in New York offering him $750 a week for four weeks.

"I knew Johnny was only offering me that out of pity," Joe says now. "But I kidded myself that maybe I could get by, so I took the offer. I was terrible. I couldn't sing and I'd lost my nerve. I was lousy and after two weeks I told Johnny I was quitting. He wouldn't let me quit, so I stayed on, and all of a sudden I got something back. I'd make a crack and people would laugh. . . . When they'd laugh I'd want to cry I was so happy. I got songs that you could fake, I mean the words were more important than the melody. I developed my sense of ad libbing. Gradually I got it back. Not all at once."

A New Kind of Dice Racket

He went back to Chicago and did all right. If they like you in Chicago they like you forever, show people say. He went to the Clover Club and then to the Trocadero in Hollywood and he came back a bit further. He went to Miami and he was almost himself again. He'd never sing songs like I'm in Love again, but he'd be strictly a comedian. Joe learned a new art; how to throw a line away, as they say in the trade; how to use his eyes and his hands. He studied all this as a dramatic actor studies proper breathing. He became a master of timing. He's worked all over the country during the past three years and today he's tops at incoherent humor.

Not long ago Joe signed a contract to work in a night club to which was connected a very luxurious gambling casino. Joe stipulated in his contract that when he shot dice in the casino he should get better odds on the six and eight than the other patrons. Ordinarily a house will give you even money that you can't make a six or an eight. Joe insisted that the house give him odds of seven to five on those numbers. Joe told me about it five weeks after he'd been working at the night club. "I certainly put one over on him," Joe chuckled, thinking of the proprietor. "Imagine getting seven to five on a six and eight."

"How have you done?" I asked him.

"Oh, I've lost my salary every week up there," he said complacently. "But what of it? I put one over on the boss, didn't I?"

Today Joe can work in any night club in America for more money than anyone else gets for working in any night club in America. Today Joe is in the blue chips, but the bum is such a soft touch for a hard-luck story or a horse that he is and always will be from hunger, and that is all right too. In our set, Joe E. Lewis is a highly respected person, a very fine character, and the funniest man in the world. Me? I love the guy. And what a pleasure it is to write the first story I've done in two years that hasn't got anything about the war in it.

THE END

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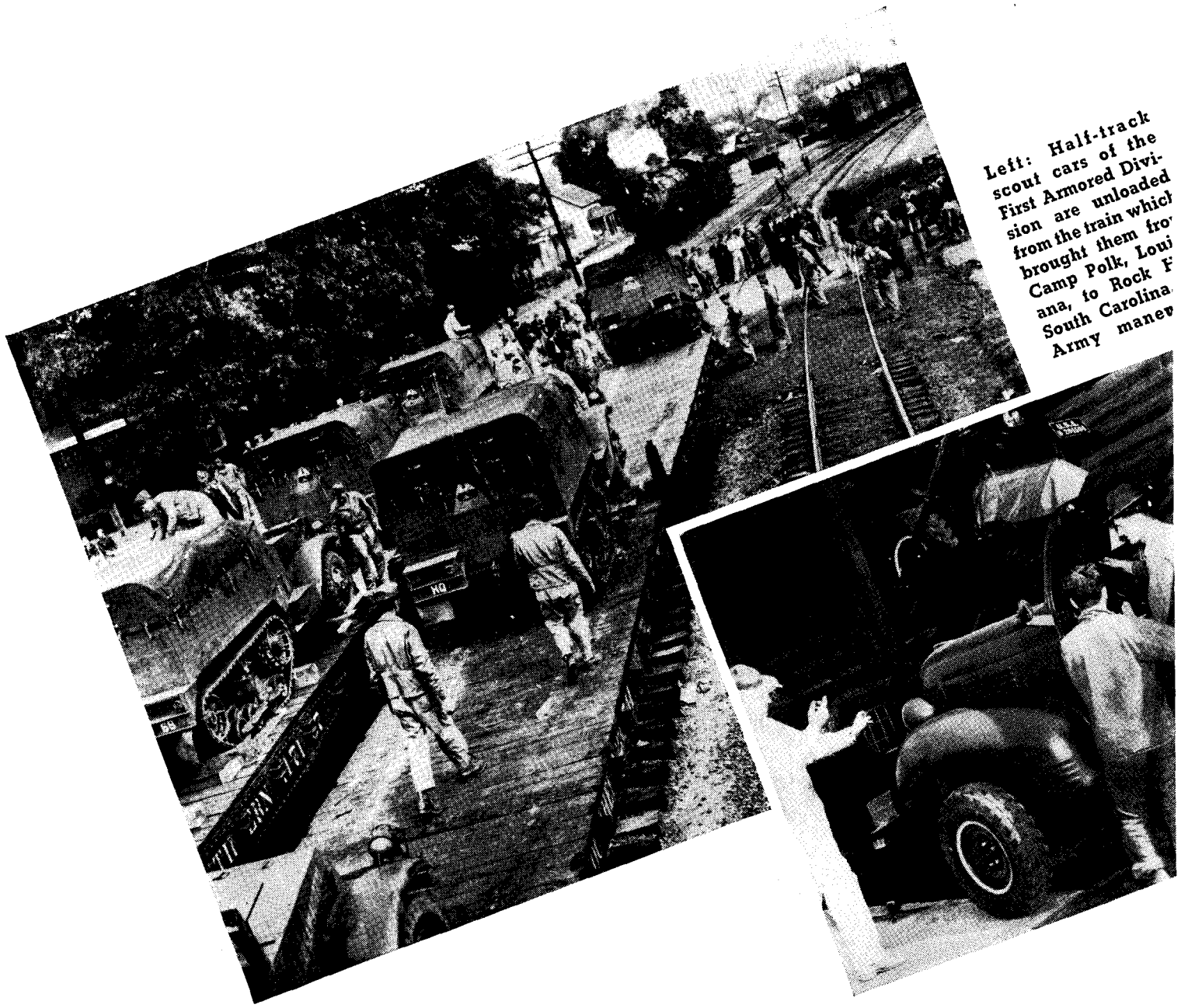

Left: Half-track scout cars of the First Armored Division are unloaded from the train which brought them fro Camp Polk, Loui ana, to Rock F South Carolina, Army maneu

Watch Them Roll!

By J. D. Ratcliff

Do you want to ship an army around the country? Here's how it's done. And a very pretty job it is

NOTHING much was stirring in the Military Transportation office. A few employees were draped around a radio listening to the Washington Redskins-Philadelphia Eagles football game. Arthur Gass, the boss, was writing a speech to deliver a few days later in Atlanta. This was Sunday afternoon, December 7th.

Then the book of calamities struck.

The Japs took their sneak punch at Pearl Harbor and history's greatest movement of United States troops was under way. Tanks, guns, men had to be instantly shifted into strategic spots. This office was the nerve center of all operations. It houses the organization set up by the Association of American Railroads to handle military movements in the country.

Teletypes began to sing—orders for all major railroads: Round up flatcars to haul coast artillery from New Jersey to Oregon. Get 3,000 assorted cars to Camp Blank in Georgia and tell the Southern Pacific to steady itself for the avalanche. Put anything off the tracks that got in the way. Even the Super Chief went on sidings to let flea-bitten old freights rattle by. Unprecedented numbers of men were moving. Within a few hours the Army had become the biggest shipper the country had ever seen.

In the seven weeks that followed Pearl Harbor, American railroads moved 600,000 men. And for every carload of men, they moved something like five carloads of freight: tanks, jeeps, peeps, bakery trucks, X-ray trucks, field kitchens, artillery, ammunition. Three million tons of this equipment rolled to places where it was needed.

The railroads got by with the job. Thank excellent planning for the fact that they did. For years they have rehearsed for M-Day—moving troops to maneuvers, shifting C.C.C. boys from the East to the West Coast. And the Army has been boning up on its end of the job.

It assigned officers to travel with the Ringling Circus and study methods of loading and unloading. So, incidentally, did the Germans. The Army worked out a manual showing precise space requirements for every piece of equipment. A 105-mm. howitzer would need so much car space, so much blocking to hold it down. The manual is complete down to the amount of wire needed to tie a dispatch rider's motorcycle on a flatcar.

Everything the Army owns is built to fit existing railroad equipment. Heavy tanks fit on flatcars and go through tunnels without scraping. Sixteen-inch guns need three cars and are built to go around curves without knocking over stations. Field kitchens pass through baggage-car doors—ready to feed men in transit.

Loading and unloading all this impedimenta calls for skilled men—and the Army has them. For years it has drilled men to the job. Like Zouaves, they swarm over a train and load it in less time than the average family takes in packing the car for a picnic. A couple of recent tests show how good they are. Twenty-four flatcars of tanks were unloaded in fourteen minutes! Brake wheels at the end of each car were removed, the gaps between cars were bridged and tanks were driven the length of the train and down ramps at the end. In another test, hundreds of soldiers swarmed over a train and loaded 85 cars of mixed freight in fifteen minutes.

There is a general but mistaken notion that trucks free an army from rail transportation. Trucks are designed for short hauls, and for use within a combat zone. All long-distance moves go by train. Not long ago the Army checked rail vs. road on a sample haul. It split one motorized unit in half. One part moved by train from Washington to Fort Bliss in Texas and made the trip in 60 hours. The part that went over the highways took sixteen days.

The A.A.R.'s Military Transportation office dovetails with the Army's transportation office. One handles problems of loading and unloading; the other procurement of equipment and routings. Both are in the same Washington office building. Between them they have something like 500 employees.

The Master of the Spider Web

Arthur Gass who runs the railroad office is a truculent little man who railroaded in France during the last war with General Atterbury. He is tough, quick, decisive—characteristics needed for his kind of job. He knows the vast spider web of United States railroads—400,000 miles of track—and the equipment owned by each line. He carries a fairly complete list in his files. So when he wants anything, he knows where he can put his finger on it in a hurry. During the Pearl Harbor rush, Gass stayed at his desk for four days, allowing only six hours out for sleep.

To get some idea how his vast setup works let's suppose that General MacArthur has a specific job calling for a division of new troops. The General Staff looks around, decides that Division X at Camp Khaki in Massachusetts is fully trained and ready to move. It passes word along to General Somervell, head of Services of Supply in the new streamlined Army. He in turn notifies Brigadier General Charles Gross who heads up all transport—water and land. Gross arranges for ships and passes the problem of rail transport along to Lt. Col. Edmund Lasher. Lasher is a young West Pointer — thirty-five — who has been working on problems of rail transport for five years. Like other transportation officers, this quiet, capable young man has worked in railroad offices, knows what makes the trains run.

From this point on, the entire problem of moving the troops is in the laps of Gass and Lasher. They have only one fact to work on: the division must be in San Francisco ready to embark on a certain date, say July 4th.

The team of Gass & Lasher have a big teletype circuit to make arrangements. Lasher's office is connected to all major Army camps; Gass, to the seven regional railroad associations and the Pullman Company.

These circuits have an interesting twist. They carry only marginal voltage —just enough to get messages through. If a wire is tapped the slight extra drain of power shuts the system down. Telephone messages are garbled—and can't be unscrambled unless frequency is known. All these precautions are vitally necessary. You can guess how the Japs would like to know the date of a major embarkation. The room where these movements are handled is one of the most carefully guarded in Washington. There's a sign on the door NO ADMITTANCE! ! Two exclamation points. A full staff works around the clock.

As soon as he gets first word of the troop movement Lasher gives the camp a warning notice. Be on the alert, ready to move at any moment. The transportation officer assigned to the division sends back a list of equipment required; so many boxcars, baggage cars, flatcars, gondolas. From here on, the problem is Gass' baby. It is his job to see that the 80 trains required for the movement are on hand when needed. He has to feed them in only as fast as loading facilities can handle them and pull them out as soon as they are packed.

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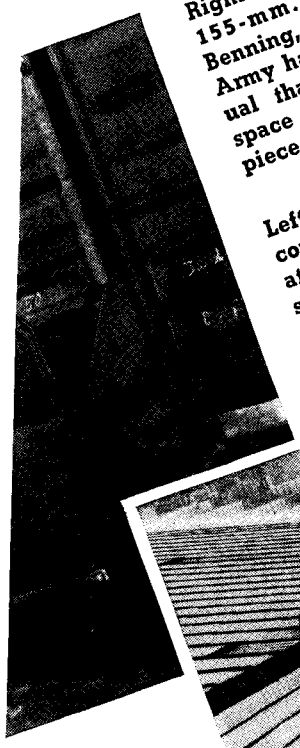
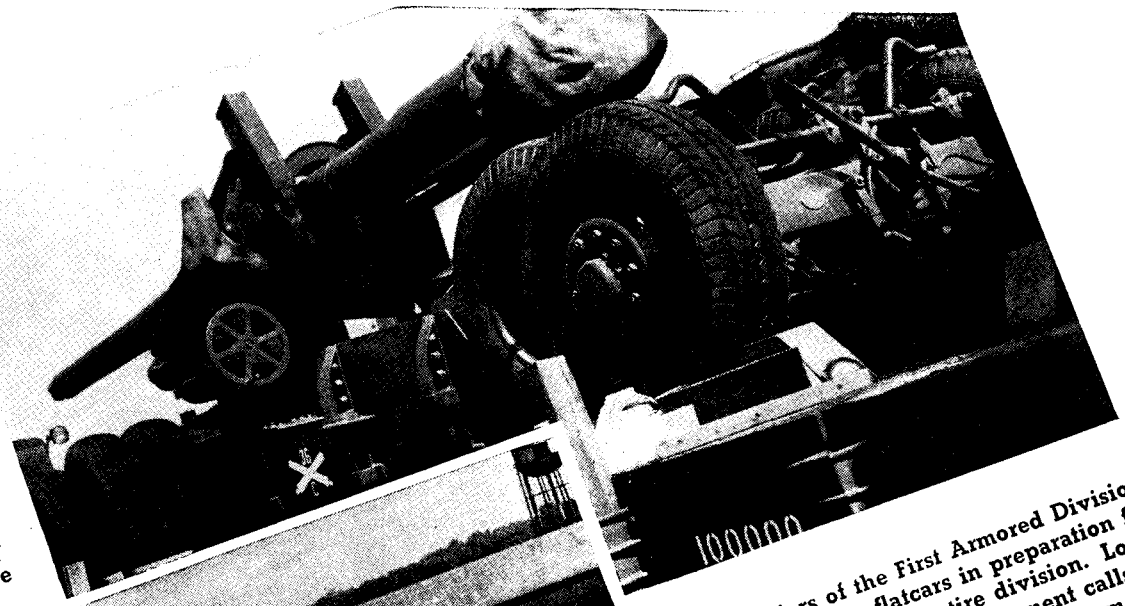
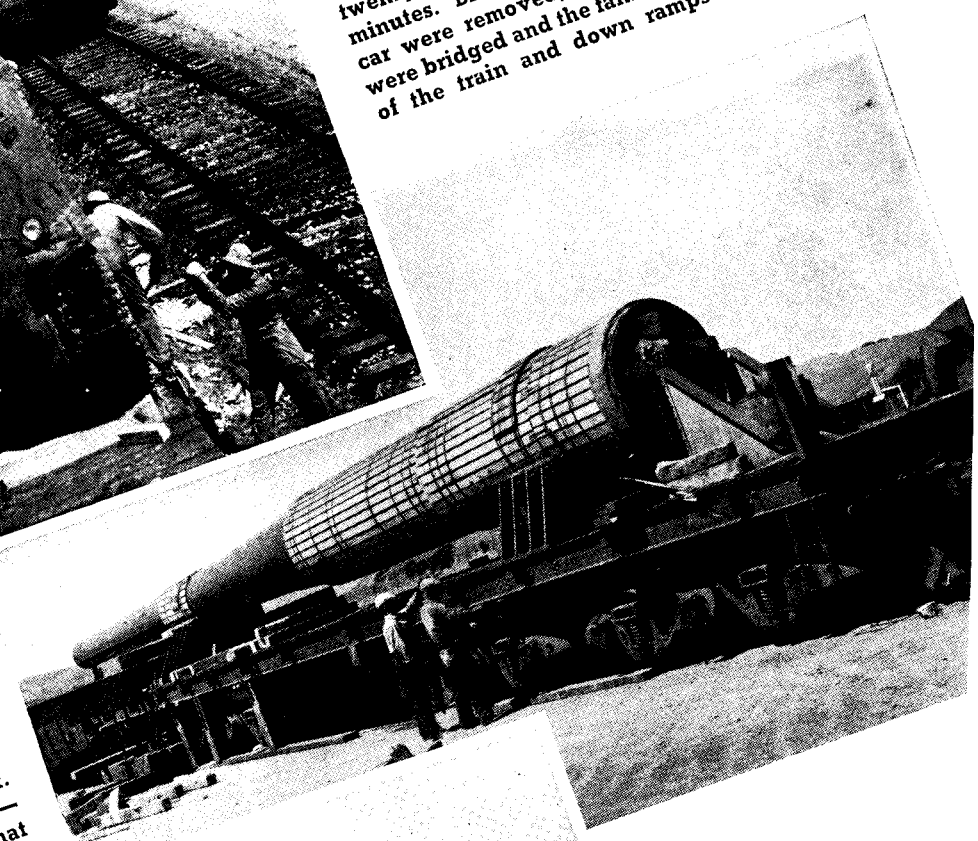


Right: Caterpillar tractors and 155-mm. guns at the Ft. Benning, Ga., railhead. The Army has worked out a manual that shows the space requirement for every piece of military equipment

Left: Soldiers maneuvering command cars onto a siding at Ft. Benning. The photo shows clearly how expertly the freight cars are packed so as to make use of every available inch of space



Left: Soldiers of the First Armored Division loading tanks on flatcars in preparation for the movement of an entire division. Loading and unloading this equipment calls for skilled men—and the Army has them. For years it has drilled men to the job. In a recent test a swarm of soldiers unloaded twenty-four flatcars of tanks in fourteen minutes. Brake wheels at the end of each car were removed, the gaps between cars were bridged and the tanks drove the length of the train and down ramps at the end



Right: A giant gun rides the rails from Massachusetts to California on a flatcar. Sixteen-inch guns need three cars and are built to go around curves without knocking over stations

Below: Tanks readied for shipment from Ft. Knox. Every train is packed as a tactical unit—guns with their ammunition, etc.—so that equipment can be assembled for instant use

If the problem were simply that of starting a train at Camp Khaki and running it straight through to the Coast it wouldn't be so bad. But at each division point along the railroads involved in the movement, new engines, new train crews must take over. Thus, in passing over ten divisions, 800 engines, 800 crews will be required.

Every train has to be packed as a tactical unit. Antiaircraft batteries go with their guns and ammunition—so they can get off and start fighting at any spot. The same for artillery outfits, machine-gun companies, and others.

Trains must be timed to arrive at San Francisco in orderly fashion. They can't keep ships waiting—ships are too precious these days. So is yard space. So trains must be fed in only as rapidly as they can be unloaded. Routing presents other problems. If one road is heavily burdened with war traffic, trains must be detoured around it. To keep too heavy loads from falling on one transcontinental line, trains may be routed over half a dozen.

Once the movement starts, Gass' office keeps check on it every mile of the way. Elaborate routing sheets, the size of desk blotters, follow the progress of each train. As they pass check points along the transcontinental run, the office gets word. Thus, Gass keeps his fingers on every train. This is an important point. Possibly military authorities may decide to change the destination of one unit. In this case new orders go out. The train is stopped, turned around and headed for some other spot. In one hurry-up case Gass caught a train in the middle of the country, had it turned around inside of fifteen minutes.

(Continued on page 69)

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No Illusions

Continued from page 48

heaven-sent talents in this stupid fashion. What was needed, came the clarion cry, was a permanent acting company that would stick together, live together, play together, love one another.

Leading in this movement were Lee Strasberg, an actor who was determined to be a director; Harold Clurman, a play reader; Miss Crawford, most important shot of all, and such established actors as Franchot Tone and Morris Carnovsky. They became so heated by their own enthusiasm that they finally tore up their Guild contracts, kicked the bucket over the barn, and started in. Miss Crawford started it by talking the Guild into allowing them to do Paul Green's The House of Connolly, incidentally throwing in a little moola for production purposes. The critics liked it so well that it got off to a good start but it soon folded. The criticisms had aroused the envy of the Guild and it was plain that there would be no steady backing from that source in the future.

To understand the Group Theater, you must know that they followed the method of Stanislavsky, the great Russian director. Whether it was pure Stanislavsky or an American variation was not plain but habitues of the Forties were soon startled at the sight of a bearded man rising suddenly in a Times Square restaurant and shouting dramatically: "I hate you! Won't you have a cup of tea!" This would be Morris Carnovsky of the Group, practicing his method.

They also had a way of strolling through the streets, saying over and over: "Ninety-nine nuns in an Indiana nunnery" or "How now—brown cow?" What this was supposed to mean was never clear but the Group was addicted to it. Since Miss Crawford was not an actress, she became the money raiser. She raised the dough for the Siftons' 1931 and Maxwell Anderson's Night Over Taos, both of which were appalling disasters.

A Hand-to-Mouth Existence

After the latter it was a case of darkness descending over the Group, and that winter found fourteen of them, battered but determined, established *en menage* on West 57th Street in a railroad flat (no hot water, no steam heat). They talked the gas company out of the deposit, they talked the landlord out of the rent, the provisioners out of provender. The cooking was done by a young man named Clifford Odets, who made potato pancakes.

Although she was as young as most of the Group members, Miss Crawford was the mother of the brood. She was the hardhead, the practical tactician. For relaxation she hummed old corny popular ballads (a trait that will be discussed more fully later) and managed to get in a swim, her favorite sport. Between times she scurried about town extracting gold from soft-minded millionaires. She never insulted them by mentioning profits. Instead she would say:

"This is a play the theater needs."

In that way she produced John Howard Lawson's Success Story, which introduced Luther and Stella Adler to the Group. It had the usual critical approval and the customary silence at the box office. Their next, however, was Sidney Kingsley's Men In White, which was a smash hit but from which the Group made little money because the profits were split with Sidney Harmon, co-producer. They immediately took that dough and sunk it in Lawson's Gentlewoman, which met the death but didn't daunt the Group.

"We liked it," they said blithely.

The company retreated to the wilderness to lick its wounds and spent the summer in an ancient hostel atop a mountain near Ellenville, New York. It was still a family unit. The acquisition of a new member was like a marriage. He was taken into the fold, coddled, cherished, nursed and provided for physically, emotionally, spiritually.

When John Garfield, literally exploding with the desire to express himself, burst in with the classic announcement that in the future he would talk only as Shakespeare talked, crying:

"To me, that would be tantamount!" they nodded solemnly in approval.

When a play needed a certain antique piece of furniture, the stage manager went out and stole it from an exhibition that refused to sell it. He would rush in during one of their seasons of despair and cry:

"Come on out and have a drink!"

"Nobody wanted a drink," explains Miss Crawford. "They wanted soup. They were starving."

When the Group made money on a play, they immediately tossed it into another production that floored them. At one period the directors called the actors in and said in essence:

"To the boats, children. We sink."

Most of them left for jobs in Hollywood, but even as they were coursing through Albuquerque they were plotting their return. They would labor mightily and save their dough; they would encourage fine talents; they would keep the light burning. This was laudable and there were still good days to be enjoyed in the future, but the task was getting too much for Miss Crawford and there had been rifts among the directors. Finally she resigned.

After her departure the Group had its greatest success, Golden Boy, but the fate of the organization seemed written on the wall and the end became inevitable. It had left a mark on the American theater, both because of its standards and because of the talent it developed. Miss Crawford is a producer; Harold Clurman is a Hollywood director; Lee Strasberg is a Broadway director; Elia Kazan acts and directs on Broadway; John Garfield, Franchot Tone and J. Edward Bromberg are in Hollywood; Lee Cobb is a Broadway and Hollywood star; Luther Adler acts and directs; Sanford Meisner acts and directs; Morris Carnovsky is a great Broadway name.

At this juncture Miss Crawford sat down to examine her future. She was still young and decidedly she was not domestic. When she read a book, it was always with a hope that something for the theater could be made of it. When she went shopping, her eyes were trained to look for good costume materials. As she walked about, she studied types for future plays. She knew she was going on in the theater. Also she was confident about it.

"The way you do it," she assured her friends, "is read a play through rapidly the first time to get the sense and movement of it, then go back and read it line for line to catch wrong construction and bad writing. I can always manage to raise money; I know where good directors and designers are to be found. Get a play and put it on. That's the stuff."

The first play she put in production was Four Cents a Word and it never came out of production. After long looks at it in rehearsal, she decided not to open it.

"Slight doubts began to annoy me," says Miss Crawford about this period in her career.

Her next was All the Living, a study in psychology and neurotic behavior, and the critics were unkind. They thought the subject was serious enough but asked why Miss Crawford felt the theater was the place for it. They tapped her smartly with the ferule and, by inference, warned the public to stay away. The public was obedient to the point of servility. They walked blocks out of the way to avoid passing her theater.

"This was the time of my dizzy spells," says Crawford.

It took her a year to get her bearings. She mistrusted her judgment, her health was affected and she was financially a cipher. A friend invited her to stay in the country and she left Broadway with eagerness. She recovered enough to do Family Portrait, with Judith Anderson, another critical success and partial financial loss.

At this juncture she and John J. Wildberg took over the theater in Maplewood, New Jersey, and proceeded to make summer theater history. It was an old movie house in the middle of town and the experiment threatened to be a gruesome thing in the first few weeks. They conceived of it as the usual hayloft proposition, put on two light comedies and lost $6,000.

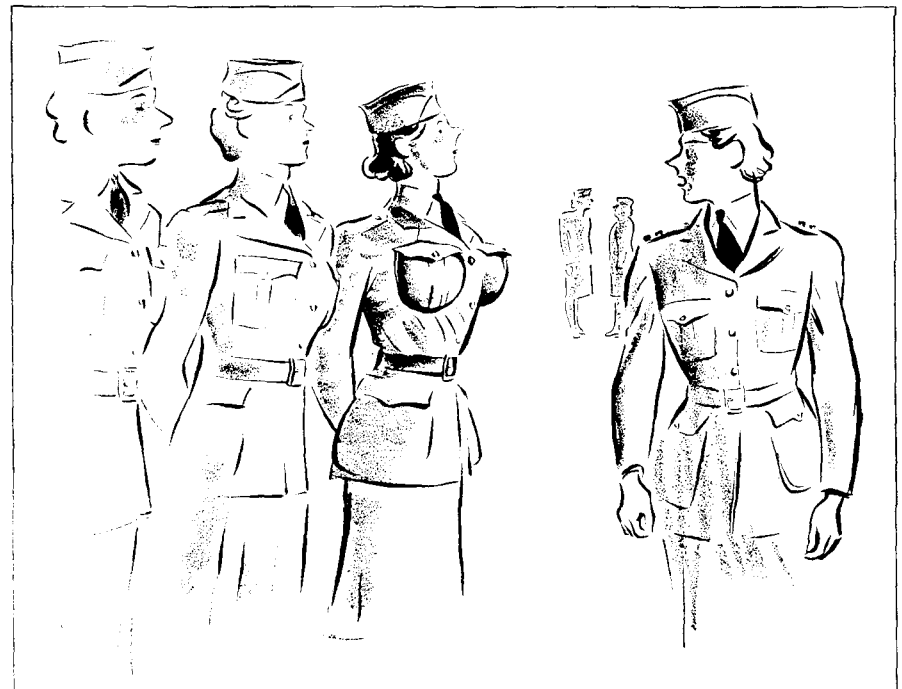
"We decided we were licked anyway," says Miss Crawford, "and brought in a play we liked: Tallulah Bankhead in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. We wanted to close with a gesture."

The play made a wad of money and revealed that what Maplewood wanted was a good play, not summer plays. They've been getting them since. Helen Hayes rolled up Broadway grosses with Twelfth Night. Native Son was a hit. The original company of The Little Foxes created a furor. The money rolled in, but what was more important was that it changed Miss Crawford's idea about the theater.

"When you have a new show each week, you can't stew around about it. You do it, bad or good, and you learn to cut corners. I stopped being a neurotic mess."

Between the acts of the plays at Maplewood, she discusses the performances and announces the next week's bill. Between shows she lectures before civic groups in the vicinity.

"After all those years—and out comes the ham," she says.



"Empty your pockets, Cogan!" GARRETT PRICE

A Singer at Heart

She thinks now that she might not have made a bad actress but in reality she confines her performing to the rendition of old popular songs. She knows the words, authorship and tune of every song published in America since 1900 and will sing it for you in a cracked and thoroughly unmusical voice upon the slightest encouragement. Her selection of old sheet music is said to be the most complete in existence. Her favorites are the "heaven" songs—Hello, Central Give Me Heaven; Ireland Must be Heaven 'Cause My Mother Came from There, etc., etc.

"Fine rich drips of treacle," she sighs fondly.

She lives in an apartment in the East Fifties in New York, has a dog named Corky and memorizes poetry. She has read everything in poetry and seems constitutionally unable to forget any of it.

"Don't get her started on that," say her friends moodily.

Her mind is calm and direct and extremely frank. When she talks about a certain Broadway producer who can't read a blueprint and never knows whether his stage sets are going to get into the theater, she employs a special type of scorn that represents the feeling of a professional for a dilettante.

"He could just as easily have been a jockey," she says sadly, as if hoping that the suggestion will get back to him.

She knows what things should cost, where to get them, how to get them made right. The only thing neither she nor any other manager knows is whether a script is going to make a good play. She has spent a lot of money discovering that her judgment is not infallible. She has tried both prayer and analysis. When she gets a hit she hopes it is the result of her intelligence and not an accident. But she has no illusions about her profession.

"Broadway is a large, black hole," she says sadly.

THE END

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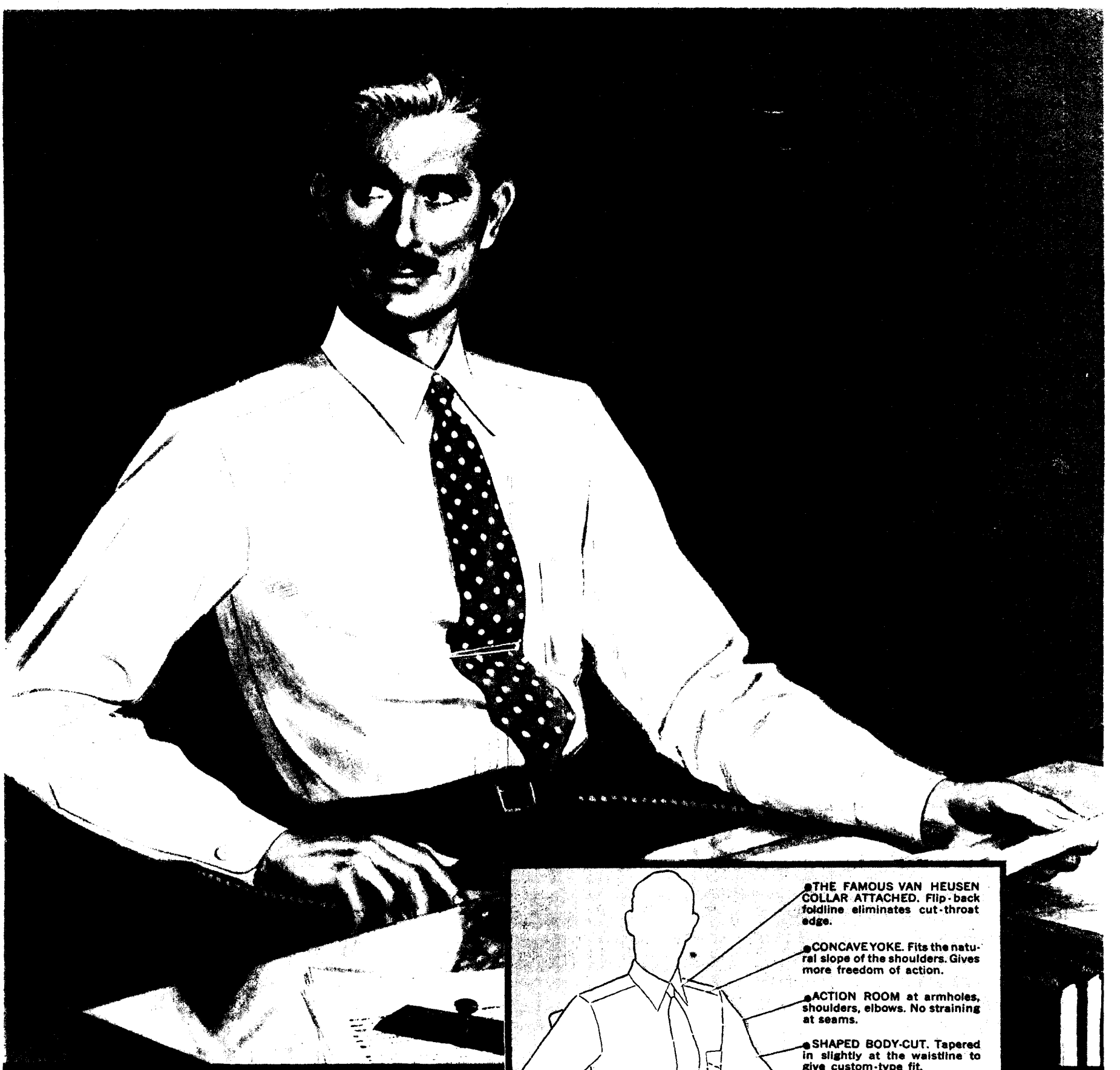

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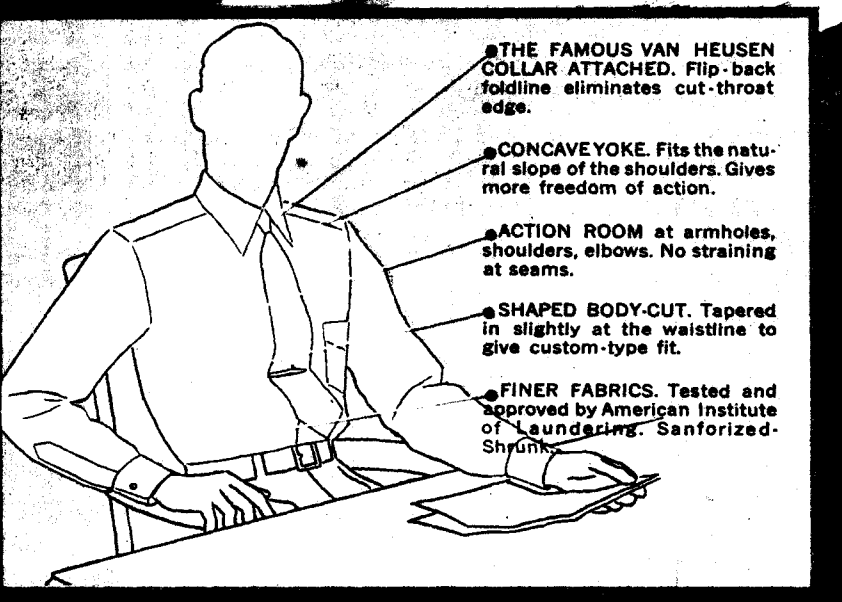

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How Chennault Kills Japs

Continued from page 16

second squadron was wiped out near Rangoon. On that very Christmas dawn, an attacking force of forty escorted bombers was "exploded" before it ever reached its target. Nineteen of the forty bombers were sent crashing headlong into the jungles before they could even fire a shot.

In four days, in the very skies they had dominated for nearly five years, Japan had lost more fighting planes than they had sacrificed in their attack on Hawaii, or in the course of a whole year of war in China. Against the forces of the United States, of Britain and the Dutch, they had proved their "invincibility" in the air. Had they not crippled Hawaii? Had they not dealt a staggering blow to Britain's navy, a task at which even Hitler's own forces had failed? Behind the spearhead of their aerial attack, Hong Kong was doomed. The Philippines were falling. Malaya and Britain's great bastion, Singapore, were crumbling.

Only one obstacle stood in the path of swift, easy victory. The Burmese heavens were full of "sharks." A mass attack by eighty bombers and pursuits, launched at Rangoon on Christmas Day, was torn to pieces before it could reach its target. In the next dawn, an entire regiment of Japanese bombers, hidden deep in the Thailand jungle, was destroyed before it could get off the ground. That same night a fleet of dark Japanese raiders, far up the Burma Road, was sucked into a whirlpool of sudden death.

Time after time, the spearhead of Japan's aerial attack was hurled out of the sky, and Japanese columns were driven back into the jungles, their careful plan of invasion thrown completely out of gear.

A Schoolteacher Fazes the Japs

It took the Japanese a long time to discover—and the world even longer to appreciate—that Japan was barred from the road to India not by a super air force of the United Nations but by the aerial wizardry of an almost forgotten schoolteacher from the Louisiana lowlands, a U. S. Army ex-pilot, Claire L. Chennault. With only a handful of young American volunteers with old-style fighting planes he had begged, with fuel he had borrowed and with ammunition he often had to steal, Chennault turned Japan's "easy" blitzkrieg of Burma into a major campaign.

The American Volunteer Group, outnumbered twenty to one, with no reserves, without support, did amazing things. As this is being written, their record stands at five hundred and fifty-two Jap planes destroyed. The balance sheet is even more phenomenal: thirty-four Japanese planes for every P-40 shot down; ninety-seven Japanese for every American lost in combat.

Born in Commerce, Texas, on September 6, 1890, Claire Chennault was brought up by his cotton planter father to be a farmer. He studied scientific agriculture at Louisiana State University and then, that he might pass on what he had learned to others, took a teaching course at the State Normal School. He was principal of a rural high school; was married and the father of three boys when he enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1917. Graduated from Officers' Training School, he was still a ground officer in the aviation section of the Signal Corps at the time of the Armistice. But flying had already got into his blood and a year later, having won his wings, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the newly formed U. S. Army Air Corps.

A natural teacher, he combined his love of flying for flying's sake with a schoolmaster's orderly study of this new art. He saw service at every principal air base around the United States and took his turn at all branches of the flying service. He liked the fast-flying, hard-hitting pursuit work best. It was in Hawaii, as commandant of the 19th Pursuit Squadron in 1929, that he began an exhaustive study of aerial tactics.

By night he calculated and plotted. By day he test-flew all the intricate patterns of which those early fighting planes were capable. From these he developed a revolutionary concept of aerial warfare.

But when Chennault tried to fit his new tactics into the traditional pattern of combat flying, they just would not mesh. General John F. Curry, Chennault's commandant at Maxwell Field, cited him as "one of the outstanding authorities on pursuit aviation, a fearless pilot and an able leader." Chennault wrote a textbook on aerial tactics. It was a small voice crying through the darkness.

Our every-man-for-himself method of combat flying, Chennault held, was a throwback not only to World War I, but to King Arthur. A team of three pursuits could drive any six individual fighters out of the sky, he argued. And to convince the Air Corps, he took two of his squadron mates, tied their wings to his own, and the three of them, flying as one man, tore the sky apart. The higher-ups, however, saw in this demonstration only a spectacular stunt.

Then, in 1937, Captain Claire L. Chennault was retired—because of deafness incurred in line of duty. At forty-seven he was through. With Mrs. Chennault and their eight youngsters, "The Old Man" settled down in a simple little cottage on Lake St. John, near Water Proof, Louisiana.

But Chennault did not stay settled long. His two teammates, Lieutenants J. H. Williamson and W. C. McDonald, Jr., also retired from the Air Corps, went to China to help train combat pilots. When word reached them in Nanking that an American air adviser was to be sent to China, they went to work. The generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, sponsors of Chinese aviation, were impressed. If Chennault cared to come, the job was his. Every day or so he received a note from one or the other of his flying partners, but each said in effect little more than, "You ought to come to China. You'll find it very interesting." Finally, the old squadron leader packed his bags. He couldn't be sure, but he thought he smelled a fight.

A Little Occidental Skulduggery

One of his old flying partners set out to intercept Chennault and pilot him through the Oriental maze. Disguised as a theatrical manager, he organized a vaudeville troupe and smuggled himself into Japan. Then one day, while his artists were performing in the Osaka Theater, the "impresario" slipped aboard Chennault's steamer at Kobe. By the time they docked along Shanghai's bund, Chennault was well prepared. He got the job.

Shortly after Chennault's arrival, in July, 1937, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek went to war with Japan. He thought he had 600 first-line combat planes. By the time Chennault discovered that China had actually less than one hundred, the Japanese had already won mastery of the air.

Flight by flight, Chennault watched the Japs wipe out China's air force. There was no visible means of getting either planes or pilots. But Chennault would not give up.

Doggedly, he planned ahead. When he was not training the few pilots for whom China had planes, Chennault was studying Japan's air force. He catalogued the strength and weakness of every Jap plane—the German Heinkel, Junkers and Dornier; the British Hawker, Blackburn and Short; the Italian Fiat; the American Martin, Lockheed, Curtiss, North American—bombers and pursuits—all built in Japan under U. S. license.

Chennault took Japan's plan of aerial warfare apart. He psychoanalyzed the Japanese pilot, memorized his book of "precepts," learned his reactions to an innumerable series of conditions. Before long, Chennault, the air leader without planes or pilots, could peer at the sky through a pair of field glasses and describe to an openmouthed audience of staff officers each detailed move that an attacking Japanese squadron would make before it actually made it.

Planning for China's Offensive

All this, probably the most complete intelligence on Japanese air power outside the secret files of Tokyo and Berlin, Chennault stored up against the day when China could strike back. Month after month, he planned and schemed for American planes and pilots and equipment.

But aid to China was a hopeless cause in the days of Japanese appeasement. It was not until the passage of the Lend-Lease Act that there was any hope of getting help. The ponderous machinery began to move. Planes for China? Certainly. But there was none to be had. Priorities. Aid to Britain. Army procurement. Navy allotments. Planes for the Netherlands, the East Indies, Australia, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Russia. Then one day a delivery order for 100 of the old-type Curtiss P-40 pursuits, originally allocated to Sweden, was canceled. The United States was willing. The British Purchasing Commission finally agreed to their release. The P-40s were already obsolescent.

Chennault got those 100 planes. But his troubles had only begun. After months in transit, the planes arrived in China with no replacement parts. To start with, then, he would have to keep half of them in the shops to supply spare parts to keep the other fifty in the air. They required a corps of skilled mechanics, which only America could supply. Their liquid-cooled engines demanded high-octane gasoline, as rare as gold in China. Their machine guns, six to each plane, needed an assortment of ammunition. Most serious of all, there were no pilots in China who could fly his fighters. Tribulations multiplied.

In one last, desperate effort, Chennault, then a general in the Chinese army, returned to the United States last summer. First he called at Washington, then visited air base after air base around the country. All he asked was permission to talk to the pilot groups. He had no order, no letter of authority. There was never a line of writing. Japan must not be offended. But group after group heard about China, what the Chinese were up against, what could be done. China needed pilots—desperately. Each man would have to take his chances. But Chennault promised to give each man a cause worth fighting for.

One hundred pilots trailed Chennault

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from the camps—and a corps of airplane and engine mechanics, riggers and armorers followed suit. From the forty-eight states, three hundred men were collected. They went as civilians, not as members of the Air Corps.

Chennault flew across the Pacific by clipper and met them at Rangoon. Across interior Burma, which was to be their future battleground, they were whisked into the school he had prepared at Toungoo. In simple, schoolmaster's language, he taught the youngsters all he knew of flying, all the little secrets he had learned about the Japs.

Chennault believes that a simple plan well carried out is far better than the most complex pattern poorly executed. His credo: teamwork; precision. He trained his youngsters as a top-flight coach would train a fast-moving basketball team. He drilled them on the tactics used by the British, Germans, Italians, French, Japanese and Chinese, as well as on our own American pattern. He required his A.V.G. cadets to practice six to eight hours a day on each maneuver until it was letter-perfect. Later, he would team them up in pairs and have them perform the same maneuvers until, in formation, they could execute the same precision as if every plane in the group were held by a single control.

Hitting the Enemy's Weak Point

Then, by precept and example, he taught them how to fight. His theory was simple. Japanese planes could climb faster, turn quicker, bring more fire power to bear. His P-40s had two points—and only two—on the credit side. They were speedier and sturdier; they could dive harder than the Japs. His plan of attack, then, was designed to maneuver the Japs into such a position that they would have to reveal their weaknesses. Against these, he would pit his superior speed and strength. Above all, Chennault counted one great advantage: Japan, like the United States, Britain, even Germany, maneuvered according to the old traditional pattern of air combat. His boys were taught a new system—an attack by teams in wide, weaving strokes from above and below.

Beyond this, he gave them only five rules. First: never attack alone. One P-40 against one Jap is outnumbered three to one. But a team of two P-40s together can outhit, outfight any six Japanese. Second: get there first. Then you know where you are going to meet the enemy. He doesn't. Third: make your fire count. Your bullets have to run into the Jap. You can't count on him running into your bullets. Fourth: don't try to get them all at once. Strike once—with all you've got. Then head for home. Fifth: don't wait to see what will happen next—because it will happen to you.

It was in Toungoo that they painted the shark's head on the snout of the P-40s. The Japanese, being island people, have a reverence for fish, the staple of their diet. They are also an extremely superstitious people and they have a healthy horror of sharks. But the P-40s were later to carry another decoration which the Japanese like even less. For every Jap brought down, the victorious pilot is awarded a small Nipponese flag. This trophy, a bright red dot on a white background, is mounted just under the pilot's windscreen. Every one of the group has earned at least two of these awards; many have half a dozen. The late Squadron Leader Jack Newkirk had the side of his fighter lined with twenty-eight.

Because the Tiger is a favorite deity of the Chinese, the A.V.G. pilots called themselves Tiger Sharks. But they were Flying Tiger Sharks to the Chinese and became The Flying Tigers to the world.

Meanwhile, Chennault was preparing his main base at Kunming, deep in China's Yunnan hills. On the shores of a clear blue lake, six thousand feet above sea level, this station on the Burma Road was ideal for his purpose. Surrounding this base, he established an ingenious system of listening posts. First, "interceptors," Chinese volunteers, with little hand-powered portable radio transmitters, lie in wait off the Japanese airdromes. Then two circles, the first two hundred miles from his base, the second fifty miles nearer, are formed by other loyal Chinese—hundreds of them. Each is taught how to watch and listen for enemy aircraft, how to distinguish their types, measure their speed, determine their direction. In trials, the system was uncanny.

In November, Chennault reported to the generalissimo that A.V.G. was ready. He had only two full squadrons, one of ex-Army pilots, one from the Navy schools, and a flight group of eight made up of Marine-trained fliers. He had no reserves of either ammunition or fuel. But when war sped across the Pacific on that Sunday dawn of December 7th, Chennault's boys were ready.

On Sunday morning, December 21st, the first chance came. Six P-40s climbed into the clouds. Japan's first "invincible" squadron was shot to pieces. And six P-40s, without a scratch, came streaking home to Kunming—to report to "The Old Man."

Everything he had taught them had come true. After this first demonstration of the "Chennault System," there was no curbing their enthusiasm. When the Japs attacked, their formation was just as he said it would be, they turned the way he said they would, they reacted just as he had sketched it for his pilots on the blackboard at Toungoo. Later, when Parker Dupuoy, of Seekonk, Massachusetts, hooked his wing into a Zero, he remembered what Chennault had said: "The Zero can outmaneuver and outclimb you. You are faster and stronger. These are your advantages. Use them." With supreme confidence in Chennault's teachings, the youngster pointed his nose into a dive—and watched the Jap's wing crumble like a piece of paper. From then on, "The Old Man" was regarded as infallible.

After four long years, Chennault was ready to deliver his first blow for China. But before he could strike, the British in Burma called for help: "Send the American Volunteer Group to Rangoon." When, just after dawn on the day before Christmas, only eighteen old-style P-40s swung into Mingalodon Airport at Rangoon, British faces fell. Eighteen planes! The R.A.F. had twice that number themselves. The alarm had already warned them that eighty Jap planes were even then on the way.

But neither the British nor the Japs figured Chennault into their totals—until the two forces met. The two British squadrons returned with six Jap planes to their credit, with a loss of four of their own. The eighteen A.V.G. pilots came back with a record of nineteen Japs, their only casualty being a bullet hole through one wing of one of the P-40s!

Word of the spectacular victory swept like wildfire through China. In one lightning blow, the Japs' planned blitzkrieg of Burma was thrown out of gear. That battle wrote the first line in an epic chapter of American courage which must forever stand as one of the brightest pages in our military history. Day after day, for sixty-two successive days, relays of Chennault's pilots met Japan's attackers head on.

The courage of this little band of American volunteers became the sparkplug of fierce Allied resistance all over the Asiatic mainland. If only help would come!

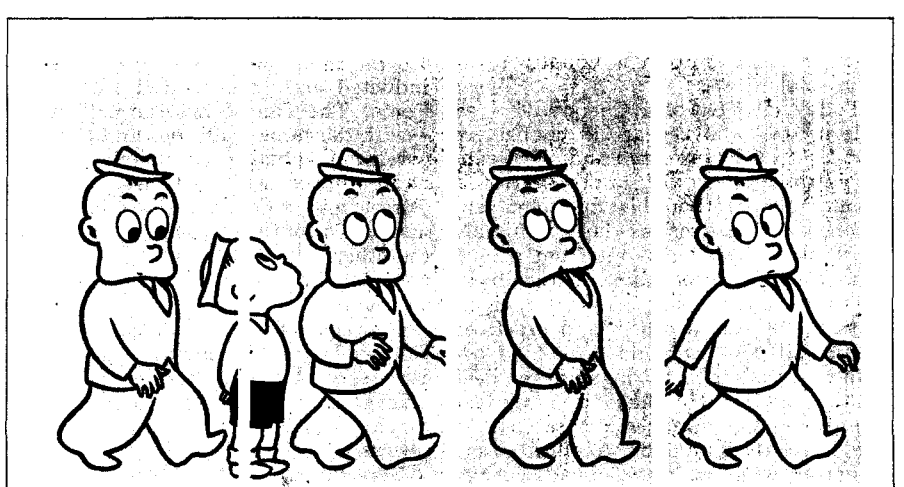
Pursuits normally escort bombers and raiding planes to protect the main attack from enemy interceptors. But the Armed Forces of the United Nations, strung along the bloody rivers and jungles of Burma, needed help and needed it badly. When the hoped-for aid failed to appear, the little group had to assume the role of an entire air force.

Deadly Teamwork

The task appeared to be hopeless—but not to Chennault. He had worked out a technique for this, too. He drilled his fighters in teams of three instead of teams of two. The main attack would be carried by two P-40s. High over their heads, the third would stand by, ready to dive in, should trouble develop in the wake of the two attackers. Now in addition to the one-minute supply of machine-gun ammunition, the pilots were issued 2.2-lb. demolition bombs which they tucked into their airplanes' flare receptacles or carried in their laps.

Thereafter, when reports reached the Allied front that attacking forces were assembling, "attack groups" of Sharks raced to the scene, often destroying the Japs before they could get off the ground. As fast as the Japs could move in reinforcements, the A.V.G. burned and blasted them out.

With the same infinite pains with which he had mastered every secret of Japanese technique in aerial warfare, Chennault had studied their technique of invasion. Given the fighter planes, the spearhead of Japan's attack could be turned back. With only a few bombers, A.V.G. fliers could cut the life lines of Japan's invading forces before they could be strung across the China Sea. Chennault knew every basic wheel of Japan's supply system. With China-based bombers, in the protective escort of his fighters, he could slow Japan's invasion to a walk. Even with a dozen



Nothing

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ZENITH
HAS THIS!
● THE FIRST AND ONLY PORTABLE RADIO GUARANTEED TO RECEIVE EUROPE, SO. AMERICA OR THE ORIENT EVERY DAY, OR YOUR MONEY BACK. IT ALSO BRINGS IN FOREIGN SHORT WAVE RECEPTION ON TRAINS, PLANES, SHIPS.
COLLAPSIBLE WAVE ROD
When not in use can be telescoped inside of cabinet.

U. S. PATENT NO. 2164251 AND 2200674

Wavemagnet and *Shortwave* Magnet

Built-in Movable for standard and short wave reception in trains, planes and ships

In local radio broadcasting blackouts and electric power shutoffs, this new portable radio enables you to listen direct on its own battery power to America's powerful short wave stations which may be your only source of instruction and information during emergencies.

FIRST TIME! Personal short wave radio reception from our own or foreign continents—at home and while you ride in planes, trains or ships.

FIRST TIME! A portable radio that gives domestic short wave reception in locations where broadcast does not penetrate in the daytime.

FIRST TIME! The miraculous time and band buttons. Pre-set the pointer—"Press a button ... there's Europe."

FIRST TIME! On conveyances—on land—sea—air—choice of portable radio reception with built-in movable broadcast Wavemagnet and *Shortwave* Magnet.

FIRST TIME! Band Spread makes foreign station tuning on a portable radio as easy and simple as ordinary radio broadcast tuning.

FIRST TIME! Logged at the factory on short wave broadcasts ... A convenient logging chart on inside lid of cover is pre-logged by factory experts. Shows exactly what stations are found on each wave band and at what number on the dial.

FIRST TIME! Zenith Famous Radiorgan Tone Device on a portable radio.

POWER—from self-contained battery and standard lighting current ingeniously interchangeable at a second's notice. Also, Telescope Whip Aerial for use in getting *extra* distance.

WATCH your Zenith dealer's window. Don't miss this NEW ONE!

EARPHONES for privacy. Special low impedance earphones for sporting events, traveling and the hard-of-hearing (extra equipment).

WORKS on light socket or battery.

ZENITH DE LUXE COSTS MORE —BUT *DOES* MORE

ZENITH

TRANS-OCEAN CLIPPER

DE LUXE PORTABLE RADIO

AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

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BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR NINETY-FIRST YEAR

Calling You!

In war as in peace the Pin Money Club—a money-making department for girls and women—holds out to you a chance to turn your spare moments into money to spend or save.

THE women of America have a great duty to perform—the quarters, half dollars they can spare must be invested in War Stamps to help pay for bombers, warships and guns to win this war. Uncle Sam is calling you—calling every woman to do her patriotic duty.

Are you saying—right at this moment—"*What can I do?*" A North Carolina member writes:

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I got my War Stamps—15! I am thrilled and thank the Club so much. I have also received the charming pin. Thanks, too, for that."

"It is the end of another year and I am pleased. Including War Stamps, I have earned $216.95 which has added greatly to my support and to my pleasure. I do get a thrill out of my War Stamps and will soon have one book full." *A California member.*

"No matter what the confusion and gloom we face in a new year, it is good to know we can still have our Club work and can carry on with determination and faith in the future." *A Michigan member.*

Send a card or letter for our booklet, "*An Adventure in Dollars and Cents*," today.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly.
Department 173
250 Park Avenue New York City

bombers, he could carry out simultaneous "confusion raids" on the five Indo-China bases that were feeding the invasion of Malaya and the Philippines. Against this very day he had prepared secret flying bases within three and a half hours of Tokyo, within four hours of the Philippines. All he needed was the bombers.

After Singapore fell, the Japs reinforced their Burma air squadrons which had been cut from three hundred to less than one hundred and fifty combat planes by Chennault's Flying Tigers. Baffled and indignant, they began to convoy into Burma, under cover of the night, fresh squadrons, manned by veterans of the action over Malaya and the Philippines.

During the hours of these same nights, Chennault brought his limping ships and battered pilots back over the hills into China. There, working in shifts like those on a battleship at sea, riggers patched bullet-riddled wings and bodies, mechanics rejuvenated worn-out motors, armorers tuned up guns, untangled ammunition belts. Fortunately, Chennault had more men than ships and, for a while, he was able to return fresh pilots to the battle while exhausted warriors were given a breathing spell at Kunming.

The problems Chennault faced to keep the battle going were titanic. To the Japs, there seemed to be an unending stream of Tiger Sharks pouring out of the sky to meet them each time they headed into Burma. Actually, Chennault never had more than one squadron of eighteen planes operating from Rangoon in the early Burma campaign. The pitched battles which followed one another in unending succession were taking their inevitable toll. Before January was out, Chennault was desperate. He had thirty planes in flying condition. On many of these, only two of the six guns could be fired.

Then a miracle happened. A Pan American clipper came winging its way from India with a cargo of spare parts to put his machine guns back into commission. The manager of the commercial air line in China, which Chennault calls "my good right arm," went to India to fly them out. He brought back with him thirteen tons of priceless P-40 parts. Thirty-two hours later, three full squadrons of eighteen P-40s each were on the line. In another twelve hours, the wreckage of three Japanese squadrons littered the Dwana Hills.

Chennault, Worker of Miracles

By working miracles, Chennault has attracted other miracles to his side. Gasoline is a precious commodity in China. Its movements are recorded like shipments of so much gold. Yet Chennault's ability to uncap reservoirs of the rare high-octane gasoline required for his fighters' engines is magic which even the Chinese themselves have not been able to fathom. Chennault's method of obtaining ammunition is equally mysterious.

Today, at fifty-one, Chennault is as hale as the twenty-year-old youngsters who fight under his command. His lean, wiry frame gives the impression of a greater height than his five feet ten. Keen, piercing eyes, as dark as his almost black hair, peer out from a face tanned to the color of old leather by a lifetime in the open. He insists upon physical fitness in others and practices it himself. He can and does hold his own at wrestling or boxing with the best in the Group. He plays a hard, fast game of tennis and is a star pitcher on the baseball diamond. A stern disciplinarian while on duty, always speaking in a serious, gruff, slightly drawling voice, he has a heart as big as all China. He knows by the first name every one of the several hundred men and women who comprise the American Volunteer Group, and no one has ever found "The Old Man" unsympathetic, unwilling to listen, to encourage and to counsel.

Today, Chennault does little flying himself. From early morning until far into the night he works on tactical plans, schemes out new ways of beating the Japs to the punch, of counteracting some new trick the Japanese have developed, of making every P-40 the equal of twenty instead of ten of the enemy. Insisting on "early to sleep" for his pilots, Chennault himself turns in early. But he seldom sleeps, because he takes his scheming to bed with him. With the first gray light of day—or earlier, if an attack is planned—he is up again, sparking energy like a recharged battery.

When his youngsters are in combat, Chennault is tense, high-strung. He paces the floor of his little office, leaving behind a swirl of smoke, tramping over a carpet of cigarette ends. He curses interruptions that take him away from the telephone or the radio with which he keeps in constant touch with his fighters. And no one can get more than a bark out of him until the last man is safely on the ground or accounted for. When one of the boys fails to return, as must inevitably happen, Chennault is as hard hit as though the loss were his own son.

Japanese Counterblows

The Japanese did not take these blows lying down. With fierce thrusts they struck back, raiding A.V.G. bases. But, warned of their coming by Chennault's uncanny "interceptors," the Americans were seldom caught off guard. It was inevitable that all of the Sharks could not get away all the time. They are not supermen. They are a determined, spirited group of youngsters, trained after the American method, and infused with a new idea of tactical warfare. Their kind could have been and can now be duplicated at scores of air-training fields throughout the United States. The Tiger pilots have fought and they have died. How many of them have been killed in combat, how many others are in Japanese prisons is a carefully guarded military secret.

The losses of men and planes have hurt. Back through the jungle-covered interior of Burma, up against the rising barrier of China's Yunnan hills, the A.V.G. has moved in for another stand against the enveloping seas of Japan's attack. Day by day the odds grow greater, the planes fewer. Written in flame, in blood and courage, an epic chapter in America's fighting history is drawing to a close.

The next chapter is still to be written. The victories the A.V.G. has won, the proof they have given that the Japs can be beaten, have gone far to lessen the blows of Pearl Harbor, of Manila, of Singapore and the Indies. By July 4th the members of the A.V.G. will be inducted into the United States Air Force. The Tiger Squadron will live on—with the same traditions and the same personnel, plus replacements. Chennault himself will be Chief of Fighter Forces under General Brereton's command. To four hundred million souls on the other side of the world Claire Chennault symbolizes their one great hope of survival.

On the sixteenth of April, President Roosevelt sent Chennault's name to the Senate, in a list of twenty-eight other officers, to be advanced to the temporary rank of Brigadier General on active service.

Like the old soldier he is, Chennault tackles each day's work, does it the best he can, and awaits his orders.

THE END

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Marines Have Landed

Continued from page 13

refrigerators, endless bags of cement, building materials and field equipment. Multiple-wheel military trucks and troop carriers, beeps and jeeps scurried to and fro, tractors and bulldozers, road scrapers and graders puffed about, preparing a road system for the future transportation of many thousands of Tex Higginses.

In sharp contrast, a gang of native laborers, working in plodding, singsong fashion, installed by hand a concrete culvert under a low spot in the road.

The workmen were carbon copies of the Fuzzy-Wuzzys. A sarong or a pair of flamboyant shorts was the only covering on each shining black body, but the official badge of these islanders seemed to be a powder-puff headdress of black, kinky spikes. The puff was decorated with a center circle of cocoa-brown hair, an effect produced by bleaching a portion of the head with powdered lime. A century ago, British and French settlers on this island had gone into the surrounding hills to recruit these aborigines as laborers for their copra and coffee plantations, and here were their descendants, still laboring for the British and French and now American settlers.

But Tex and his fellow Americans were settling there for entirely different reasons. This tropical island, which had drowsed in peace for so many years, suddenly had become an important link in the chain of garrisons stretching from Alaska through the Hawaiian Islands to Australia. Just a few months back, the Hawaiian link had been severely pounded, other links at Wake and Guam had been broken through. Now the entire chain was under repair, and the repair job had been assigned to Tex Higgins and many transport loads of Marines, soldiers and sailors.

Tex's new home was in a clearing in the hills that ringed the harbor. To a newcomer, the camp was not impressive. Tents and mud, trucks and ruts and puddles.

A corporal who met the truck listened solemnly to Tex's first question: "Honest, is it always this gooey here?"

The noncom gave him a pitying glance. "Listen, Bud," he said, "you're lucky to be on this side of the island. The rainfall here is only ninety inches a year. On the other side it's twice that."

During the next few days, Tex's gang learned the answers to many other questions. They found out what the transports and cargo ships they'd seen anchored in the harbor were there for. They had brought fighting men and their fighting tools to help fortify this outpost of civilization. The ships had been jammed with antiaircraft guns and crews to man them in the lush green hills, with machine guns to make white sandy beaches and coral-fringed coastline unhealthy for landing parties of squat brown men, with building materials for barracks that would eventually replace the camps of khaki tents.

When Tex reported for his first duty at the air base, he saw the reason for all the plane spares—the engines and wings and landing wheels—his outfit had lugged all the way from the States. Here, a wilderness was being tailored into runways, mostly by hordes of Fuzzy-Wuzzys, many of whom still didn't believe their eyes whenever a plane flew overhead. The landing field was needed in a hurry, to base fighter planes—death-dispensers for enemy bombers. But the Fuzzy-Wuzzys don't hurry easily. Despite their white bosses' exhortations and curses, they still maintained their slow, rhythmic pace, and the long noonday siesta still meant to them what it had always meant to their tribal ancestors—much rest, no work. To the efficient American mind, it all seemed hopeless. But eventually the field would be finished, and the bosses and generals would breathe freely again.

Another tough job had been cleared up even before Tex and his cohorts had set foot ashore. A vanguard of Navy doctors had explored the island. They had ordered marshes drained, condemned streams that didn't meet their standards for purity, and had classified every germ and germ carrier in the neighborhood. They traced down a malaria-bearing mosquito to its lair in one section of the island and immediately placed that section out of bounds. Tex fills his canteen every day from a lister bag, the standard Marine container for sterilizing drinking water, and to keep him healthy he is issued a list of eating and drinking "don'ts": Don't eat food prepared by natives. Don't eat uncooked vegetables. Don't eat local fruits unless well scrubbed. Don't patronize the local saloons—and, just to remind the boys, there is an armed sentry stationed in front of each saloon.

These restrictions may seem a bit formidable at first, but new arrivals soon find camp chow better than the average, and when they feel like knocking over a couple of steins, there is always beer available at the canteen—American canned beer, shipped in regularly with the food supplies.

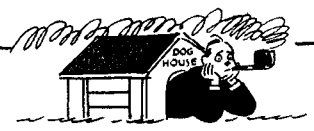
For several months, Tex goes through a toughening-up routine, capably administered by officers and noncoms who have seen prewar duty in such postgraduate toughening-up schools as Nicaragua, Wake and Guam. Gradually he becomes inured to the brutal rays of the equatorial sun and regular exercise.

The usual scuttle-butt rumors float about. Tex hears from old-timers on the island that cannibals and head-hunters still ply their trade in the fastnesses of this island group, and that if you listen on the right nights you will hear the wails and tomtom beats of tribal ceremonies. He also learns that there are several active volcanoes in the islands, any one of which will put on a dazzling fireworks display whenever the local gods are disturbed. And he has it straight from some of the veteran white settlers that less than a year ago they actually witnessed Jap amphibian troops practicing invasion landings on the shores of a neighboring island.

Well, it's a long hop from the plains of Texas, yet Tex seems to adjust himself readily. He liked his job at his home-town airport—it gave him something interesting to do with his hands and his head. But he likes this mech job even more. Grooming these hot fighter planes gives him a kick he never experienced when fooling around with transports and light private aircraft.

Tex may never become a hero, officially. The medals and ribbons, he figures, are for fearless kids who fly these slivers of light smack into an enemy's face. Sure, Tex would like to be a pilot some day, but meantime he's plenty busy inspecting struts and landing gear, changing spark plugs and gassing up planes. For the time being, he's content to be a "dodo," a flightless bird, but if you saw him sitting in a cockpit checking controls and warming up a motor, you might detect a certain gleam in his eye. When he has had the required experience in servicing Marine planes he can qualify as a technical sergeant, head man of a ground crew. And after that, who knows?

THE END



UNCLE'S PIPE STUNS LITTLE NELL

—but he's out of the dog house now!

"COME AND SIT in my lap," coaxed Uncle Fred to his favorite niece. But Nell was smart and stayed out of reach, trying hard not to faint from the fumes of his ratty old pipe.

"YOU BRUTE!" snapped her mother. "You've made the child dizzy with that strong tobacco. There's *enough* war going on in this world without having *you* start gas attacks on us!

"IF YOU WANT to be welcome here, learn about a *mild* pipe tobacco that tastes good to you and smells good to others. Here! Read this little Sir Walter ad. Then go *get* some!"

HE'S SITTIN' PRETTY since he took to that mild burley brand of grand aroma! Have *you* a blonde of 2 or 22 who won't cooperate? Good old Sir Walter sweetens 'em up! Try a tin!

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
New!
Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!
UNION MADE

Tune in... UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE

ON THE AIR EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT OVER THE COAST-TO-COAST NBC RED NETWORK

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Betting on what?" Charlotte asked, and began stuffing the money into her handbag. "Byron never gambled in his life"

WAITING FOR CHARLOTTE

By Arthur Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM WEBB

WHEN the New York Sox are rained out, it's a very dull day for Boston Benny Mayer, shrewdest of the money-changers who occupy Section 24 in the Stadium. Not only does he have to listen to one of those broadcasts relayed from out of town, which he dislikes, but he has to hear about the Brooklyn Dodgers, which he detests, in a tavern where there is very little chance to make an honest dollar.

That was why his cigar-punctured, moon-shaped face brightened so perceptibly when this fellow ambled in, wearing the grin of a happy alcoholic. Benny practically whinnied with joy as the guy produced a substantial wad of bills and slapped it upon the bar.

"You're my guest," he said, motioning to Benny and his satellite, Sam the Wolf.

"Better put your dough away," Benny replied—and the bartender seconded the motion—"before somebody starts to work on it."

"So let 'em work on it," the fellow said, and grinned at them with a pleasant, but silly expression. "Where I'm goin', money's no good. Four weeks' pay I got there. They give me that an' a farewell celebration t'day at the office—"

"The Army getcha?" Sam the Wolf asked.

The fellow nodded. "Yes, sir, an' it's okay with me. But what good's money in the Army? No good. So tonight Charlotte an' me are goin' out an' paint this town a bright red."

"Charlotte?" the bartender asked, setting out a trio of rum Collinses. "I guess she was the one who called a while ago. I told her you wasn't here."

THE fellow shrugged.

"She'll be along," he said. "I told her to meet me here. She's my girl. We're going to get married. Come on, boys, drink up."

"Y'better put your dough away," Boston Benny Mayer advised and relighted his cigar. "Unless . . ."

"Unless what?"

"Unless you're a bettin' man." Benny thumbed at the loud-speaker from which Red Barker's words cascaded.

"That?" The fellow straightened up and studied the loud-speaker. He grinned. "Who'd bet on that stuff?"

"I would . . . an' I will," Benny murmured and plunged a fat hand into his pants pocket. "I'll lay two to one Reiser don't hit safe."

"Medwick," the fellow muttered, ignoring the Reiser offer. "He deserves to strike out, or my name ain't Byron Jones!"

"Okay, make it Medwick then," Boston Benny agreed and cussed as Reiser popped up for the first out. "Two to one Medwick don't fan. Here's ten. Put up your five. You're bettin' he does fan."

Byron laughed. "You're outa your mind, pal," he said. "Medwick couldn't hit middle C in a choir rehearsal!"

"Medwick's coming to the plate," Red Barker announced.

"Ten to five says he won't fan!" Boston Benny shouted.

Byron nodded and fished a five spot from his wad with great indifference. "Charlotte should be here," he murmured and wobbled toward the door.

"Joe digs in at the plate," Barker announced. "Right-handed hitter, y'know. Errickson winds up. Here it comes . . . *and* it's over for a called strike!" The telegraphic clicking in the background sounded like a field of excited crickets. "Joe didn't even nibble at that one. Dusts his hands. Errickson gets the sign. There's the stretch . . . the pitch . . . and it's *wide* for one and one. Joe hasn't even swung yet. Third inning, folks . . . Dodgers three, Braves nothing . . . one away . . . bases are D-O-D—devoid of Dodgers. Third pitch coming up . . . and Medwick *swings* . . . fouls it off for strike two!"

"Come on, Joe!" Boston Benny pleaded. "A hit—foul—anything!"

"Errickson toes the rubber. Medwick digs in. Here's the stretch, folks. *And* the pitch. Medwick swings! *And* misses for strike three!"

"Yay, Camilli!" Byron called from the door. "What a hitter!"

"That was Medwick," Boston Benny Mayer corrected impatiently. "Camilli's comin' to the plate."

"Home-run Camilli!" Byron was at the bar again, grinning like a zany. "How about a drink, pals? I'm host."

"Would you be interested in takin' three to one against a homer by Camilli?" Boston Benny inquired slyly.

"Three t'one!" the bartender exclaimed indignantly. "Have a heart, Benny! You don't know who that guy is!"

"He wins ten," said Sam the Wolf. "Benny has a right to get even." He turned to Byron. "How about it, three to one Camilli don't homer?"

"Tch-tch-tch!" Byron clucked and waved at his bank roll. "Dig your own grave, boys. Ya sure are anxious to go broke."

"I'm layin' thirty against your ten," Benny said, adjusting the funds on the bar accordingly. "Camilli don't homer—"

A roar from the loud-speaker stiffened his spine, and the cigar dropped into the sawdust at his feet.

"It's into the right-field bleachers!" Barker screamed. "One of the longest drives Boston ever saw. Camilli's fourteenth—"

"The telephone!" Byron exclaimed. "That's Charlotte!"

"I'll take it," Sam the Wolf volunteered, and rushed to the booth. "Hello?" He called and winced as he listened. "No. No, ma'am, he's not here—yet. If he shows up, I'll tell him t'wait."

Reaching the bar, he reassured Boston Benny with a wink and Byron with a boldfaced lie about the identity of the caller. Byron puzzled and piled another twenty dollars on his growing heap, the result of even money that Dixie Walker would get a base on balls.

"I can't understand about Charlotte," he said, starting for the door again.

"What about Billy Herman?" Boston Benny demanded, gripping his coat sleeve. "Don't we bet on Herman?"

"He ain't even in the ball game," Byron chuckled.

"Twenty-five bucks says he is!" Benny roared with new-born confidence, for he had heard Herman retire the last Boston batter. He slapped the money to the bar. "Am I covered?"

Byron nodded and went unsteadily to the door of the tavern again. He returned thoroughly perplexed, but not as perplexed as Boston Benny Mayer who was listening to Red Barker report that Lew Riggs was batting for Billy Herman and would probably play second, as Herman had hurt his back on the last play of the second inning.

"That's eighty-five fish!" Benny murmured wearily. "The telephone! There it is again, Sam!"

Benny tried to think up another wager, as Sam the Wolf rushed to stall Charlotte once more.

"Charlotte sounded suspicious, but definitely mad," Sam the Wolf reported, on his return.

"We'll take him to another joint to get even," Boston Benny confided to Sam. "If he gets away, we'll never see the guy again!"

BUT Byron decided to give Charlotte ten more minutes, and Benny went to work as never before, suggesting all manner of wagers and at odds calculated to get him even and then some. But you cannot beat tippler's luck. Another seventy-five fish went into Byron's pile in tens and fives as Benny bet on a variety of moves in the second half of the third.

And then all turned suddenly to hear the patter of dainty feet. Charlotte had arrived, carrying chips on each shoulder. She marched straight to the bar and asked for the fresh mug who had told her that Byron wasn't in the place.

"I—I thought you said Bryan," Sam the Wolf told her.

"We been doin' a little bettin'," Boston Benny said, nodding at Byron's stack of currency. "Byron's ahead an'—

"Betting on what?" Charlotte asked, and began stuffing the money into her handbag. "Byron never gambled in his life."

"On the ball game," Benny murmured. "We bet on what the announcer would say. Byron was very lucky—as you can see."

Charlotte paused and listened to the broadcast. Then she smiled, helped Byron into his coat and handed him his hat.

"You may have been betting on what the announcer would say," she laughed. "But Byron was betting on what the dots and dashes of the telegraph instruments had already said. He's a telegrapher . . . Come on, Byron!"

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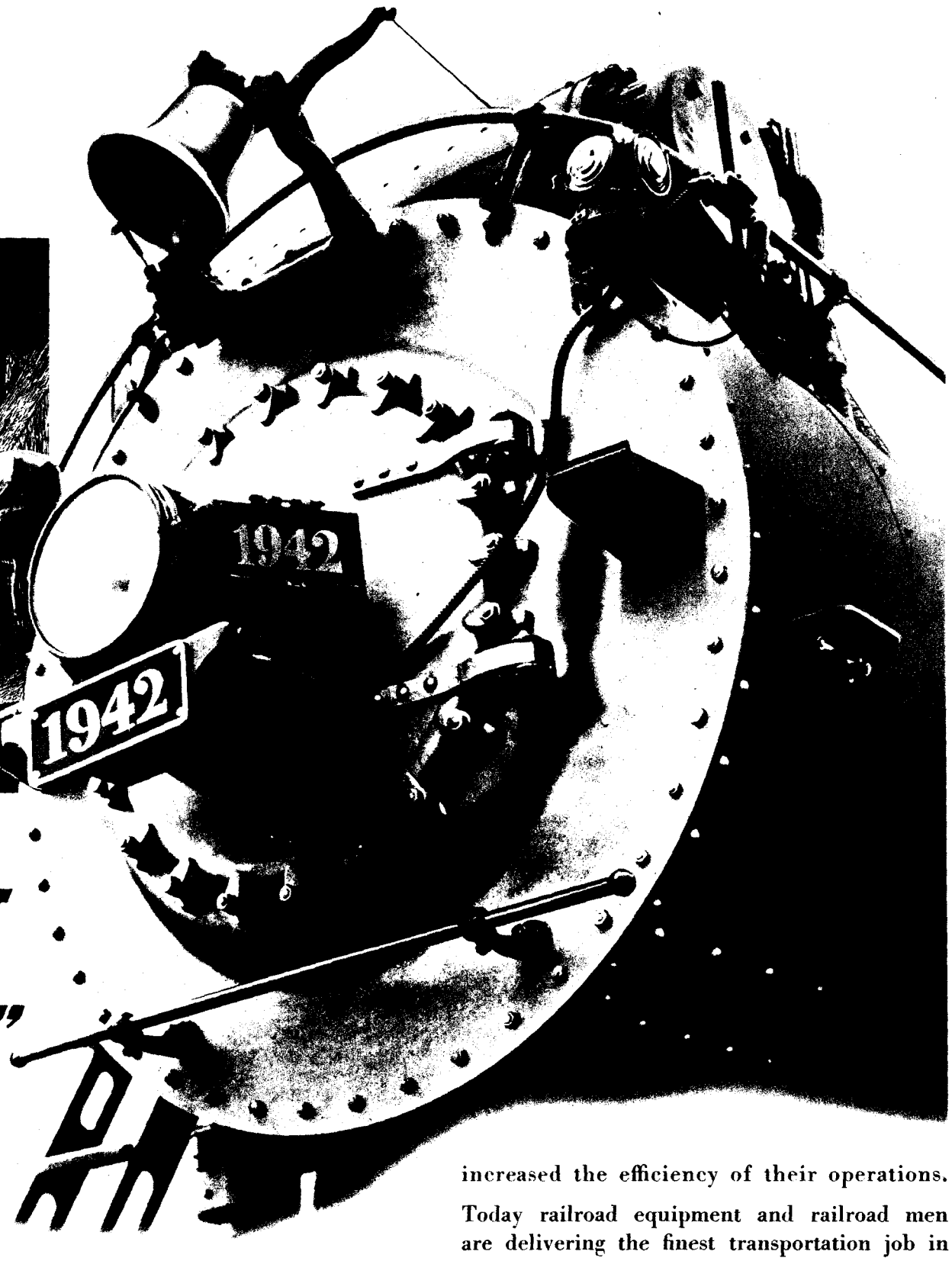

"KEEP 'EM RINGING"

THE Liberty Bell is ringing again —throughout this militant land.

But it's not just one bell that rings today.

Tens of thousands of them are clanging "right of way for the U. S. A." as the troop trains roll, as freight trains bring together at the war plants every sort of raw material, and as they speed tanks, guns, planes and munitions from assembly lines to our fighting forces.

For the bells of America's locomotives — locomotives moving a million tons of freight a mile for every minute of the day and night — are Liberty Bells of 1942.

To do their part in keeping this "War of Movement" rolling, the railroads have enlarged their plant and increased the efficiency of their operations.

Today railroad equipment and railroad men are delivering the finest transportation job in history.

The size of that job is constantly increasing as ships are withdrawn from domestic service and as rubber-tired traffic turns more and more to the rails. To handle a growing job, railroads have bought and built more cars and locomotives, and would like to get still more. Other national needs for critical materials, however, have made it impossible for them to get as much new equipment as they would like. But you can count on it — the railroads will make the best use of what they have and what they can get. You can count on it — they'll keep up their all-out effort toward the great objective — to keep America working, to keep America fighting, to keep America free.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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PREVENTS

PAINFUL SUNBURN

KEEP FIT to do your bit! Play *safe* in the sun, with SUTRA*! This new kind of Sunfilter Cream contains an exclusive compound which forms an invisible shield against harmful burn rays. It *prevents* painful *sunburn, ugly blistering and peeling.* But it does NOT interfere with the sun's beneficial and tanning rays. **SUTRA** is non-greasy. It is insect-repellent. (A perfect powder base!) Get SUTRA for all the family today! *At better drug and department stores. Three sizes:* ***25¢, 65¢, $1.00.***

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Artra Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey

Doctor's Dilemma

Continued from page 42

business, but it seemed worse because Bob was always so loud about everything.

"Glad he's on your service." Bob reached for the water pitcher. "All right if you could do anything, but this sticking on a splint and watching the leg wither gets me down."

Cyrus opened his mouth and then shut it again and unfolded his letter. He should tell Bob he hadn't put a splint on this one and he wasn't going to. He should tell him about trying the Kenny treatment and just get another horselaugh for going off half-cocked. Bob was on the same ward, let him find out. Cy began to eat while he looked at the notice:

From: The Chief of the Bureau of Navigation

To: Lieut. (jg) Cyrus Harvey MC-V (G) USNR.

Subject: . . .

They always started that way whether it was an official order to observe Mother's Day like the one he'd got last spring, or notice of a new regulation about getting into the Yard. He didn't register to what it said after Subject, for a minute. He was grinning at all those letters—(jg) meant junior grade, MC meant Medical Corps, the (G) meant general service and he never had found out what the V meant—and thinking at the same time about getting back to Meckwitz.

Subject: he read, active duty with full pay and allowances, chargeable against appropriation, "pay, subsistence and transportation of Navy Personnel." Then there were a couple of routine printed paragraphs messed up with a lot of abbreviations that didn't make sense; then, typed in at the bottom, "By or before midnight of December 3, 1941." That was today, wasn't it? Well, tough for the Navy, but he darn' well couldn't get to any fool meeting today.

"ANOTHER notice from the Secretary of the Navy?" Bob was looking unconcernedly over his shoulder.

"Nope." Cyrus frowned over the half-printed half-typewritten sheet. "Something about getting down there for something or other. Doesn't matter. I never go, and if I did I darn' well couldn't go today."

"Getting down there . . . ?" Bob was still reading over his shoulder. "I'll say it is." He turned his broad red face toward Cyrus, grinning like an ape. "You know what that's saying there, little brother? That's saying you're called, and now. By or before midnight. Them's orders, Cy, and you've got just about eleven and a half hours left of private life. Better start packing."

"Yeah?" Cyrus stopped eating abruptly. He had an acute sense of elation that faded as quickly as it came. Why the devil couldn't they have come last week or next month? Why would they have to come now, the one time when he couldn't leave the hospital for even a half hour. "Well," he picked up his fork, frowning. "I'll have to call up and get deferred or whatever it is, for a few weeks."

"Deferred? Why, for Pete's sake? The same work as here, but with gold braid and the chance any day now of slipping an overdose of something to a Nazi. Jeepers, it's almost enough to make a bundle for Britain out of an Irishman like me. Besides, the job pays."

"Maybe." Cyrus drained his coffee cup. "But it'll have to wait a month or so before it starts paying me."

"What?"

"Well," Cyrus shrugged. "I've got this polio case. Don't snicker out loud, but I'm trying that Sister Kenny treatment on the guy."

"Hot fomentations and passive exercise during the acute stage, eh?" Surprisingly Bob seemed to be quoting. "That Kenny stuff—Jeepers, how'd you get Gessner to let you?"

Cyrus grinned. "Saved him the trouble of putting on a splint, but he was plenty horsy about it and I'm darned if I'll drop the thing in the middle. I can't, that's all." He picked up two doughnuts with one long finger and got up. "I'd better call the Navy."

"The name is Knox, address, Washington, D.C." Bob's voice followed him into the hall. "Maybe he'll put the war off if you explain who you are."

CYRUS didn't answer. He was already at the phone, calling a number. "Can I have . . ." he consulted the paper in his hand, "the district medical officer? Yeah, Captain Welkin, that's it. . . . Hello, Captain Welkin? This is Harvey at the city hospital. Cyrus Harvey. I just got orders to report for active duty before midnight tonight . . . Yeah . . . Yeah, I'm sorry as the deuce, but I can't make it on such short notice . . . What? . . . What's that? . . . No, no family that matters, but I've got a serious case on here. I can't leave him for a few weeks. What do I do to get deferred? . . . What? . . . I know, but it may make the difference of the man walking or not. . . .

"No, I'm an intern, but I'm handling the treatment. . . . What? . . . What? . . . Sure, but we aren't actually in it yet. Nobody else here's been called. A couple of weeks can't make much difference. . . . How do you think I can go to Washington if I can't even come down there. . . . Look, you don't get me, Captain. I'm not trying to get out of anything. I'm crazy to get in. It's just that this man is very sick and I'm trying a special treatment on him. . . . What's that? . . . Well, all right, they'll have to go ahead and court-martial. I can't leave here today."

His jaw stuck out pugnaciously as he slammed down the receiver. Everybody said service doctors were a crusty lot, and how. That's what a lifetime in uniform did to you. He looked at his watch. Have to figure it out later. If he didn't get on over to Neurological, the O'Brien kid would quit the game cold before they were even started. Maybe he'd think of something to do. Maybe he could get Dr. Everett to call the Yard and explain.

He was outside the Interns' Home and heading across the court when a light voice behind him said breathlessly, "Could you hold those legs down to a trot just till you get to the kid clinic?"

He reached out and took the voice by the hand. It was a nice hand. Touching it made you feel warm all over. "Due in the ward ten minutes ago, Sal. That Kenny treatment is a full-time job for someone."

"Is it going badly?" She looked up into his face appraisingly. "Something is."

"No, that's all right. It's the Navy that's got me worried. Take a load of this." He shoved the letter from Washington into her hand.

Her warm gray eyes began to absorb the official words as she all but ran beside him. "Cy . . . this . . . this is what do you call 'ems. This is Orders, isn't it? Oh, Cy."

"Don't worry." His voice was gruff with anxiety. "I can't go right away. I wish I could, but I've got to carry through this treatment first. Just called them up and told them so."

"Cy, you didn't!" There was awe in her voice, awe and something else.

"Yep."

"What'd they say?" The awe was fading before the something else, something a good deal less flattering.

"Oh, a lot of things." His jaw began to jut again at the memory. "Something at the end about court-martial. But they'd never court-martial a guy for just sticking to his job. I'll get down there in a few days and straighten everything out, but I can't even take an hour off today."

"You could get someone else to carry on that treatment."

"Yeah? And have 'em go around saying Harvey'd started something else he couldn't finish. Nope, this is my personal picnic, baby."

"You'd hate to give anybody a chance, wouldn't you?"

"Well, no, but . . ."

"Oh, skip it." There were things in her voice that would have bothered him if he'd been listening for them, but his mind was on the man in Quiet Room A and the busy student nurse who had said she'd keep the dressings hot till he got back. He took the paper from Sally's hand. "Don't worry about it, kid."

"But it's serious, Cy."

"Not that serious. It's only a few weeks." He gave her a soothing pat, and brushed her cheek with his finger. "I'll fix it up." He didn't see her face stiffen and wouldn't have known why, if he had. "Guess we can't do anything tonight, but I'll call you after dinner if I have a chance. Okay?"

"Sure." Her head was turned away as she pulled her hand from his. Then she looked up into his face with scornful eyes. "Run along to your patient."

NOW what had he done, he wondered as he looked after her. But he only wondered for a moment. Then his mind was in Neurological again and his body rapidly on the way.

Little Miss O'Brien stuck her head out of the ward as he turned the corner to Neurological. "I thought you weren't ever going to come back," she said. "Those Meckwitz dressings must be cold as ice and I haven't even finished my lunch trays."

"Sorry." Halfway through the door of Quiet Room A, Cyrus paused and grinned at her. "But you might as well get used to being left with the sack, little sister. You'll get plenty of it."

"I don't mind!" Her smile was bright. "Only I can't be two places at once. Want me to take another spell later? I'm off at four and not doing anything special. Oh, and there's another new case on the way up from Receiving."

Cyrus grunted. "Two neurological examinations this afternoon is what that adds up to. I may have to work you at that. Call you if I do."

He turned into the little room and barely glanced at the face on the pillow as he felt the dressings, muttered an oath and went abruptly after hot water. When he came back he found time to ask, "Still hurt a good deal?" as he wrung the strips of towel out in the hot water. Then, as he packed them around the paralyzed leg and the foot which protruded stiffly beyond the mattress: "Now don't do anything that hurts you, Meckwitz, but if you can think hard about flexing those toes and twisting that foot every now and then it'll help a good deal."

The man—he was really only a boy—looked at him bitterly from beneath a lock of damp hair, and said nothing. It was obvious that it still did hurt a good

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deal and that he hadn't much faith in all this changing of dressings and trying to make a sick person think. But Cyrus hadn't time for psychotherapy along with everything else, at least not today.

"Cheer up," he grinned unfeelingly. "Even I can see it hurts a lot less than it did."

He pulled the last strip of hot towel tight and went out to the desk. "Got the charts on the new case and the other one that came in this morning? If I don't get them worked up this afternoon Gessner'll have a hemorrhage." Or, he finished to himself, tell you to lay off Meckwitz because he's taking too much time.

He looked at the charts with a scowl. He'd done the history and physical on one of them. Multiple sclerosis, Receiving had diagnosed it, but there was a good two-hour neurological examination still to do. The other one that had just come in was a probable brain tumor, or else . . . there were a number of exclamation and question marks . . . migraine. Jackson down there on Receiving must have been feeling funny. Well, get on with the multiple sclerosis, if that's what it was. Nice if you could make a monkey out of Jackson, who was fresh off Neurological himself and thought he knew everything.

"Bring me the examining tray, Miss O'Brien, please," Cy ordered and went into the ward. "Hello, Howard," he stopped by the first bed. "I'm going to try some tests on you now. They won't hurt but I want you to pay careful attention to the questions I ask. Shut your eyes. Now . . ." He began testing for reaction to pain, pressing lightly, first with the closed end of a safety pin, then with the point. "Is it sharp or dull? Now . . . sharp or dull? Now which?"

He made rapid notes on the chart as he worked and he worked fast but there were a devil of a lot of tests. He was in the middle of testing for sense of vibration when he realized more than an hour had passed. Those dressings would be getting cold. He stuck the tuning fork in his pocket and rushed to the treatment room, grabbed a basin of steaming water and took it in to Meckwitz.

The muscles seemed a little more relaxed, or was it only his imagination? Crazy, doctors thinking, all these years, that the muscles in polio were relaxed from the beginning. Where did they think those deformities came from? And it had taken a nurse from the Australian bush to tell them different. What price an expensive medical education! He grinned to himself as he reviewed with Meckwitz the insertion points of the muscles. Tell even a dumb guy often enough and it might percolate. Get it to percolate and you might put a crack in the treatment ideas of old die-hard Gessner.

When Cy got back to the examination fifteen minutes later and reached in his pocket for the tuning fork he felt paper crackle under his fingers and remembered the Navy. Maybe he'd have time to phone Dr. Everett before supper and get him to phone that Welkin guy and explain. Probably Sally was right and he'd better find time. Rotten to have anyone think he didn't want to be called.

AROUND three, Bob Morgan stamped into the ward, called "Hi, Admiral," to Cyrus, and started an examination of his own. Bob did everything so violently it would have been fun to stop and watch him do a neurological, but Cyrus was busy working up the brain tumor which looked as if it really might after all be migraine and had better be referred to Allergy for further study. A couple of times during it he had to stop and go for more hot water for Meckwitz' leg, and as soon as he finished, it would be time for some passive exercise on that leg. He wondered why the monotony of it didn't drive him crazy. Probably would if he weren't hell-bent on proving to Gessner he was right.

"Think all that's going to prove anything?" He was at the passive exercise now, bending the leg just as far as he could without making Meckwitz complain, straightening it gently, then bending it again. It wasn't very far either, but farther than the day before, and that was something. He hadn't known Bob Morgan was standing in the doorway watching him, till he spoke: "Can't say I'd put much stock in a treatment thought up by a Sister of Charity. Too much like faith healing for my money."

"The reports were good." Cyrus didn't bother to explain that Sister Kenny wasn't a Sister of Charity. "Read any of 'em?" His voice showed acute indifference to whether Bob had or not.

"Sure, pretty impressive, but God was on her side. Any reason to think He's on yours?"

"Nope, but physiology might be."

BOB wandered off. Cyrus was left with the polio and the multiple sclerosis and the brain tumor—or was it migraine?—and eighteen other patients.

He planned to call Miss O'Brien around five and have her take over for a couple of hours while he had supper and straightened out this Naval Reserve business, but on his way to the phone an epileptic was brought up in bad shape. The resident wasn't around, neither was Bob Morgan, and anyway it was marked for Gessner's service. Cyrus grunted, took off his coat, and called for a couple of orderlies.

The four-to-twelve student nurse brought him a glass of milk and a couple of sandwiches. It was getting on to eight and he still had orders to write and Meckwitz' evening massage and exercise which took a good half hour and sometimes more. And the epileptic might begin acting up again any moment. Time for a cigarette, just about, maybe, then the orders, then the massage.

He lit a cigarette and sat back with his feet up on the desk in the little office marked DOCTOR that was only used to smoke in. Ten minutes to relax in, he could have that anyway. There was something he'd forgotten, some other thing he had to do. He tried to think but there was a wall of fatigue before whatever it was and he finally dismissed it.

"You're wanted on the phone, Dr. Harvey." The four-to-midnight stuck her head in the door.

He groaned. "Get the number and let me call them back, will you? I'm bushed." But the student didn't quietly disappear as she should have. She stayed in the doorway and her face was worried. "They said it was an emergency, Dr. Harvey. Something about," she hesitated, "it sounded like a colored man, but I think he said Miss Pepper."

"Miss Pepper?" He was out of his chair and his face was stiff. The cigarette lay burning on the composition floor. "Are you sure that's what he said?" But he didn't wait for her to answer. He was at the phone. Miss Pepper—what could have happened to Sally?

"Hello, did you want Dr. Harvey?" His voice was hoarse. If she was hurt, if she was hurt badly enough to have someone call him. . . .

"Yes, sir." It was a Negro. "This Dr. Harvey? Young lady here got herself hurt in an auto accident. She won't let us move her or anything without we call you."

"Where is she hurt? How bad is it?"

"Oh, not real bad," the voice was agonizingly reassuring, "but she cain't walk. Look like her leg hurt somehow. She just keep saying she want you."

"Where is she?" Cyrus was stiff all

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over now and rapidly growing numb. He reached automatically in his pocket for a piece of paper and drew out a long envelope. "What's that? Hawkins Ferry Road? What number? 1217. Look, now, tell her I'll be there in—say fifteen minutes. And keep her perfectly still, see. Don't let her move till I get there."

He stood still a moment with the receiver back on the hook. The quickest way to get down there . . . and when he got there . . . have to bring her back probably. Bardsley would blister his ear, but so what? He picked up the phone again. "Give me the A.C.R.P., will you? . . . Hello, Bardsley. This is Cy, Cy Harvey. Look, Sally Pepper on Social Service has been hurt down South Philadelphia way. How's about letting me have one of the ambulances to bring her back in? . . . Sure, I know it's irregular, the kid doesn't have accidents every day. . . . What? . . . What? . . . I don't know. Her leg, the guy who phoned said. . . . You're telling me, brother. It'd be a major tragedy, that's what. Well, can I have it? I want to get going. . . . Swell. I'm on my way down now."

THE word leg was echoing in his ear as he started away from the phone. "Real sad," Bardsley had said plaintively, "if those Pepper legs should go out of circulation." And how, and how! Leg out of circulation. Leg . . . ! Gosh, the Meckwitz guy! His dressings must be getting cold again and that massage and exercise still ahead, and the night shift running their heads off already. Couldn't ask anything of them, and if you did they wouldn't do it right. So what? He had to go, ought to be on his way now, but he couldn't just walk out on Meckwitz.

Miss O'Brien? She'd do it all right, probably could even do the massage and exercise, she'd watched him often enough. But she might get in a lot of trouble coming over here out of hours and taking over a patient without some doctor in charge. Think, brain! Think fast!

He stared blankly along the corridor and while he stared, Bob Morgan rounded the corner, his red face pursed up in a whistle, coming to write night orders, no doubt.

"Bob!" Cyrus was at his side before he had time to remember pride. "I'm in a jam. Sally Pepper's been hurt in some accident and someone's got to go bring her back, but this guy with polio is due for massage and passive exercise and the whole works right about now, and . . ."

"You don't want me to go for Sally, do you?" Bob's heavy face crinkled into a sympathetic grin.

"Well, I thought . . ." Cyrus stuttered.

"Don't think. It might hurt. Give me the dope on the polio."

"Look." Cyrus led him to the room. "It's all here in this reprint. If I figured it out from that, you can too. Call the O'Brien kid, why don't you, and have her get over here and help you out. She's gone over it with me a lot of times and she'll be glad to. I hate to ask you and I wouldn't if . . ."

"Why not?" There was surprise in Bob's slow voice. "I've been trying to get in on this all week, only you've been so darn' snooty. Beat it, fella, I'll bet I can keep this leg hot almost as well as you can, and your gal might need you."

The ambulance was in the driveway when Cyrus got down to Receiving. He hopped up beside the driver. He had to look at the envelope to give him the address and, looking, realized it was his orders from the Navy. Oh, gosh, oh, gosh, but too late now! They'd have to go ahead and court-martial. They couldn't misunderstand when he explained how it was . . . or anyway you'd have to hope they couldn't. He had a sudden uncomfortable feeling that maybe that hope wasn't justified, but then he thought of Sally, and though he kept the envelope in his hand he put the problem in his pocket. It seemed almost small enough for that beside Sally's being hurt.

Her leg, the guy had said. He saw the well-shaped objects swinging along before his eyes as he had seen them so often crossing the hospital court, and as he had seen them so often dancing. His chest got tight. Maybe it was only a bad sprain, maybe not even a break. But an auto accident. . . . He thought of all the mangled bones he'd seen in the last two years. Why did ambulances have to go so slow?

Hawkins Ferry Road now. There wasn't any crowd in the twelve-hundred block anywhere, and when the ambulance drew up in front of a row of brick houses and Cyrus jumped out still clutching the envelope he saw Sally's convertible parked by the curb and apparently undamaged. He'd have sworn the guy said an auto accident, but maybe he hadn't. Maybe a stair had broken and . . . He rang the doorbell. It seemed an hour before it opened. A pleasant-faced colored woman stood smiling in the doorway.

"Is Miss Pepper here?" Cy was breathless though he hadn't walked more than five steps. "I got a message she was hurt. I brought an ambulance."

"Oh, Cy, you didn't." There was that light clear voice, and here coming into the hall were those two shapely legs, apparently no more hurt than the convertible. The stockings weren't even torn. He knew because he gave a hard look. "Oh, Cy, how awful of me! This," she gestured toward the woman who had let him in, "this is the wife of my favorite policeman. He called you for me."

"Well, what's the idea?" Cy's voice was rough with anger following relief. "Aren't you hurt? Weren't you in an accident? Is this just your way of being funny, Sal? Because if it is . . ."

"It isn't," she said.

"What is it then, trying to prove how important you are to me? You know that darn' well already."

THE woman had vanished into the back of the house. Sally stood there facing him and there was no embarrassment or contrition in her face. "I didn't think you'd come. I didn't think you could leave your patient . . . your vital experiment. You said this morning you couldn't."

"You knew I'd come when I heard you were hurt. You knew I'd have to. Sally, I think this is the lousiest . . ."

"What did you do about the man with polio?"

"Bob Morgan and the O'Brien kid are looking after him."

"Oh." She dropped the exclamation into silence. It lay heavily between them for seconds, and to ease it he shifted his eyes to the envelope in his hands, the one addressed Lieut. (jg) Cyrus Harvey. Hers followed his and rested there.

"I suppose," she said finally, "I ought to feel perfectly swell being more important to Lieutenant Harvey than the United States Navy, but I don't, very."

"Listen, Sally—they told me this was an emergency. That man said . . ."

"An emergency?" Her voice rose slightly. "What do you think made you get those orders, brother? Don't you ever read the papers? Me and my silly leg, that's an emergency, enough of a one to jolt you out of that smug feeling of yours that the hospital can't run without you. But what's going on all over the world, what's happening to millions of decent men and women and children, what may be going to happen to all of us and the swell lives we're used to leading . . . that's nothing. The fact that you're needed to help fight for something pretty wonderful—that can wait a couple of weeks, until you finish your little personal experiment. Good gosh, and they say it's women that take the narrow view!"

He stood there looking at her, meeting her angry eyes with his own angry ones. But as he looked, his own gradually got less angry and less arrogant until finally he had to drop them again, to the envelope in his hand. Looking at it he flicked it a few times with one hand against the other.

"ALL right," he said slowly, at last, "so I'm not indispensable to the hospital. So orders are orders and I get down to the Navy Yard before midnight. You win, Sal. You win on every count. What it comes down to, I guess, is that a little part in a big job is more important than a big part in a little one. Well, of course it is! Don't know what made me think it wasn't this morning, except," he grinned wryly, "wanting to feel like a big shot, which maybe it's time I got over." He looked at his watch. "Nine o'clock. Three hours yet before I have to join the Navy and start seeing the world, three hours to get you home and kiss the hospital goodby, only," he looked at her with sudden helplessness, "what am I going to do about that ambulance?"

"Maybe that ought to be my responsibility, Cy," she smiled. "I guess I can fix it. Jake and I are old chums. You just go call Dr. Everett, Lieutenant."

He went.

"Everett says to get along down there," he told her when they were alone on the sidewalk some fifteen minutes later. "Everett says he'll fix it so Bob Morgan can carry on that polio case. Bob might even carry it through too. Everett says to get on down to the Navy Yard and come straighten things out at the hospital the first time I have off. Good guy, Everett. Funny I didn't think of talking to him this morning."

"Very funny."

"Yeah," his voice trailed off in an almost puzzled way. "Well," he was suddenly brisk. "Let's get going, my more important than the fate of a nation. Orders are orders and they probably aren't going to send me to Greenland tomorrow."

"They'd better not." There was a brief dark look in her eyes. She gave her head a little shake and shook the look away and climbed into the car. "Let's have a look at those orders," she said lightly. "H'm." She held them up to the dash light to see. "No wonder you were slow to take it in. This what they call official language? It's terrific." She studied it for a minute. "What's it mean, full pay and allowances?"

"Full pay and allowances? Full pay and allowances?" He pulled the car with a sudden jerk to the nearest curb. "Let's see. Full pay and allowances. Well, well, well." He turned to her with a little grin. "Full pay, Sally, is money every month for a change. Allowances is more money every month. Allowance for food, for lodging, allowances," his eyes widened, "for dependents. Sally, Sally, any feeling against being a dependent?"

Fortunately none of Sally's policemen were around to say *Break it up.* It was a good twenty minutes nearer midnight before he started the car again. "Funny," he said then, thoughtfully. "Funny I didn't think of that angle before. Bob Morgan said something about the job paying, but it just didn't register."

She smiled a soft little smile. "Would it have made any difference if it had?" she asked, but it wasn't a question.

THE END

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Always Remember

Continued from page 12

"What are the wings for, Bill?"
"I fly bombers."
"Where are you stationed?"
"Louisiana up until a week ago."
"Now where?"

He delayed his answer and suddenly she understood he knew but could not tell her; and she had a swift vision of the truth and a cool feeling thrust its odd way through her. There could be no reason for secrecy, she thought, unless he had overseas orders. He said, "I guess I can't say. But I looked into a fortune teller's tent the other night and the gypsy said I would soon be taking a long trip. Maybe she was right. She can't be wrong all the time, can she?"

She thought of what the morning papers said: "Yesterday our planes attacked a Jap fleet formation, sank three transports and severely damaged one cruiser. Two of our planes were lost." She thought, Why should I feel strange about it? I have never seen him before, never will see him again.

THEY came down the road's incline and turned through a gate to the farmhouse. There was a man on the porch and he said, "You from the bus? Any more coming? Step in and we'll have a bite to eat in a minute."

It was an old house with an old-fashioned front room and a stone fireplace from which the ancient mortar had partly fallen away. A table sat in the room's center and a dark woman with gray hair swirled up to a doughnut on top of her head moved silently, quickly from kitchen to table. The man of the place was very fat and very genial. "In the old days," he said, "I used to shelter twenty people a night. I guess a man's old when he looks backward. So I'm old. Supper's ready now."

The elderly couple had gone straight upstairs; Helen Garrison heard them murmuring above her. Bill Benson held her chair back for her as she sat down. The stage driver came in and went at once to the phone and called Portland; and a few moments later the young married couple arrived. The stage driver said, "I thought you folks went on."

"That car," said the young man, "was only goin' as far as Camp Three." But he was sulky and the girl's large mouth was sharp at the edges; there had been a quarrel. When she sat down she let her eyes drop against Bill Benson and she tried to meet his eyes but Helen Garrison observed that now he avoided that meeting by turning his glance to other things, casually. The young lad saw his wife's interest and his sulkiness grew. The stage driver kept grumbling into the phone: "Portland—United Stage terminal. No, sister. Not United States. Stage. You should know. I pass your phone office every day. Yeah. Smart—no, I ain't smart. What would I be doin' drivin' stage if I was? Anybody there will do. Hello—Portland?"

The heavy-bodied host sat at the head of the table while his wife served. It pleased him to have company and as he talked he studied the group, Helen Garrison noticed, and formed judgments. He was shrewder than he appeared. The married couple quickly finished, and left the house—their voices coming back, low and on edge. The host said, "No moon tonight, but if you're interested in elk you can see them come across my back meadow, out of the timber."

"Hello—Portland," said the stage driver. "Let me talk to Carter."

Bill Benson rose and went to the door. He stood there, listening into the night. He said, "Won't be long until the crickets start up. Fall's coming—winter's on the way. I wish I had a place like this—away out in the back country."

The host laughed in his chest. "So you think, Captain. It looks nice, from the air. It sounds nice and feels nice for an evenin'. But it would drive a man of your kind crazy in a week." He looked at Helen Garrison. "Would, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know him that well," she said, and rose from the table.

"Don't have to know him well," said the host. "He ain't wearin' wings for nothin'." He divided a glance between them and rose and went back into the kitchen.

She stood in by the table, undecided, a feeling starting up in her body; she saw Bill Benson turn his head to her, she saw the expression on his face—and she went to him. They dropped from the porch and walked along the yard toward the vague glitter of a creek running in circling sweeps across the meadow. Fir tops made a ragged etching along the western hills and the air was sweet and cool and heavy. She took his arm.

"Some kind of flowers blooming around here," he said. "I smell them."

They drifted as the creek drifted. She saw shadowy hulks stirring deeper in the meadow, and stopped. "Would those be elk?"

"Maybe. What will you be doing when you get to Portland?"

"I'll go to a hotel, do a little shopping, and catch the five o'clock train for Eugene. That's my town. You know where it is?"

"I've seen it on the map. Probably I'll be flying over it tomorrow night."

"I suppose I shouldn't ask where you'll be day after tomorrow."

"I had better not say."

"There are so many corners of the earth to fight in."

"That's it."

She knew then. The feeling inside her grew stranger and the weight of his arm was heavier against her. They had stopped and he looked down, his face indistinct in the shadows. "The hard thing," he said in a slow voice, "is that nothing is supposed to matter now except the work ahead. We're supposed to be just a couple of passengers on a bus."

"Funny—how things like this happen."

"No," he said, "not funny." His face came nearer. "I hope—" he murmured, and took her in his arms and kissed her. Her hands were suddenly on his shoulders and she felt the pressure of his arms and the long, rolling shock all through her and the weakness of her legs. He stepped back. He said, irritably, "I have had a pretty lousy three days' vacation. It is very dreary eating hot dogs alone."

"The beach was full of girls, Bill."

"I never saw them."

She whispered, "Summer's over. I'm glad you kissed me."

THEY stood still. She reached out and took his hand and she wished then that she might see his eyes in better light; she wanted to know what they held, and how much this meant to him. His fingers closed around her hand and she felt the big calloused pads of his palms. She swung and pulled him back and they walked in silence to the house and into it. The elderly woman was at the table sipping a cup of coffee. The fat host came from the kitchen. "Your room," he said to Helen Garrison, "is the end one, left side. Captain, you'll be just opposite."

Bill Benson looked at his wrist watch and went out to the porch. Helen Garrison heard him move restlessly along it; she saw his cigarette glow as he passed and repassed the doorway. The elderly lady got up from her coffee and stood a moment, considering Helen. All this day she had been very composed and patient; now suddenly she had the glisten of tears in her eyes. "Your young man," she said, "is going away? Saying goodby is always hard. When you are my age it will be no easier. You see, my husband—" She smiled in a faint and thin and gentle way. "I'll be saying goodby to him in so short a time. But always remember—somewhere you'll meet again. It would be too hard if you didn't believe that, if you didn't keep the thought with you."

She went up the stairs, leaving Helen Garrison alone. Bill Benson had gone on into the yard again and for a long interval she debated walking to him. But she thought, it was nice like that and there's nothing else to say, is there? Summer was over. She climbed to the second floor's hall and found her room and undressed for bed and lay awake. The walls of the house were thin. She heard the old people talking, she heard the smothered laughter of the newly married girl. Long later Bill Benson came up, his steps heavy on the wooden floor. She listened to those steps; she put a hand over her heart and thought of him.

THE relief bus picked them up at nine o'clock. They sat side by side on a front seat, watching the green hills give way to brown logged-off slopes studded with fire-blackened snags and old stumps turned gray. They passed through this into gentle hills and stopped at a country town and went on through a flat valley turned yellow blue with summer haze. A road sign said: Portland 18 miles.

They had talked little. Now with the journey almost done a feeling like panic got into her and she had to speak, to drown out the strangeness and the sickness of what was to come. "Where was your home, Bill?"

"Illinois—Moline."

"Will you be going back, after the war?"

"I've never thought about it. That's a long time off." He looked at her. He said, "What was that town—Eugene? Are you likely to be there a long time?"

"I suppose."

They looped through other low hills, threading scattered suburban settlements; they wound down through a canyon-cut road and suddenly came upon Portland. Bill Benson bent in the seat and he put his big hands together. He stared at them. He said, "I'm going to miss you."

"Other towns and other girls, Bill."

"Not quite that way. I never left anything behind me before. This time some of my hide stays here."

"I wish," she said, "I had known more fliers."

"Why?"

"So I might know how big a liar you are."

He answered her smile with a small grin; he shook his head. "No."

The bus swung into the stage terminal and stopped. Benson stepped out and gave her his hand, and went back for her suitcase. The old couple got off and the newly married pair came up; the newly married girl suddenly offered her

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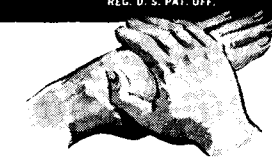

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hand. She said: "You get those Japs." She gave him a long look and the boldness went out of her face and she made a swift turn and went away with her husband. Benson removed his cap and shook hands with the older couple. He said, "I wish you luck."

The old man said, "I was in Mindanao during the Spanish War. Wish I could do it again." Suddenly the older woman bent over and kissed Helen Garrison and turned away. Benson murmured, "The old fellow's going to die."

"Yes."

"Can't always be summer," he said. He took her suitcase and her arm. They went through the station to the taxi stand. He put down the suitcase and removed his cap. He stood above her and she felt the long, long search of his eyes, as though he memorized the picture she made and put the picture away in some close place.

"If it didn't mean so much," he said, "I'd ask to write. But—"

"Let's do it quickly. Just turn and walk away. Goodby."

"So long," he said and gave her a hand into the cab. He closed the door and as the cab swung into the traffic she looked back and saw him standing alone at the curb. He lifted a hand in a quick half gesture—and after that the cab turned a corner and cut him from sight.

She went directly to a hotel and she kept saying to herself: My train leaves at five. I must shop for an outfit. I mustn't lose any time. But when she got into her room she sat before a window, looking out on the town and remembering him. Then she thought, I had better eat lunch first, and went down to the dining room. It was two o'clock when she got back to her room. She stood by the window again and she said to herself, He wanted to cut everything off clean. Soon perhaps he'll be in Australia, or over the China Sea. It is just one of those things. I had better get my shopping done. But then she thought, Suppose I go out, and suppose he changes his mind—and misses me?

SHE stayed in her room. He knew she would be at a hotel; she had told him that much. She had not told him which hotel. He would be at the air base, if he had not already flown away from it; perhaps she should call. She looked at her watch, seeing the minute hand crawl toward four. When she looked again it was four-thirty and time to leave for her train. She went to her case and closed it and stood in the middle of the room. It was really the end of summer, but this was a different kind of summer and it would never come again; but he had been wise in making the break clean, for it was better to have one memory such as this than to wait through the long months for a return that might never come. Then she said to herself, but I'd rather wait and hope and cry.

She was still there, dangerously near train time when he knocked and came in. He said, "I called all the hotels, and came straight in from the air base. I'm leaving at nine. I was afraid I had missed you."

"I've been waiting for you."

"Did you know I'd come back?"

"No. I only hoped you would."

"I didn't want to. You know what it is like to wait?"

"There are a lot of women waiting, Bill. They're happier than the ones who have nothing to wait for."

"But maybe," he said, "the waiting turns into bad news."

"That was settled for us when we met on the bus. I'm to be a woman who waits and you're to be a man going to war. If this is to be all we're to have then I must be one of those thousands of women who say, 'The man I loved went away.'" She looked down for a moment, not wishing him to see what terrible things the thought did to her, and immediately he took her into his arms and she felt the heavy shock of his wanting. There had been some reserve between them the night before; there was none now in this violence of giving and asking, in this fear and hunger and this knowledge of a little moment soon gone.

WHEN he dropped his arms, she sat suddenly on the edge of the chair and looked up to him and saw the gray of his eyes turned nearly black. The force of his lips remained like a print on her and she was loose and confused and wanted more of him—and an inside warning went through her.

He turned toward the window. He said, "You have missed your train."

"I will sleep here tonight, and think of you."

He said, "Could we get married before I go?"

"Not in Oregon. It takes three days." She got up quickly from the chair and went to him. She slipped a hand through his arm and stood side by side with him at the window. "If we must wait, Bill, let's wait for all of it. It would seem nicer that way. Do you mind too much?"

He turned to her. He said, "You're like your eyes and your lips—lovely all the way through. I'd like to buy you a dinner."

"I couldn't each much lunch, for thinking of you. Now I'm quite hungry."

She turned to the door with him. He started to open it, and swung back and caught her and kissed her again; they went out to the elevator and down to the dining room and got a table in a far corner of the room. He said, "How hungry?"

"A steak and crab cocktail and everything."

He ordered, then lighted a cigarette. He looked at her a moment and put the cigarette in her lips and looked at her through half-closed eyes. "That's the way I'm going to remember you. That way—and the way you stood waiting for the stage in Seaside."

"A cigarette-smoking gal on the loose? As for memories, Bill, I see you best asleep in the bus, your cap on one side of your head. Do you know you slept with your mouth closed?"

"I'll have to leave a more permanent memory than that."

They talked like this, all through the meal—saying little things with the memory of other things lying between. She was not as hungry as she thought and did not finish her meal; she sat back, drinking coffee black, watching him and in love with him—and with a cold feeling steady in her chest. It was almost seven o'clock when they returned to the lobby and stood indecisively there. She knew by the expression on his face that he wanted to go back to the room and have the last hour alone, but she knew also he would never ask it; and presently he said, "Let's walk up the street."

They went slowly past shop windows, not talking. They stood in front of a theater and debated it. But she said, "What has Clark Gable to offer me now? But, of course, if you want to see Vivien Leigh—" There was a florist's shop adjoining. He pulled her into it and bought her a single rosebud and pinned it on her jacket. "That will have to last you a year or so. Will it do?"

She thought in cold dread, Or perhaps long after that, and gripped his arm so tightly that he looked down at her; and understood. He took her to a taxi and said to the driver, "Just swing out somewhere. I want to be at the air base by eight-thirty." Inside the cab he took her hand, lacing his fingers through her fingers. "Bombers seldom ever fall down. Like to fly?"

"If it isn't bumpy. What do your friends call you, Bill?"

"Just Bill."

Her voice dropped. "Never any girl?"

"Not of your kind. Never any with a light in her eyes, meant for me."

"I guess you didn't look too closely at the girl on the bus. Keep your eyes off women until you see me again."

"They'll all be the brown-skinned kind—" But he caught himself on that, knowing he gave his destination away. He stared out through the window.

They cruised into the hills above the city, and saw the city lights shining row on row. They dropped back down through town and crossed over the river and came upon a highway paralleling the Columbia. It was a quarter after eight when they turned into the air base. He paid off the driver but he said: "Wait here for a few minutes—you've got a passenger back." He took her into an office room and he lighted another cigarette; that black expression was in his eyes again and when he watched her it was as though he drove himself to remember all that he saw about her. He said, "Getting near time to drive the freight. Will you wait a moment for me?"

He left her in the room alone. She stood still, hearing talk out on the field, hearing the whine of a starter and the sudden full outroar of a motor. She was cold in her stomach and a dead feeling crept through her and she seemed to be apart from herself, saying, This happened to you.

WHEN he came back he was in his flying suit and had four flying officers with him, all smiling lads of his age or younger. He introduced her around the group. He said, "This is my crew. Now I'll show you how to handle a crew," and he wiggled his finger at them and sent them out. He tried one more cigarette and took two or three brief pulls at it and threw it away. His face was pulled together and when he looked at her she saw all that he wanted to say and could not say. He stood like that, so that her fairness and her grace were mirrored in his eyes. Then he kissed her, more softly than in the hotel, and stepped back. He took her hand and led her to a side door. She stepped to the edge of the field, seeing the bomber's hulk silhouetted before her, its motors steadily thrumming.

"Bill," she said, "Bill," and drew him back to her. She held his arms and she tried to smile; she tried to tell him of those terribly hungry things, those wonderful things, those strange and unending things which were in her. But all she said was, "Be good until I see you again."

He bent and he murmured, "Don't forget me," and walked away, toward the bomber. She watched him climb into the ship; she watched the ship turn in a lumbering circle and taxi to the far edge of the field. She saw it stop and heard its motors roar full out as it swung and came onward, lifting smoothly from the earth and going over her in one great crash of sound, on out of her view. She ran back through the office to the street where the taxi waited—and caught another glimpse of the plane low against the southern darkness; as long as she could see it she stood by the taxi, and when it had gone into the night she stepped inside the taxi and shut the door.

She leaned back, now remembering what the elderly lady had said to her: "When you say goodby, always remember that sometime and somewhere you will meet again. It would be too much to bear if you didn't believe that."

THE END

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Watch Them Roll!

Continued from page 55

Every train, of course, must be designed to fit requirements of the unit it carries. Take the antiaircraft battery which needs its guns all the time. This means that the flatcars carrying this equipment must be able to travel at the same high speeds at which the Pullman cars roll. They must have steel wheels (instead of the cast-iron wheels used by slow freights) and high-speed brakes.

Gathering together the vast amount of rolling stock needed for such a job presents tremendous problems. Suppose that 500 drop-end gondolas are needed; and suppose that the Boston & Maine which feeds Camp Khaki doesn't have them. Gass has to see that they are obtained elsewhere. If the B. & M. can supply 100, then he has to pick up 400 elsewhere. First, he goes to adjoining railroads and gets all they have. Then he reaches farther and farther until the quota is filled.

How to Fix Up a Car Shortage

In a pinch it may develop that the desired cars simply are not available. In the frantic days that followed Pearl Harbor this was frequently the case. When this happened anything available was made to serve. When a flatcar shortage developed, crews with acetylene torches cut the ends out of low-side gondolas. Boxcars with low-speed wheels were jacked up and equipped with high-speed wheels. Refrigerator cars were pressed into service as baggage cars. In one case, flatcars were urgently needed in Texas—and none were available. Gass located a string of empty flats headed for Oregon lumber camps. The whole train was flagged at a junction point, turned around and in a couple of minutes was highballing for Texas.

Passenger cars, too, present difficulties. The big source here is the Pullman pool. At peak periods Gass is using as many as 2,900 of the Pullman Company's 7,000 cars. That's why you are riding upper berths these days. Another source: the stand-bys that railroads keep around stations to hook on trains to care for a last-minute rush. These cars are hauling troops today.

Once all the equipment is assembled, the movement starts—everything leaving on schedule, and arriving on the other side of the country on schedule. Anything that gets in the way of these movements goes on a siding.

It sounds complicated, but everything works smoothly enough. Step into Gass' office for a moment. In one room girls work at electric typewriters, filling out routing sheets. In another, teletypes click out messages to and from railroads. Gass sits calmly in the middle of this hurly-burly, ordering equipment like a housewife ordering groceries: "Ask the Rock Island for fifteen baggage cars, and 200 lowside gons." Or, "Tell the Pennsy to put 50 boxcars into Fort Dix Monday." Or, "Round trip this stuff for X2,000. . . ." Every troop movement has its code number.

These trains move with astonishing speed. One shipment of China-bound trucks went from coast to coast in 112 hours. Usual time would have been 240 hours. In the week or so following Pearl Harbor all movements were marked "immediate." This meant they were to slam across the country just as fast as cars could be loaded. Things have settled down a bit now and are more orderly. A couple of weeks' notice is given of a major move.

Every war teaches its lesson in railroading. The big one learned from the Civil War was the necessity for free interchange of cars. Prior to that time railroads wouldn't release cars from their own lines. This meant endless loading and unloading at junction points.

The World War's big lesson was the necessity for absolute control on the flow of traffic. In 1917-18, uncontrolled freight rolled into Atlantic ports and jammed them hopelessly. People got in the habit of ordering the anchor before the keel was laid. Thus, at one point, 5,000 cars of piling clogged the Philadelphia yards months before needed at the Hog Island shipyards. At the peak over 200,000 cars jammed the seaboard —backed up as far as Pittsburgh!

This tie-up caused car shortages elsewhere in the country. Things got so bad that some manufacturers adopted the practice of sending men along with each carload shipment. Armed with a pocketful of cigars and a fistful of $20 bills it was their job to bribe the car to its destination, then see that it got back to the manufacturer for another load.

To prevent a repetition of this wasteful business the Association of American Railroads set up its Car Service Division. This organization rigidly controls the flow of traffic. If Boston or Norfolk shows signs of a jam all shipments to these ports are embargoed. Traffic men dive into the snarl and straighten things out in a few days. Such jams have occurred in a number of ports, but have been cleaned up promptly.

The Car Service Division has a variety of jobs. If a factory burns, it notifies freight offices to accept no more shipments destined for the plant. If a coastal shipping line suspends service they are similarly notified—so ports won't be snarled.

This tight control is allowing us to get by with 600,000 fewer freight cars than we had in 1918. Today's smaller number—by virtue of moving faster, carrying heavier loads and being unloaded more promptly—are carrying 30 to 40 per cent more freight than trains carried in 1918.

Such smart handling helps expedite troop movements. In 1917, trains crept along, stopping at every junction to load with doughnuts and coffee. Today they whip along on express schedules. This new speed, incidentally, is helping save railway equipment. There isn't so much time for draftees to take trains apart.

One classic example shows what we are talking about. One load of Western draftees in the last war all but rolled up the tracks behind it. Men aboard included Mexicans, Indians, cowboys, miners. Every man aboard felt it his bounden duty to supply the Army with a mascot. There was a wild cat, a goat, a bulldog and dozens of assorted rabbits, chickens, prairie dogs.

After a few preliminary sniffs at conversation, the liquor began to flow. The cowboy contingent didn't like the confinement of the cars so climbed to the top of the train. This was a better vantage point from which to lasso any likely women on station platforms.

A Trainload of Fights

Those who rode inside kicked out all the windows. At every stop there was a formal free-for-all between the wildcat, goat and bulldog; and dozens of informal ones between the draftees. One man fell head first in a barrel of drinking water. As he was about to drown, someone finally decided to pull him out.

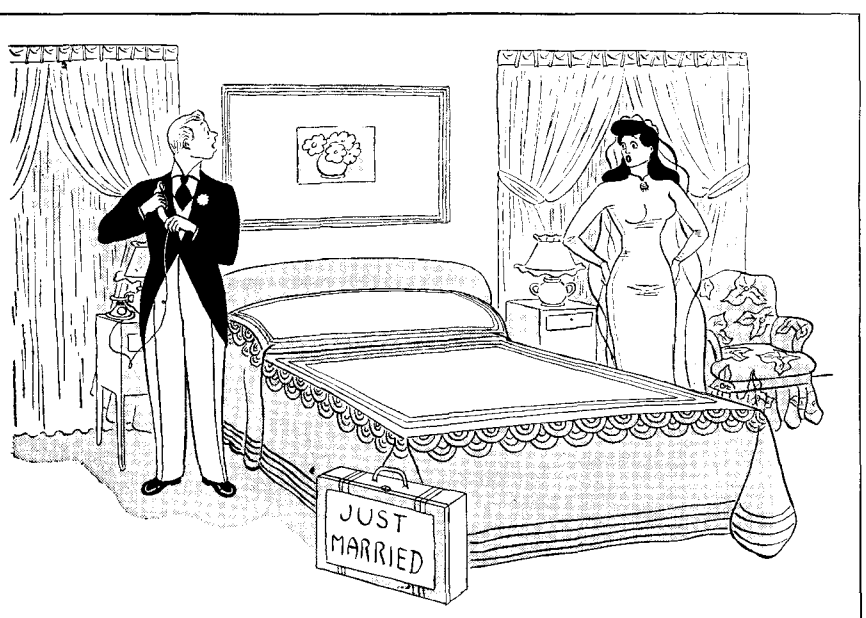
Progress of the train was slow because a physician had to be summoned at each stop to sew up the wounded. But toward night, things quieted down a bit. The chickens went to roost on baggage racks, and the goat, after eating five gallons of ice cream, settled quietly for the night. There wasn't much of the train left when it reached camp.

The boys this time have bruised some equipment but there has been no grand-scale destruction. Today's more serious bunch realize that the railroads might want to use the trains again.

The boys are riding better today than ever before. Even during the crush after Pearl Harbor, 75 per cent of the troops transported rode in sleeping cars—a contrast to day coaches and even boxcars of the last war.

The job the railroads are accomplishing today will go down as one of the epic stories of transport. War imposes tremendous problems in a country as big as ours. Europe has nothing to equal it. Gass and Lasher are handling their end of this job with eye-opening efficiency and precision. Both are dead serious. "We're going to slap the pants off those slant-eyed kimono wearers," Gass says. "And the railroads are going to do more than their part."

THE END



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LONG TOM LIVES TO SEE THE DAY

OUTSIDE Monticello, in the first coolness of sundown, a thrush began to sing. A beam of golden light slipped past the bed curtains to lay its finger on the lids of Thomas Jefferson, dying, at eighty-three. So he roused, and thought that the day he had lived for had dawned.

"Doctor—are you still there?" he asked, in the voice of a man in the dark.

"Right here, Mr. Jefferson," Dunglison assured him, from the world of the living.

Jefferson turned his opening eyes and slowly recognized his old friend. Beyond, his daughter Martha and his grandson Thomas Randolph were smiling at him through tears—his own or theirs? In a voice surprisingly clear and firm he said to them, "This is the Fourth of July."

There was silence. He had never, he realized, heard the Fourth so quiet. Doubt disturbed him. "This—is—the Fourth?" he asked.

But Dunglison was looking toward the ceiling as he counted the fading pulse. Young Thomas looked away sorrowfully into the western gold. Martha, searching her sleeve for a handkerchief, saw all at once the shadow of defeat creep into her father's eyes. Her trembling lips firmed, and she made herself nod, deceiving him kindly, just as they had told him that all his debts were paid.

And he was comforted. He drew a deep breath, closed his eyes contentedly, and the sunset light like a smile touched his mouth.

So I have lived to see the day, thought Long Tom. To see my country weather the first half century.

For this was July 3, 1826, and just fifty years before, lacking a few hours, the Declaration of Independence had been written by young Tom Jefferson. So was born the nation which embodies his faith in his fellow man.

There had been some—never mind who, now—among the Signers, the delegates from the thirteen colonies, assembled in the old State House, who hadn't come there with much of that faith. *We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.* It was James Wilson who suggested that thought. What, a poor Scotch immigrant an equal of the Lees of Virginia? The James Wilsons of this world equal with the Carrolls of Carrollton?

Yes, equal. Just that, with no provisos or qualifications. All men equal. Not only Anglo-Saxon, free, white, American males, with title to a section of land, but all men everywhere.

What a deal of pother there had been over that simple statement! Some lips sneered that it was self-evident no two human beings were alike. Right enough. The Almighty never did create two just alike. But He promised to weigh their souls without favor when king and slave should stand naked before Him on the Judgment Day. Jesus leveled man equal when he gave the essence of all his commandments: *Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.*

There were some who supposed that he, Tom Jefferson, was promising that happiness would come as soon as we got liberty from George III. Dear Lord bless you, he'd never asserted that we have even a right to happiness—only a hunter's license to pursue that bird through the thorns of mortal existence.

The dying man gave a sigh like a faint chuckle and lay calm. His relatives tiptoed from the twilight chamber. As night came on, Dunglison settled in an easy chair across the room, to keep vigil.

The lamp on the table burned softly. The long body in the bed lay utterly still. Coma, thought the doctor, watching attentively from his corner. But those still wholly in this world know no true name for the state of one who stands upon the threshold of eternity, looking forth, its peace upon his lifted face. So, before departing, the soul of Jefferson paused, looked back, revisited a day half a century gone by.

Shortly after midnight, when it really was the Fourth at last, Dunglison's patient became agitated. He sat up and began to write in the air, making the motions of excited penmanship. He murmured syllables that the doctor could not understand; for Jefferson was talking to men long dead. Is it now to be liberty, all daring, every man signing, though it should mean he signs the warrant for his arrest and death? Or liberty with cautious qualifications—liberty, if; liberty for some; liberty in the sweet by-and-by that is never?

They are all aligned, the colonies, except Delaware. One delegate is for and one against signing this Declaration; Rodney, the third, is off fighting the Tories. But just when, in alphabetical order, Connecticut has shouted its thunderous assent, in dashes Rodney, ash-pale, mud-spattered, a wild figure who has galloped two days and all night to cry out now the decisive "Aye!"

So they pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. And overhead on the roof of the old State House, a bell begins to peal. It is the bell on which some prophet at its casting had inscribed "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." The bellow of that challenge rolls out till it sets all the bells of Philadelphia to ringing; the clangor catches from parish to parish, till the last meetinghouse of Maine proclaims it over the border to the French Canadians, crossing themselves on their way through the dark woods; till it peals over the swamps of Georgia and reaches the ears of the Spanish in Florida, so that their hands go troubled to their beards and their sword hilts.

Even across the water, men heard the din, and they looked in one another's faces. They said, "What is this freedom that is for *all* men? What is this proposition, that we are created equal? It is not in Plato or Seneca. We cannot find it in the Talmud or the Koran or the Magna Charta. Show us where it is written!"

Here—here where the ink of the Signers' names is still wet upon the parchment.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the words there. And he wrote these too, for us to read on July the Fourth, 1942:

"I shall not die without a hope that light and liberty are on a steady advance. Even should the cloud of barbarism and despotism again obscure the science and liberties of Europe, this country remains to preserve and restore light and liberty to them. In short, the flames kindled on the 4th of July, 1776, have spread over too much of the globe to be extinguished by the feeble engines of despotism; on the contrary, they will consume these and all who work them.

An hour after noon of the Glorious Fourth, he died. His hope has today become our determination.

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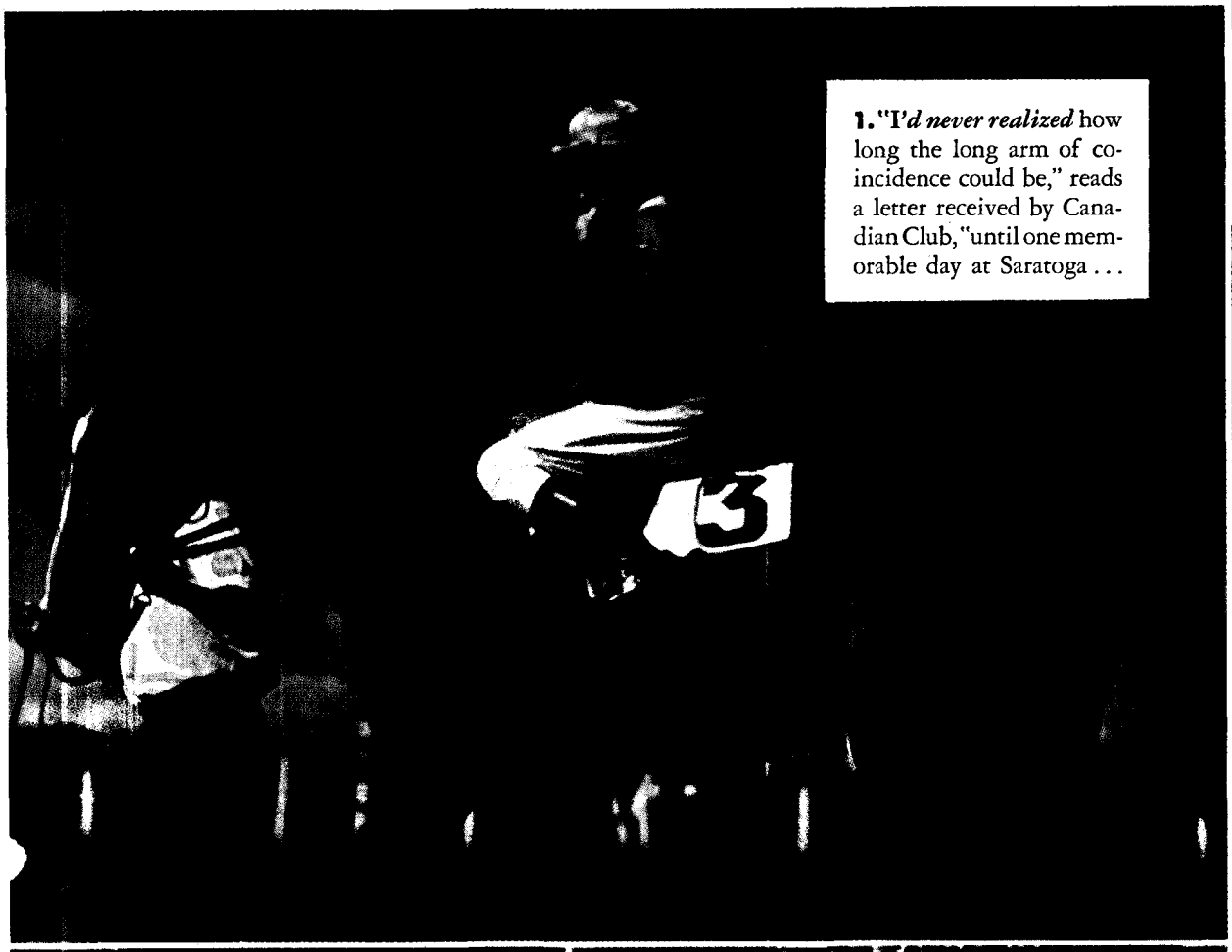
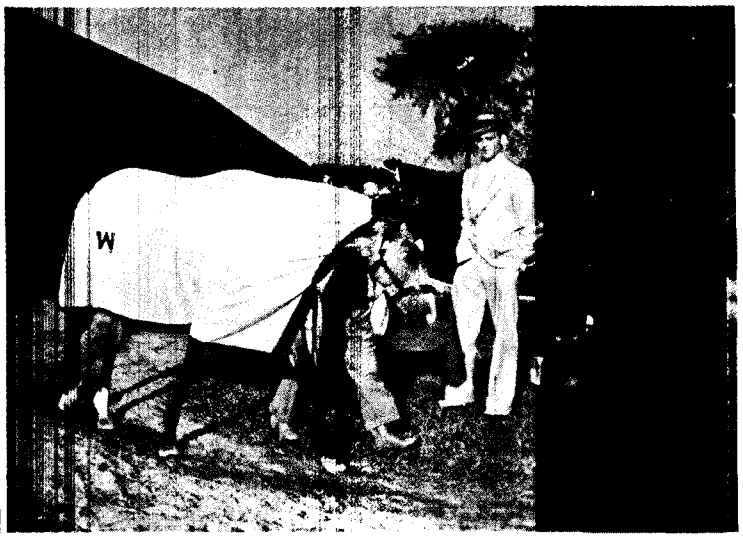
RIO REUNION

200 miles north of Broadway...

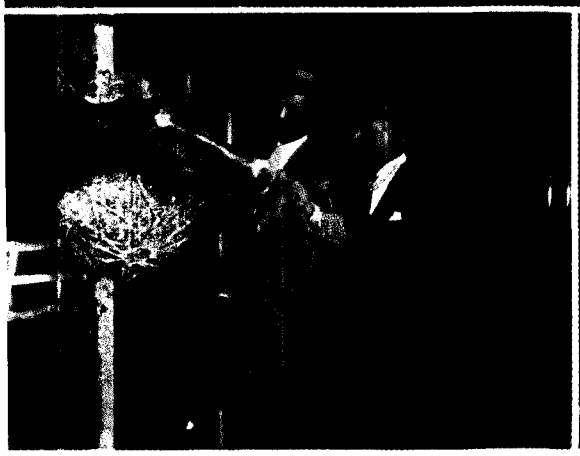
2. "I*t started with a horse*—a South American beauty that recalled glowing memories... of a cruise to Rio ...of being introduced to horse-loving Bob W——, a very great guy... and of a race at the Jockey Club Brazileiro won by this self-same horse.



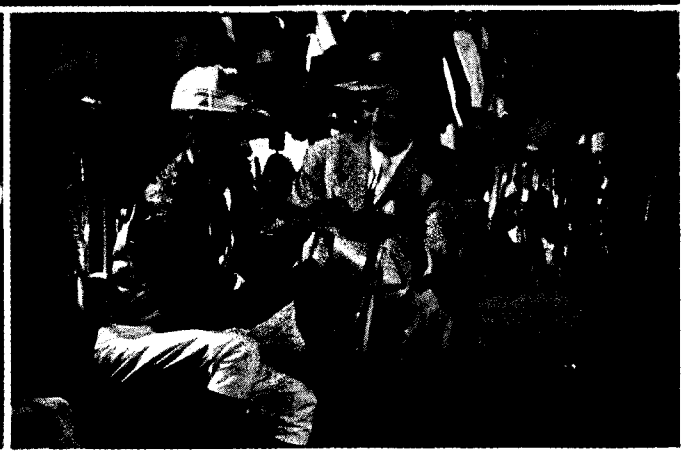
1. "I'*d never realized*how long the long arm of coincidence could be," reads a letter received by Canadian Club, "until one memorable day at Saratoga...



3. "I *came to know him well*—a horse as friendly as a puppy, and just as full of fun. Each day I was at the track I paid him a visit. 'How Bob would go for this old fellow!' I often thought. And one unforgettable day at the stables.

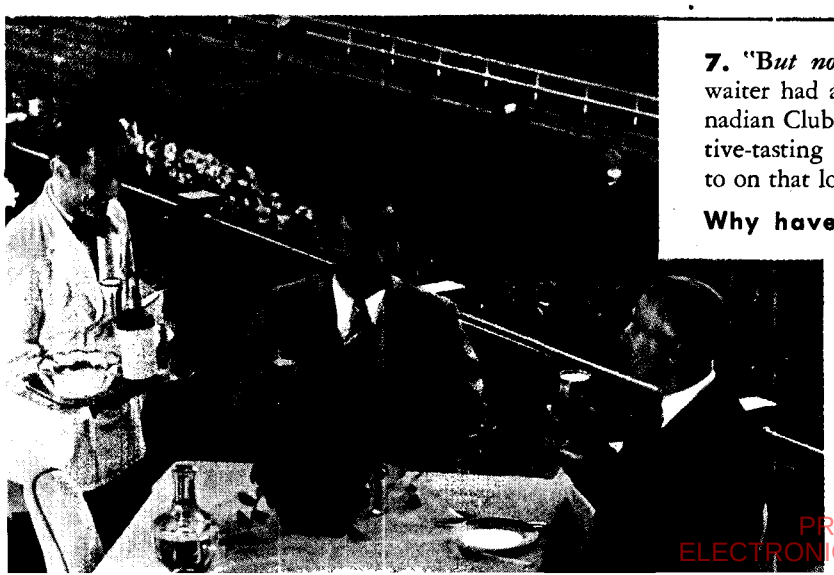


"'T*hink he can beat* the fast company up here?' ed a familiar voice... a voice from 5,000 miles away. s, sir—Bob's! We thumped each other till our heads ım. After that, 'Come on,' I said...



5. "'I *know this stable's* ace jockey—let's ask him.' As I expected, the rider proved to be about as communicative as a clam. But we could tell from his whole attitude he felt he had a winner coming up.

6. "W*inner? As one jockey* said after the race, our horse could have won on three legs. 'Rio all over again,' I said later, 'Rio with just one thing missing!'

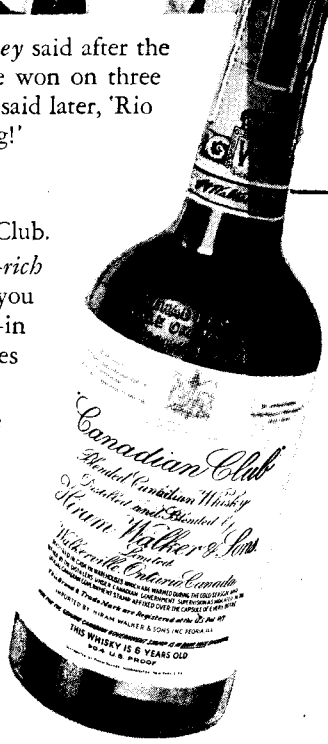


7. "B*ut not so.* At Bob's bidding, a waiter had already appeared—with Canadian Club. Yes, sir—the same distinctive-tasting whisky I'd introduced Bob to on that long-past day in Rio!"

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club.

Canadian Club is *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).



IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE "Canadian Club"

Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Copr. 1942

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CAPTAIN EDWARD A. STEWART, United Air Lines Senior Pilot—who has flown over two million miles—previews a post-war honeymoon trip.

"Here's a Bride's-Eye View of Tomorrow from her *Cessna* family car of the air"

"Of course, the airlines are all busy moving men and materials for America's all-out war effort now. But we used to get a lot of honeymoon couples about this time of year," says Captain Stewart. "Probably because they *feel right at home up in the clouds.* I guess that's why I thought of them the minute I saw the blueprints of the future Family Car of the Air at the Cessna Aircraft Plant in Wichita. There, before me, was the perfect Honeymoon Special, a regular sky-sedan that honeymooners can cruise away in as easily as they'd drive off in an automobile today.

"We've all heard rumors of a *plane in every garage.* And I don't know how true that is, but those blueprints convinced me that Cessna has designed an airplane that the average person can buy and fly. And it's my guess that a lot of them will, when this war's over."

The Honeymoon Special of 194?

It's the Cessna Family Car of the Air in which Mr. and Mrs. America will be *going places.* And they'll be getting there in one-third the time it takes in a car. They'll be cruising all over the country on traffic-controlled skyways as naturally as they drive downtown today.

Right now Cessna is devoting its vast facilities and 31 year background in aircraftsmanship to a 24-hour-a-day war effort . . . the same sort of aviation "know-how" that produced Cessna's famous Airmaster, three times judged the "World's Most Efficient Airplane." But when peace comes to America, Cessna will turn those facilities and an even richer experience toward building the Family Car of the Air that everyone can buy and fly.

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We're Working to *Beat the Bandits* Now

Yes, the Nipponazi bandits *must* be beaten, and nothing less than *all-out* effort can do it. That's why we're working 24 hours a day to keep Cessna Bobcats and Cranes winging to the U. S. Army Air Corps and the British Empire Training Program well ahead of schedule. And until victory and peace are won, every ounce of effort we can muster is pledged to that one purpose.

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They're free—these wings-with-a-reason! They'll be a handsome, permanent reminder that you're helping to "Keep 'Em Flying." Send 10 cents (coin or stamps) to Cessna Aircraft Company, Wichita, Kansas. We'll send you a 10 cent Defense Stamp in return . . . *and enclose your "Keep 'Em Flying" wings free, postage paid.*

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